



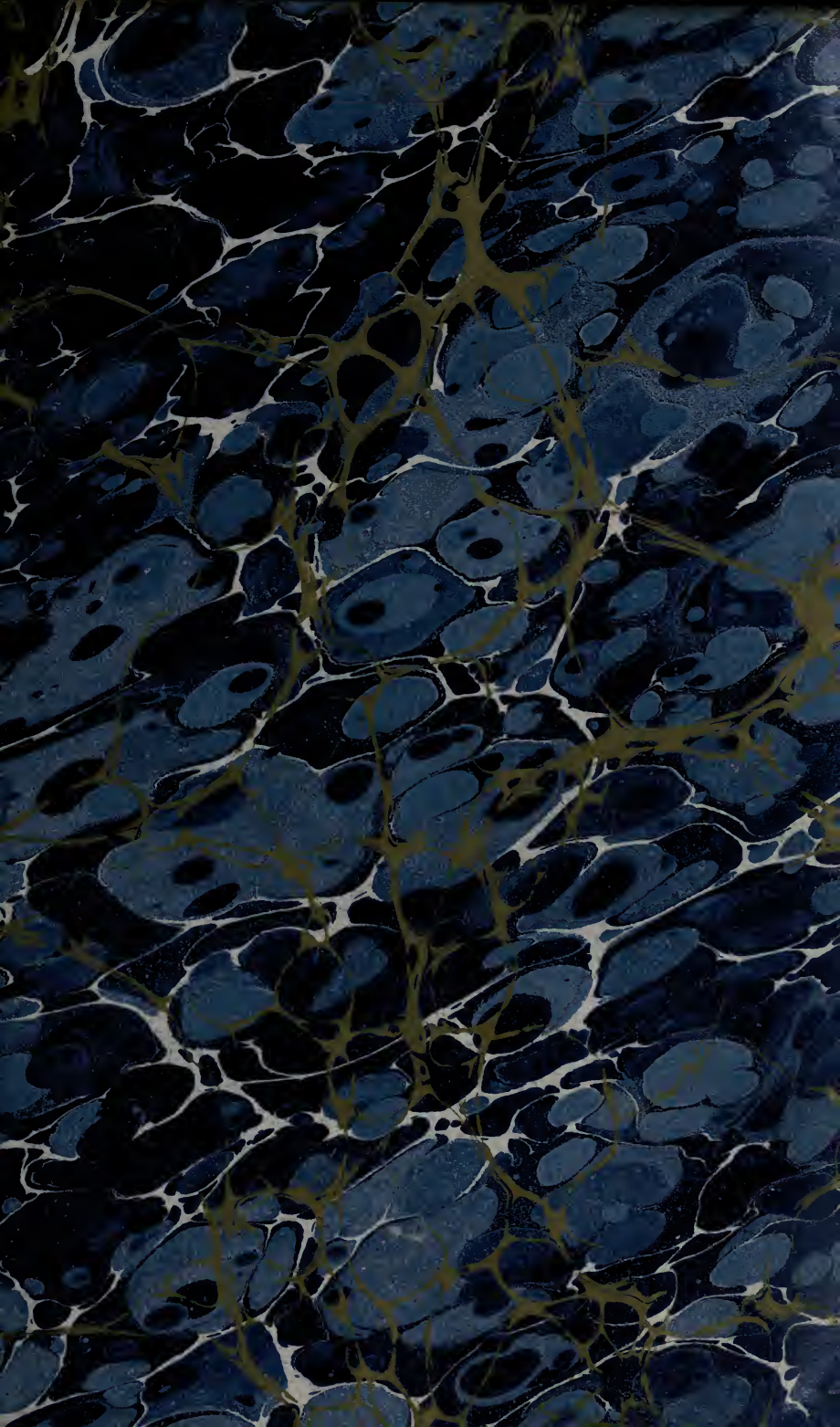
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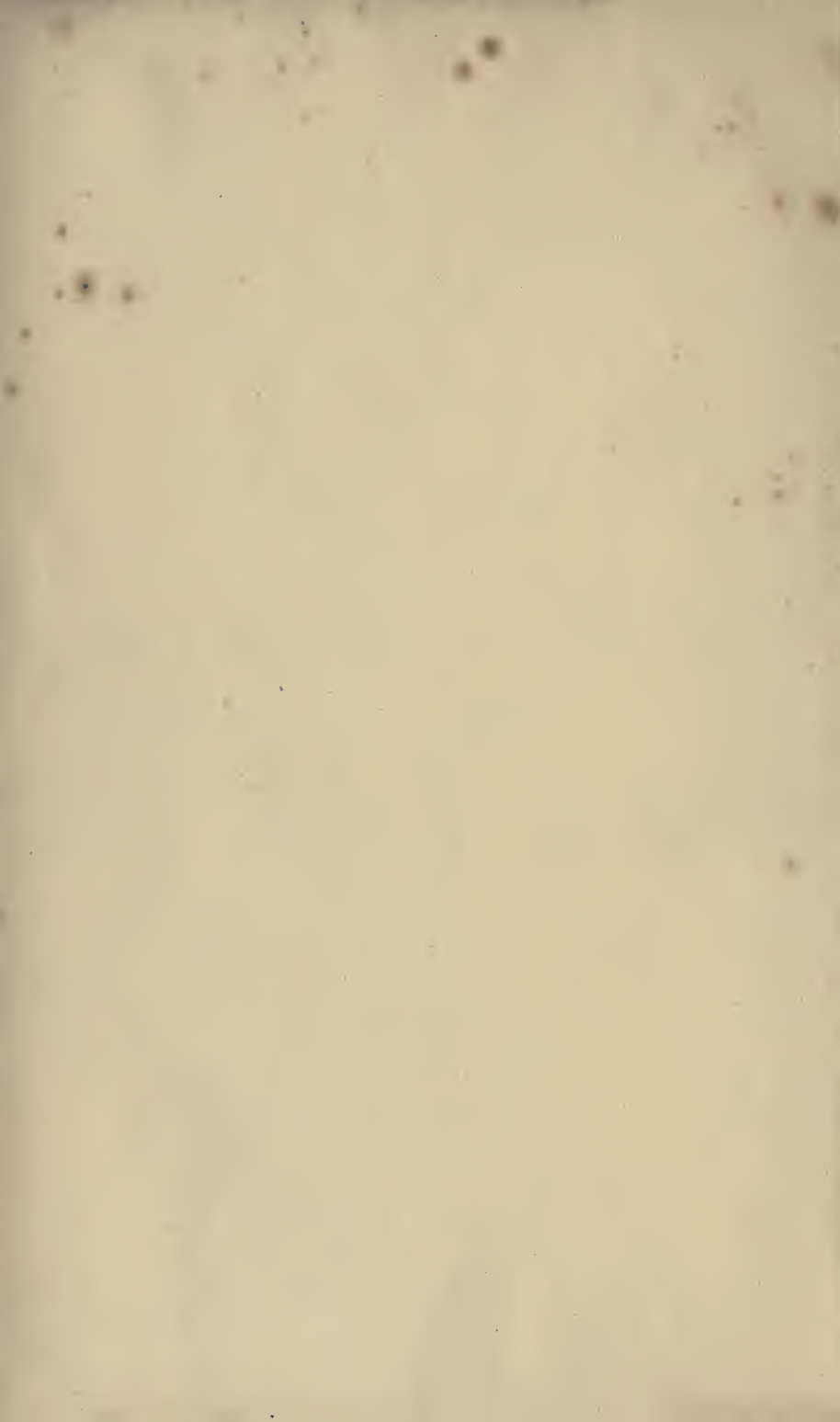
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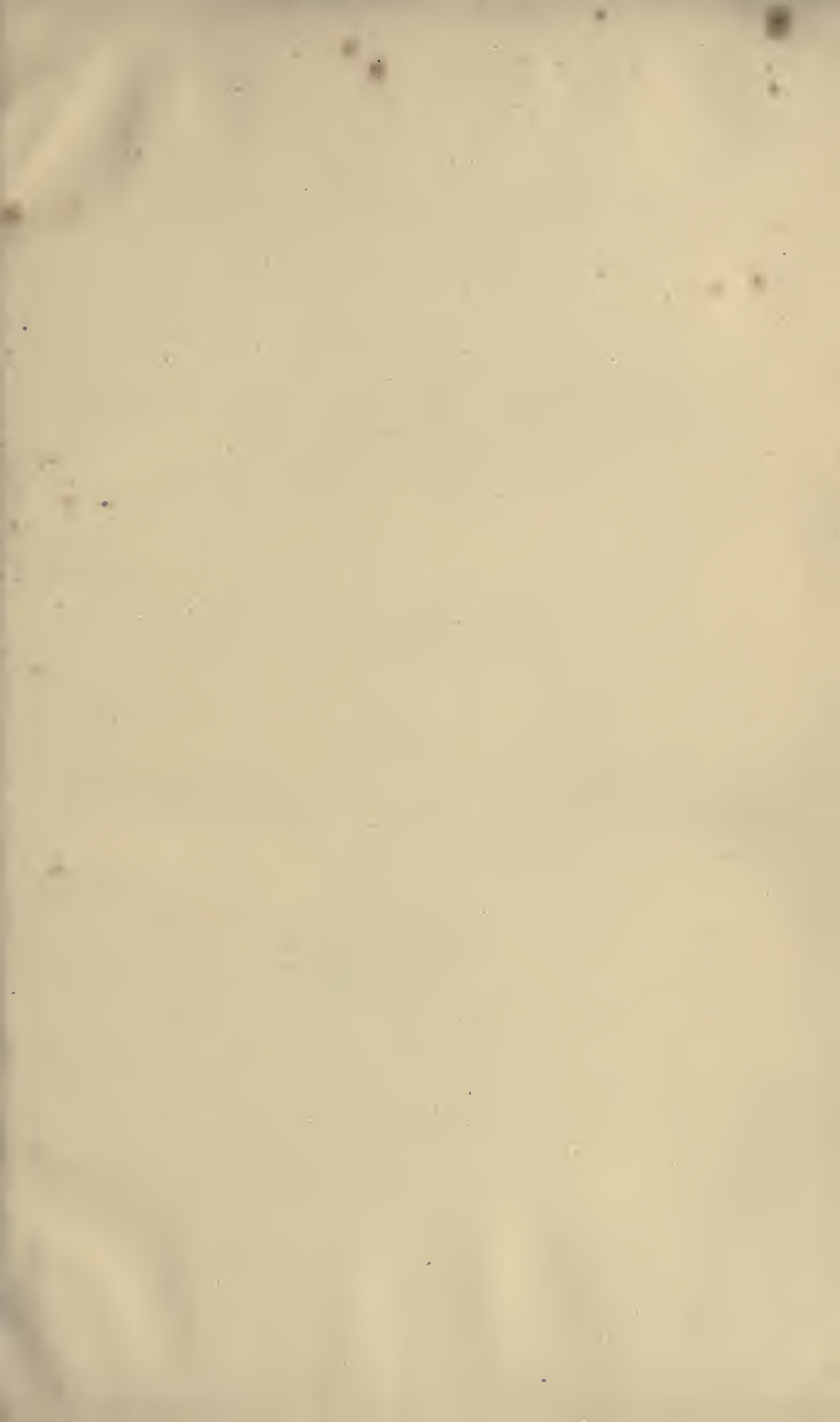
Mr. & Mrs. NORMAN H. STROUSE













# FORS CLAVIGERA.

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LETTERS

*TO THE WORKMEN AND LABOURERS  
OF GREAT BRITAIN.*

BY

JOHN RUSKIN, LL.D.,

HONORARY STUDENT OF CHRIST CHURCH, AND SLADE PROFESSOR OF FINE ART.

VOL. VII.



GEORGE ALLEN,  
SUNNYSIDE, ORPINGTON, KENT.

1877.



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# FORS CLAVIGERA.

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## LETTER LXXIII.

VENICE, 20th November, 1876.

THE day on which this letter will be published will, I trust, be the first of the seventh year of the time during which I have been permitted, month by month, to continue the series of Fors Clavigera. In which seventh year I hope to gather into quite clear form the contents of all the former work; closing the seventh volume with accurate index of the whole. These seven volumes, if I thus complete them, will then be incorporated as a single work in the consecutive series of my books.

If I am spared to continue the letters beyond the seventh year, their second series will take a directly practical character, giving account of, and directing, the actual operations of St. George's Company; and containing elements of instruction for its schools, the scheme of which shall be, I will answer for it, plainly

enough, by the end of this year, understood. For, in the present volume, I intend speaking directly, in every letter, to the Yorkshire operatives, and answering every question they choose to put to me,—being very sure that they will omit few relevant ones.

And first they must understand one more meaning I have in the title of the book. By calling it the 'Nail bearer,' I mean not only that it fastens in sure place the truths it has to teach, (January, 1872, page 5,) but also, that it nails down, as on the barn-door of our future homestead, for permanent and picturesque exposition, the extreme follies of which it has to give warning: so that in expanded heraldry of beak and claw, the spread, or split, harpies and owls of modern philosophy may be for evermore studied, by the curious, in the parched skins of them.

For instance, at once, and also for beginning of some such at present needful study, look back to page 163 of *Fors* for 1874, wherein you will find a paragraph thus nailed fast out of the '*Pall Mall Gazette*'—a paragraph which I must now spend a little more space of barn-door in delicately expanding. It is to the following effect, (I repeat, for the sake of readers who cannot refer to the earlier volumes): "The wealth of this world may be 'practically' regarded as infinitely great. It is not true that what one man appropriates becomes thereby useless to others; and it is also untrue that force or fraud, direct or indirect, are the



principal, or indeed that they are at all common or important, modes of acquiring wealth."

You will find this paragraph partly answered, though but with a sneer, in the following page, 165 ; but I now take it up more seriously, for it is needful you should see the full depth of its lying.

The 'wealth of this world' consists broadly in its healthy food-giving land, its convenient building land, its useful animals, its useful minerals, its books, and works of art.

The healthy food-giving land, so far from being infinite, is, in fine quality, limited to narrow belts of the globe. What properly belongs to you as Yorkshiremen is only Yorkshire. You by appropriating Yorkshire keep other people from living in Yorkshire. The Yorkshire squires say the whole of Yorkshire belongs to them, and will not let any part of Yorkshire become useful to anybody else, but by enforcing payment of rent for the use of it; nor will the farmers who rent it allow its produce to become useful to anybody else but by demanding the highest price they can get for the same.

The convenient building land of the world is so far from being infinite, that, in London, you find a woman of eight-and-twenty paying one-and-ninepence a week for a room in which she dies of suffocation with her child in her arms ; Fors, December, 1872, p. 17 ; and, in Edinburgh, you find people paying two pounds twelve

shillings a year for a space nine feet long, five broad, and six high, ventilated only by the chimney; Fors, April, 1874, p. 91; and compare March, 1873, p. 12.

The useful animals of the world are not infinite: the finest horses are very rare; and the squires who ride them, by appropriating them, prevent you and me from riding them. If you and I and the rest of the mob took them from the squires, we could not at present probably ride them; and unless we cut them up and ate them, we could not divide them among us, because they are not infinite.

The useful minerals of Yorkshire are iron, coal, and marble,—in large quantities, but not infinite quantities by any means; and the masters and managers of the coal mines, spending their coal on making useless things out of the iron, prevent the poor all over England from having fires, so that they can now only afford close stoves, (if those!) Fors, March, 1873, p. 17.

The books and works of art in Yorkshire are not infinite, nor even in England. Mr. Fawkes' Turners are many, but not infinite at all, and as long as they are at Farnley they can't be at Sheffield. My own thirty Turners are not infinite, and as long as they are at Oxford, can't be at Sheffield. You won't find, I believe, another such thirteenth-century Bible as I have given you, in all Yorkshire; and so far from other books being infinite, there's hardly a woman in England,

now, who reads a clean one, because she can't afford to have one but by borrowing.

So much for the infinitude of wealth. For the mode of obtaining it, all the land in England was first taken by force, and is now kept by force. Some day, I do not doubt, you will yourselves seize it by force. Land never has been, nor can be, got, nor kept, otherwise, when the population on it was as large as it could maintain. The establishment of laws respecting its possession merely define and direct the force by which it is held : and fraud, so far from being an unimportant mode of acquiring wealth, is now the only possible one ; our merchants say openly that no man *can* become rich by honest dealing. And it is precisely because fraud and force *are* the chief means of becoming rich, that a writer for the 'Pall Mall Gazette' was found capable of writing this passage. No man could by mere overflow of his natural folly have written it. Only in the settled purpose of maintaining the interests of Fraud and Force ; only in fraudfully writing for the concealment of Fraud, and frantically writing for the help of unjust Force, do literary men become so senseless.

The wealth of the world is not infinite, then, my Sheffield friends ; and moreover, it is most of it unjustly divided, because it has been gathered by fraud, or by dishonest force, and distributed at the will, or lavished by the neglect, of such iniquitous gatherers. And you have to ascertain definitely, if you will be wise York-



shiremen, how much of it is actually within your reach in Yorkshire, and may be got without fraud, by *honest* force. Compare propositions 5 and 6, page 12, October, 1872.

It ought to be a very pleasant task to you, this ascertaining how much wealth is within your reach in Yorkshire, if, as I see it stated in the article of the 'Times' on Lord Beaconsfield's speech at the Lord Mayor's dinner, quoted in 'Galignani' of the 10th of November, 1876: "The immense accession of wealth which this country has received through the development of the railway system and the establishment of free trade, makes the present war expenditure," etc., etc., etc. What it does in the way of, begetting and feeding Woolwich Infants is not at present your affair; your business is to find out what it does, and what you can help it to do, in making it prudent for you to beget, and easy for you to feed, Yorkshire infants.

But are you quite sure the 'Times' is right? Are we indeed, to begin with, richer than we were? How is anybody to know? Is there a man in Sheffield who can,—I do not say, tell you what the country is worth,—but even show you how to set about ascertaining what it is worth?

The 'Times' way, 'Morning Post' way, and 'Daily News' way, of finding out, is an easy one enough, if only it be exact.

Look back to Fors of December, 1871, page 21, and

you will find the 'Times' telling you that "by every kind of measure, and on every principle of calculation, the growth of our prosperity is established," because we drink twice as much beer, and smoke three times as many pipes, as we used to. But it is quite conceivable to *me* that a man may drink twice as much beer, and smoke three times as many pipes, as he used to do, yet not be the richer man for it, nor his wife or children materially better off for it.

Again, the 'Morning Post' tells you (Fors, October, 1872, p. 7) that because the country is at present in a state of unexampled prosperity, coals and meat are at famine prices; and the 'Daily News' tells you (Fors, May, 1873, p. 1) that because coals are at famine prices, the capital of the country is increased. By the same rule, when everything else is at famine prices, the capital of the country will be at its maximum, and you will all starve in the proud moral consciousness of an affluence unprecedented in the history of the universe. In the meantime your wealth and prosperity have only advanced you to the moderately enviable point of not being able to indulge in what the 'Cornhill Magazine' (Fors, April, 1873, p. 18) calls the "luxury of a wife," till you are forty-five—unless you choose to sacrifice all your prospects in life for that unjustifiable piece of extravagance;—and your young women (Fors, May, 1873, p. 13) are applying, two thousand at a time, for places in the Post Office!

All this is doubtless very practical, and businesslike, and comfortable, and truly English. But suppose you set your wits to work for once in a Florentine or Venetian manner, and ask, as a merchant of Venice would have asked, or a 'good man' of the trades of Florence, *how much money there is in the town*,—who has got it, and what is becoming of it? These, my Sheffield friends, are the first of economical problems for *you*, depend upon it; perfectly soluble when you set straightforwardly about them; or, so far as insoluble, instantly indicating the places where the roguery is. Of money honestly got, and honourably in use, you can get account: of money ill got, and used to swindle with, you will get none.

But take account at least of what is countable. Your initial proceeding must be to map out a Sheffield district clearly. Within the border of that, you will hold yourselves Sheffields;—outside of it, let the Wakefield and Bradford people look after themselves; but determine your own limits, and see that things are managed well within them. Your next work is to count heads. You must register every man, woman, and child, in your Sheffield district; (compare and read carefully the opening of the *Fors* of February last year;) then register their incomes and expenditure; it will be a business, but when you have done it, you will know what you are about, and how much the town is really worth.

Then the next business is to establish a commissariat.



Knowing how many mouths you have to feed, you know how much food is wanted daily. To get that quantity good; and to distribute it without letting middlemen steal the half of it, is the first great duty of civic authority in villages, of ducal authority in cities and provinces, and of kingly authority in kingdoms.

Now, for the organization of your commissariat, there are two laws to be carried into effect, as you gain intelligence and unity, very different from anything yet conceived for your co-operative stores—(which are a good and wise beginning, no less). Of which laws the first is that, till all the mouths in the Sheffield district are fed, no food must be sold to strangers. Make all the ground in your district as productive as possible, both in cattle and vegetables; and see that such meat and vegetables be distributed swiftly to those who most need them, and eaten fresh. Not a mouthful of anything is to be sold across the border, while any one is hungry within it.

Then the second law is, that as long as any one remains unfed, or barebacked, the wages fund must be in common.\* When every man, woman, and child is fed and clothed, the saving men may begin

\* Don't shriek out at this, for an impossible fancy of St. George's. St. George only cares about, and tells you, the constantly necessary laws in a well-organized state. *This* is a temporarily expedient law in a distressed one. No man, of a boat's crew on short allowance in the Atlantic, is allowed to keep provisions in a private locker;—still less must any man of the crew of a *city* on short allowance.

to lay by money, if they like ; but while there is hunger and cold among you, there must be absolutely no purse-feeding, nor coin-wrapping. You have so many bellies to fill ;—so much wages fund (besides the eatable produce of the district) to do it with.\* Every man must bring all he earns to the common stock.

“What ! and the industrious feed the idle ?”

Assuredly, my friends ; and the more assuredly, because under that condition you will presently come to regard their idleness as a social offence, and deal with it as such : which is precisely the view God means you to take of it, and the dealing He intends you to measure to it. But if you think yourselves exempted from feeding the idle, you will presently believe yourselves privileged to take advantage of their idleness by lending money to them at usury, raising duties on their dissipation, and buying their stock and furniture cheap when they fail in business. Whereupon you will soon be thankful that your neighbour's shutters are still up, when yours are down ; and gladly promote his vice for your advantage. With

\* “But how if other districts refused to sell *us* food, as you say we should refuse to sell food to *them* ?”

You *Sheffielders* are to refuse to sell food only because food is scarce with you, and cutlery plenty. And as you had once a reputation for cutlery, and have yet skill enough left to recover it if you will, the other districts of England (and some abroad) will be glad still to give you some of their dinner in exchange for knives and forks,—which is a perfectly sagacious and expedient arrangement for all concerned.

no ultimate good to yourself, even at the devil's price, believe me.

Now, therefore, for actual beginning of organization of this Sheffield commissariat, since probably, at present, you won't be able to prevail on the Duke of York to undertake the duty, you must elect a duke of Sheffield, for yourselves. Elect a doge, if, for the present, to act only as purveyor-general:—honest doge he must be, with an active and kind duchess. If you can't find a couple of honest and well-meaning married souls in all Sheffield to trust the matter to, I have nothing more to say: for by such persons, and by such virtue in them only, is the thing to be done.

Once found, you are to give them fixed salary\* and fixed authority; no prince has ever better earned his income, no consul ever needed stronger lictors, than these will, in true doing of their work. Then, by these, the accurately estimated demand, and the accurately measured supply, are to be coupled, with the least possible slack of chain; and the quality of food, and price, absolutely tested and limited.

But what's to become of the middleman?

\* The idea of fixed salary, I thankfully perceive, is beginning to be taken up by philanthropic persons, (see notice of the traffic in intoxicating liquors in 'Pall Mall Budget' for December 1, 1876,) but still connected with the entirely fatal notion that they are all to have a fixed salary themselves for doing nothing but lend money, which, till they wholly quit themselves of, they will be helpless for good.

If you really saw the middleman at his work, you would not ask that twice. Here's my publisher, Mr. Allen, gets tenpence a dozen for his cabbages; the consumer pays threepence each. That is to say, you pay for three cabbages and a half, and the middleman keeps two and a half for himself, and gives you one.

Suppose you saw this financial gentleman, in bodily presence, toll-taking at your door,—that you bought three loaves, and saw him pocket two, and pick the best crust off the third as he handed it in;—that you paid for a pot of beer, and saw him drink two-thirds of it and hand you over the pot and sops,—would you long ask, then, what was to become of him?

To my extreme surprise, I find, on looking over my two long-delayed indexes, that there occurs not in either of them the all-important monosyllable 'Beer.' But if you will look out the passages referred to in the index for 1874, under the articles 'Food' and 'Fish,' and now study them at more leisure, and consecutively, they will give you some clear notion of what the benefit of middlemen is to you; then, finally, take the *Fors* of March, 1873, and read the eleventh and twelfth pages carefully,—and you will there see that it has been shown by Professor Kirk, that out of the hundred and fifty-six millions of pounds which you prove your prosperity by spending annually on beer and tobacco, you pay a hundred millions to the



rich middlemen, and thirty millions to the middling middlemen, and for every two shillings you pay, get threepence-halfpenny-worth of beer to swallow!

Meantime, the Bishop, and the Rector, and the Rector's lady, and the dear old Quaker spinster who lives in Sweetbriar Cottage, are *so* shocked that you drink so much, and that you are such horrid wretches that nothing can be done for you! and you mustn't have your wages raised, because you *will* spend them in nothing but drink. And to-morrow they are all going to dine at Drayton Park, with the brewer who is your member of Parliament, and is building a public-house at the railway station, and another in the High Street, and another at the corner of Philpott's Lane, and another by the stables at the back of Tunstall Terrace, outside the town, where he has just bricked over the Dovesbourne, and filled Buttercup Meadow with broken bottles; and, by every measure, and on every principle of calculation, the growth of your prosperity is established!

You helpless sots and simpletons! Can't you at least manage to set your wives—what you have got of them—to brew your beer, and give you an honest pint of it for your money? Let *them* have the half-pence first, anyhow, if they must have the kicks afterwards.

Read carefully over, then, thirsty and hungry friends, concerning these questions of meat and drink, that

whole Fors of March, 1873; but chiefly Sir Walter's letter, and what it says of Education, as useless, unless you limit your tippling-houses.\*

Yet some kind of education is instantly necessary to give you the courage and sense to limit them. If I were in your place, I should drink myself to death in six months, because I had nothing to amuse me; and such education, therefore, as may teach you how to be rightly amused I am trying with all speed to provide for you. For, indeed, all real education, though it begins in the wisdom of John the Baptist—(quite *literally* so; first in washing with pure water,) goes on into an entirely merry and amused life, like St. Ursula's; and ends in a delightful death. But to be amused like St. Ursula you must feel like her, and become interested in the distinct nature of Bad and Good. Above all, you must learn to know faithful and good men from miscreants. Then you will be amused by knowing the histories of the good ones—and very greatly entertained by visiting their tombs, and seeing their statues. You will even feel yourselves pleased, some day, in walking considerable distances, with that and other objects, and so truly seeing foreign countries, and the shrines of the holy men who are alive in them, as well as the shrines of the dead. You will even, should a voyage be necessary, learn to rejoice upon the sea, provided you know first how to row upon it, and to catch the winds that rule it with bright sails.

\* Compare Fors, February, 1872, p. 22.

You will be amused by seeing pretty people wear beautiful dresses when you are not kept yourselves in rags, to pay for them ; you will be amused by hearing beautiful music, when you can get your steam-devil's tongues, and throats, and wind-holes anywhere else, stopped, that you may hear it ; and take enough pains yourselves to learn to know it, when you do. All which sciences and arts St. George will teach you, in good time, if you are obedient to him :—without obedience, neither he nor any saint in heaven can help you. Touching which, now of all men hated and abused, virtue,—and the connection more especially of the arts of the Muse with its universal necessity,—I have translated a piece of Plato for you, which, here following, I leave you to meditate on, till next month.

‘The Athenian.’—It is true, my friends, that over certain of the laws, with us, our populace had authority ; but it is no less true that there were others to which they were entirely subject.

‘The Spartan.’—Which mean you ?

‘The Athenian.’—First, those which in that day related to music, if indeed we are to trace up to its root the change which has issued in our now too licentious life.

For, at that time, music was divided according to certain ideas and forms necessarily inherent in it ; and one kind of songs consisted of prayers to the gods, and were called hymns ; and another kind, contrary to

these, for the most part were called laments,\* and another, songs of resolute strength and triumph, were sacred to Apollo; and a fourth, springing out of the frank joy of life, were sacred to Dionusos, and called 'dithyrambs.'† And these modes of music they called Laws as they did laws respecting other matters; but the laws of music for distinction's sake were called Harp-laws.

And these four principal methods, and certain other subordinate ones, having been determined, it was not permitted to use one kind of melody for the purpose of another; and the authority to judge of these, and to punish all who disobeyed the laws concerning them, was not, as now, the hissing, or the museless‡ cry of the multitude in dispraise, neither their clapping

\* The Coronach of the Highlanders represents this form of music down to nearly our own days. It is to be defined as the sacredly ordered expression of the sorrow permitted to human frailty, but contrary to prayer, according to Plato's words, because expressing will contrary to the will of God.

† "The origin of this word is unknown" (Liddell and Scott). But there must have been an idea connected with a word in so constant use, and spoken of matters so intimately interesting; and I have myself no doubt that a sense of the doubling and redoubling caused by instinctive and artless pleasure in sound, as in nursery rhymes, extended itself gradually in the Greek mind into a conception of the universal value of what may be summed in our short English word 'reply'; as, first, in the reduplication of its notes of rapture by the nightingale,—then, in the entire system of adjusted accents, rhythms, strophes, antistrophes, and echoes of burden; and, to the Greek, most practically in the balanced or interchanged song of answering bodies of chorus entering from opposite doors on the stage: continuing down to our own days in the alternate chant of the singers on each side of the choir.

‡ 'Museless,' as one says 'shepherdless,' unprotected or helped by the Muse.



for praise : but it was the function of men trained in the offices of education to hear all in silence ; and to the children and their tutors, and the most of the multitude, the indication of order was given with the staff ;\* and in all these matters the multitude of the citizens was willing to be governed, and did not dare to judge by tumult ; but after these things, as time went on, there were born, beginners of the museless libertinage,—poets, who were indeed poetical by nature, but incapable of recognizing what is just and lawful for the Muse ; exciting themselves in passion, and possessed, more than is due, by the love of pleasure : and these mingling laments with hymns, and pæans with dithyrambs, and mimicking

\* I do not positively understand this, but the word used by Plato signifies properly, ‘ putting in mind,’ or rather putting in the notion, or ‘ nous ’ ; and I believe the wand of the master of the theatre was used for a guide to the whole audience, as that of the leader of the orchestra is to the band,—not merely, nor even in any principal degree, for time-keeping, (which a pendulum in his place would do perfectly),—but for exhortation and encouragement. Supposing an audience thoroughly bent on listening and understanding, one can conceive the suggestion of parts requiring attention, the indication of subtle rhythm which would have escaped uncultivated ears, and the claim for sympathy in parts of singular force and beauty, expressed by a master of the theatre, with great help and pleasure to the audience ;—we can imagine it best by supposing some great, acknowledged, and popular master, conducting his own opera, secure of the people’s sympathy. A people not generous enough to give sympathy, nor modest enough to be grateful for leading, is not capable of hearing or understanding music. In our own schools, however, all that is needful is the early training of children under true musical law ; and the performance, under excellent masters, of appointed courses of beautiful music, as an essential part of all popular instruction, no less important than the placing of classical books and of noble pictures, within the daily reach and sight of the people.



the pipe with the harp, and dragging together everything into everything else, involuntarily and by their want of natural instinct\* led men into the false thought that there is no positive rightness whatsoever in music, but that one may judge rightly of it by the pleasure of those who enjoy it, whether their own character be good or bad. And constructing such poems as these, and saying, concerning them, such words as these, they led the multitude into rebellion against the laws of music, and the daring of trust in their own capacity to judge of it. Whence the theatric audiences, that once were voiceless, became clamorous, as having professed knowledge, in the things belonging to the Muses, of what was beautiful and not ; and instead of aristocracy in that knowledge, rose up a certain polluted theatrocracy. For if indeed the democracy had been itself composed of more or less well-educated persons, there would not have been so much harm ; but, from this beginning in music, sprang up general disloyalty, and *pronouncing of their own opinion by everybody about everything* ; and on this followed mere licentiousness, for, having no fear of speaking, supposing themselves to know, fearlessness begot shamelessness. For, in our audacity, to have no fear of the opinion of the better person, is in itself a corrupt impudence, ending in extremity of license. And on this will always follow the resolve no more to obey established authorities ; then, beyond this, men

\* Literally, 'want of notion or conception.'

are fain to refuse the service and reject the teaching of father and mother, and of all old age,—and so one is close to the end of refusing to obey the national laws, and at last to think no more of oath, or faith, or of the gods themselves: thus at last likening themselves to the ancient and monstrous nature of the Titans, and filling their lives full of ceaseless misery.

# NOTES AND CORRESPONDENCE.

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## I. Affairs of the Company.

Our accounts to the end of the year will be given in the February Fors. The entire pause in subscriptions, and cessation of all serviceable offers of Companionship,\* during the last six months, may perhaps be owing in some measure to the continued delay in the determination of our legal position. I am sure that Mr. Somervell, who has communicated with the rest of the Companions on the subject, is doing all that is possible to give our property a simply workable form of tenure; and then, I trust, things will progress faster; but, whether they do or not, at the close of this seventh year, if I live, I will act with all the funds then at my disposal.

## II. Affairs of the Master.

Paid—	£	s.	d.
<i>Nov.</i> 18. The Bursar of Corpus . . . . .	13	0	0
„ Henry Swan; engraving for ‘Laws of Fésele’	5	0	0
29. Jackson . . . . .	25	0	0
<i>Dec.</i> 7. C. F. Murray, for sketch of Princess Ursula and her Father, from Carpaccio . . . . .	10	0	0
10. Oxford Secretary . . . . .	100	0	0
11. Self at Venice† . . . . .	150	0	0
12. Downs . . . . .	50	0	0
15. Burgess . . . . .	42	0	0
	<u>£395</u>	<u>0</u>	<u>0</u>
Balance, November 15th . . . . .	£1135	3	4
		<u>395</u>	<u>0 0</u>
Balance, December 15th . . . . .	£740	3	4

\* I have refused several which were made without clear understanding of the nature of the Companionship; and especially such as I could perceive to be made, though unconsciously, more in the thought of the honour attaching to the name of Companions, than of the self-denial and humility necessary in their duties.

† Includes the putting up of scaffolds at St. Mark's and the Ducal Palace

III. The mingled impertinence and good feeling of the following letter makes it difficult to deal with. I should be unjust to the writer in suppressing it, and to myself, (much more to Mr. Sillar,) in noticing it. The reader may answer it for himself: the only passage respecting which I think it necessary to say anything is the writer's mistake in applying the rule of doing as you would be done by to the degree in which your neighbour may expect or desire you to violate an absolute law of God. It may often be proper, if civil to your neighbour, to drink more than is good for you; but not to commit the moderate quantity of theft or adultery which you may perceive would be in polite accordance with his principles, or in graceful compliance with his wishes.

*"November 14th, 1876.*

"Dear Mr. Ruskin,—Why so cross? *I* don't want to discuss with you the 'uses of Dissent.' I am no more a Dissenting minister than you are, and not nearly as much of a Dissenter; and where you find my 'duly dissenting scorn of the wisdom of the Greeks and the legality of the Jews' I don't know.

"Mr. Sillar backbites with his pen, and does evil to his neighbour. He does it quite inadvertently, misled by a passage in a book he has just read. Mr. Ruskin, forgetting his own clear exposition of Psalm xv., takes up the reproach against his neighbour, believes the evil, and won't even pray for the sinner. I correct the mistake; whereupon Mr. Ruskin, instead of saying he is sorry for printing a slander, or that he is glad to find Mr. Sillar was mistaken, calls Mr. Wesley an ass, ('unwise Christian—altering rules so as to make them useless,' are his words, but the meaning is the same,) and sneers at Methodism,

to cast some of their sculptures; and countless other expenses, mythologically definable as the opening of Danae's brazen tower: besides enormous bills at the "Grand Hotel," and sundry inexcusable "indiscriminate charities."

evidently without having made even an 'elementary investigation' of its principles, or having heard one sermon from a Methodist preacher,—so at least I judge from Fors XXXVI., p. 6.

"If you wanted information—which you don't—about our rules, I would point out that our rules are only three:—1, 'To do no harm;' 2, 'To do all the good we can to men's bodies and souls;' and 3, 'To attend upon all the ordinances of God.' A Methodist, according to Mr. Wesley's definition, (pardon me for quoting another of his definitions; unfortunately, in this case it does not express what *is*, but what ought to be,) is, 'One who lives after the method laid down in the Bible.'

In answer to your questions, we don't approve of *going to law*, yet sometimes it may be necessary to appeal unto Cæsar; and in making a reference to a Christian magistrate in a Christian country, we don't think we should be doing what St. Paul condemns,—'going to law before the unjust, before unbelievers, and not before saints.'

"As to usury and interest. Hitherto, perhaps wrongly, we have been satisfied with the ordinary ideas of men—including, apparently, some of your most esteemed friends—on the subject. You yourself did not find out the wrong of taking interest until Mr. Sillar showed you how to judge of it (Fors for 1874, p. 155); and your investigations are still, like mine, so elementary that they have not influenced your practice.

"I cannot tell you with 'pious accuracy' the exact number of glasses of wine you may properly take, giving God thanks; but pray don't take too many. Personally, I fancy the rule, 'Do unto others as you would be done by,' would keep me on the right side if I had any capital to invest, which I haven't. My good mother, eighty-three years of age, has a small sum, and since reading Fors I have just calculated that she has



already received the entire amount in interest; and of course she must now, if your ideas are correct, give up the principal, and 'go and work for more.'

"As for my postscript, I really thought, from Fors (pp. 192—231), that you were bothered with lawyers, and did not know what to do with sums of money given to you for a definite purpose, and which apparently could not be legally applied to that purpose. A plan that has answered well for John Wesley's Society would, I thought, answer equally well for another company, in which I feel considerable interest. The objects of the two societies are not very dissimilar: our rules are substantially yours, only they go a little further. But whilst aiming at remodelling the world, we begin by trying to mend ourselves, and to 'save our own souls,' in which I hope there is nothing to raise your ire, or bring upon us the vials of your scorn. Referring to Fors (p. 27), I think I may say that 'we agree with most of your directions for private life.' In our plain and simple way,—assuredly not with your eloquence and rigour,—'we promulgate and recommend your principles,' without an idea that they are to be considered distinctively yours. We find them in the Bible; and if we don't 'aid your plans by sending you money,' it is because not one of us in a hundred thousand ever heard of them; and besides, it is possible for us to think that, whilst your plans are good, our own are better. For myself, I have for some time wished and intended to send something, however trifling it might seem to you, towards the funds of St. George's Company. Will you kindly accept 20s. from a *Methodist Preacher*?\* I was going to send it before you referred to us, but spent the money in your photographs and Xenophon; and sovereigns are so scarce with me that I had to wait a little before I could afford another.

"And now, if you have read as far as this, will you allow me

\* With St. George's thanks.

to thank you most sincerely for all that I have learnt from you. I could say much on this subject, but forbear. More intelligent readers you may have, but none more grateful than

“Yours very truly,

“A METHODIST PREACHER.”

# FORS CLAVIGERA.

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## LETTER LXXIV.

VENICE, *Christmas Day*, 1876.\*

LAST night, St. Ursula sent me her dianthus “out of her bedroom window, with her love,” and, as I was standing beside it, this morning,—(ten minutes ago only,—it has just struck eight,) watching the sun rise out of a low line of cloud, just midway between the domes of St. George, and the Madonna of Safety, there came into my mind the cause of our difficulties about the Eastern question: with considerable amazement to myself that I had not thought of it before; but, on the contrary, in what I had intended to say, been misled, hitherto, into quite vain collection of the little I knew about either Turkey or Russia; and entirely lost sight, (though actually at this time chiefly employed with it!)

\* I believe the following entry to be of considerable importance to our future work; and I leave it, uncorrected, as it was written at the time, for that reason.

of what Little Bear has thus sent me the flower out of the dawn in her window, to put me in mind of,—the religious meanings of the matter.

I must explain her sign to you more clearly before I can tell you these.

She sent me the living dianthus, (with a little personal message besides, of great importance to *me*, but of none to the matter in hand,) by the hands of an Irish friend now staying here: but she had sent me also, in the morning, from England, a dried sprig of the other flower in her window, the sacred vervain,\* by the hands of the friend who is helping me in all I want for 'Proserpina,'—Mr. Oliver.

Now the vervain is the ancient flower sacred to domestic purity; and one of the chief pieces of teaching which showed me the real nature of classic life, came to me ten years ago, in learning by heart one of Horace's house-songs, in which he especially associates this herb with the *cheerful* service—yet sacrificial service—of the household Gods.

"The whole house laughs in silver;—maid and boy in happy confusion run hither and thither; the altar,

\* I had carelessly and very stupidly taken the vervain for a decorative modification of olive. It is painted with entire veracity, so that my good friend Signor Coldara, (who is painting Venetian flowers for us, knew it for the "Erba Luisa" at the first glance,) went to the Botanical Gardens here, and painted it from the life. I will send his painting, with my own drawing of the plant from the Carpaccio picture, to the Sheffield museum. They can there be photographed for any readers of Fors who care to see such likeness of them.

wreathed with chaste vervain, asks for its sprinkling with the blood of the lamb."

Again, the *Dianthus*, of which I told you more was to be learned, means, translating that Greek name, "Flower of God," or especially of the Greek Father of the Gods; and it is of all wild flowers in Greece the brightest and richest in its divine beauty. (In 'Proserpina,' note classification.\*)

Now, see the use of myths, when they are living.

You have the Domestic flower, and the Wild flower.

You have the Christian sacrifice of the Passover, for the Household; and the universal worship of Allah, the Father of all,—our Father which art in Heaven, made of specialty to you by the light of the crimson wild flower on the mountains; and all this by specialty of sign sent to you in Venice, by the Saint whose mission it was to convert the savage people of "England, over-sea."

I am here interrupted by a gift, from another friend, of a little painting of the 'pitcher' (Venetian water-carrier's) of holy water, with the sprinkling thing in it,—I don't know its name,—but it reminds me of the "Tu asperges" in Lethe, in the Purgatorio, and of other matters useful to me: but mainly observe from it, in its bearing on our work, that the blood of Sprinkling, common to the household of the Greek, Roman, and the Jew,—and water of Sprinkling, com-

\* All left as written, in confusion: I will make it clear presently.



mon to all nations on earth, in the Baptism to which Christ submitted,—the one, speaketh better things than that of Abel, and the other than that unto Moses in the cloud and in the sea, in so far as they give *joy* together with their purity; so that the Lamb of the Passover itself, and the Pitcher of Water borne by him who showed the place of it, alike are turned, the one, by the last Miracle, into sacramental wine which immortally in the sacred Spirit makes glad the Heart of Man, and the other, by the first Miracle, into the Marriage wine, which here, and immortally in the sacred, because purified Body, makes glad the Life of Man.

*2nd January, 1877.*

Thus far I wrote in the morning and forenoon of Christmas Day: and leave it so, noting only that the reference to the classification in 'Proserpina' is to the name there given for the whole order of the pinks, including the dianthus,—namely, Clarissa. It struck me afterwards that it would be better to have made it simply 'Clara,'—which, accordingly, I have now determined it shall be. The Dianthus will be the first sub-species; but note that this Greek name is modern, and bad Greek also; yet to be retained, for it is *our* modern contribution to the perfectness of the myth. Carpaccio meant it, first and practically, for a balcony window-

flower—as the vervain is also: and what more, I can't say, or seek, to-day, for I must turn now to the business for this month, the regulation of our Sheffield vegetable market:—yet for *that*, even you will have to put up with another page or two of myth, before we can get rightly at it.

I must ask you to look back to *Fors* of August, 1872, page 5; and to hear why the boy with his basket of figs was so impressive a sign to me.

He was selling them before the south façade of the Ducal Palace; which, built in the fourteenth century, has two notable sculptures on its corner-stones. Now, that palace is the perfect type of such a building as should be made the seat of a civic government exercising all needful powers.\* How soon you may wish to build such an one at Sheffield depends on the perfection of the government you can develop there, and the dignity of state which you desire it should assume. For the men who took counsel in that palace “considered the poor,” and heard the requests of the poorest citizens, in a manner of which you have had as yet no idea given you by any government visible in Europe.

This palace being, as I said, built in the fourteenth century, when the nation liked to express its thoughts in sculpture, and being essentially the national palace,

\* State prisoners were kept in the palace, instead of in a separate tower, as was our practice in London, that none might be in bonds more than a month before they were brought up for judgment.

its builder, speaking as it were the mind of the whole people, signed first, on its corner-stones, their consent in the scriptural definition of worldly happiness,—“Every man shall dwell under his vine and under his fig tree.” And out of one corner-stone he carved a fig tree; out of the other, a vine. But to show upon what conditions, only, such happiness was to be secured, he thought proper also on each stone to represent the temptations which it involved, and the danger of yielding to them. Under the fig tree, he carved Adam and Eve, unwisely gathering figs: under the vine, Noah, unwisely gathering grapes.

‘*Gathering*,’ observe;—in both instances the hand is on the fruit; the sculpture of the Drunkenness of Noah differing in this from the usual treatment of the subject.

These two sculptures represent broadly the two great divisions of the sins of men; those of Disobedience, or sins against known command,—Presumptuous sins—and therefore, against Faith and Love; and those of Error, or sins against unknown command, sins of Ignorance—or, it may be, of Weakness, but not against Faith, nor against Love.

These corner-stones form the chief decoration or grace of its strength—meaning, if you read them in their national lesson, “Let him that thinketh he standeth, take heed lest he fall.” Then, next above these stones of warning, come the stones of Judgment and Help.

*3rd January, 1877.*

Above the sculpture of Presumptuous Sin is carved the angel Michael, with the lifted sword. Above the sculpture of Erring Sin, is carved the angel Raphael, leading Tobias, and his dog.

Not *Tobit*, and his dog, observe. It is very needful for us to understand the separate stories of the father and son, which gave this subject so deep a meaning to the mediæval Church. Read the opening chapter of *Tobit*, to the end of his prayer. That prayer, you will find, is the seeking of death rather than life, in entirely noble despair. Erring, but innocent; blind, but *not thinking that he saw*,—therefore without sin.

To him the angel of all beautiful life is sent, hidden in simplicity of human duty, taking a servant's place for hire, to lead his son in all right and happy ways of life, explaining to him, and showing to all of us who read, in faith, for ever, what is the root of all the material evil in the world, the great error of seeking pleasure before use. This is the dreadfulness which brings the true horror of death into the world, which hides God in death, and which makes all the lower creatures of God—even the happiest, suffer with us,—even the most innocent, injure us.\*

But the young man's dog went with them—and returned, to show that all the lower creatures, who can

\* Measure,—who can,—the evil that the Horse and Dog, worshipped before God, have done to England.

love, have passed, through their love, into the guardianship and guidance of angels.

And now you will understand why I told you in the last Fors for last year that you must eat angel's food before you could eat material food.

Tobit got leave at last, you see, to go back to his dinner.

Now, I have two pretty stories to tell you, (though I must not to-day,) of a Venetian dog, which were told to me on Christmas Day last, by Little Bear's special order. Her own dog, at the foot of her bed, is indeed unconscious of the angel with the palm; but is taking care of his mistress's earthly crown; and St. Jerome's dog, in his study, is seriously and admiringly interested in the progress of his master's literary work, though not, of course, understanding the full import of it.

The dog in the vision to the shepherds, and the cattle in the Nativity, are always essential to these myths, for the same reason; and in next Fors, you shall have with the stories of the Venetian dog, the somewhat more important one of St. Theodore's horse,—God willing. Finally, here are four of the grandest lines of an English prophet, sincere as Carpaccio, which you will please remember:

'The bat that flits at close of eve,  
Hath left the brain that won't believe.'



‘Hurt not the moth, nor butterfly,  
For the Last Judgment draweth nigh.’

And now, Tobit having got back to his dinner, we may think of ours: only Little Bear *will* have us hear a little reading still, in the refectory. Take patience but a minute or two more.

Long ago, in ‘Modern Painters,’ I dwelt on the, to me, utter marvellousness, of that saying of Christ, (when “on this wise showed He Himself”)—

“Come and dine. . . . .

. . . . So when they had dined,” etc.

I understand it now, with the “Children, have ye here any meat?” of the vision in the chamber. My hungry and thirsty friends, do not you also begin to understand the sacredness of your daily bread; nor the divinity of the great story of the world’s beginning;—the infinite truth of its “Touch not—taste not—handle not, of the things that perish in the using, but only of things which, whether ye eat or drink, are to the glory of God”?

But a few more words about Venice, and we come straight to Sheffield.

My boy with his basket of rotten figs *could* only sell them in front of the sculpture of Noah, because all the nobles had perished from Venice, and he was there, poor little costermonger, stooping to cry fighiaie between his legs, where the stateliest lords in Europe

were wont to walk, erect enough, and in no disordered haste. (Curiously, as I write this very page, one of the present authorities in progressive Italy, progressive without either legs or arms, has gone whizzing by, up the canal, in a steam propeller, like a large darting water beetle.) He *could* only sell them in that place, because the Lords of Venice were fallen, as a fig tree casteth her untimely figs; and the sentence is spoken against them, "No man eat fruit of thee, hereafter." And he could only sell them in Venice at all, because the laws of the greater Lords of Venice who *built* her palaces are disobeyed in her modern liberties. Hear this, from the Venetian Laws of State respecting "Frutti e Fruttaroli," preserved in the Correr Museum.

19th June, 1516.\*—"It is forbidden to all and sundry to sell bad fruits. Figs, especially, must not be kept in the shop from one day to another, on pain of fine of twenty-five lire."

30th June, 1518.—"The sale of squeezed figs and preserved figs is forbidden. They are to be sold ripe."

10th June, 1523.—"Figs cannot be preserved nor packed. They are to be sold in the same day that they are brought into this city."

The intent of these laws is to supply the people

\* "Innibito a chiunque il vendere frutti cattivi." *Before* 1516, observe, nobody *thought* of doing so.

largely and cheaply with ripe fresh figs from the mainland, and to prevent their ever being eaten in a state injurious to health, on the one side, or kept, to raise the price, on the other. Note the continual connection between Shakspeare's ideal, both of commerce and fairyland, with Greece, and Venice: "Feed him with apricocks and dewberries,—with purple grapes, *green* figs, and mulberries"; the laws of Venice respecting this particular fruit being originally Greek; (Athenian; see derivation of word 'sycophant,' in any good dictionary).

But the next law, 7th July, 1523, introduces question of a fruit still more important to Venetians.

"On pain of fine (ut supra), let no spoiled or decaying melons or bottle-gourds be sold, nor any yellow cucumbers."

9th June, 1524.—"The sale of fruits which are not good and nourishing is forbidden to every one, both on the canals and lands of this city. Similarly, it is forbidden to keep them in baskets more than a day; and, similarly, to keep bad mixed with the good."

On the 15th July, 1545, a slight relaxation is granted of this law, as follows: "Sellers of melons cannot sell them either unripe or decayed (*crudi o marci*), without putting a ticket on them, to certify them as such."

And to ensure obedience to these most wholesome ordinances of state, the life of the Venetian greengrocer

was rendered, (according to Mr. John Bright,\*) a burden to him, by the following regulations:—

6th July, 1559.—“The superintendents of fruits shall be confined to the number of eight, of whom two every

\* (Fors, January, 1874, page 4.)

I observe that, in his recent speech at Rochdale, Mr. Bright makes mention of me which he “hopes I shall forgive.” There is no question of forgiveness in the matter; Mr. Bright speaks of me what he believes to be true, and what, to the best of his knowledge, is so: he quotes a useful passage from the part of my books which he understands; and a notable stanza from the great song of Sheffield, whose final purport, nevertheless, Mr. Bright himself reaches only the third part of the way to understanding. He has left to me the duty of expressing the ultimate force of it, in such rude additional rhyme as came to me yesterday, while walking to and fro in St. Mark’s porch, beside the grave of the Duke Marino Morosini; a man who knew more of the East than Mr. Bright, and than most of his Rochdale audience; but who nevertheless shared the incapacity of Socrates, Plato, and Epaminondas, to conceive the grandeur of the ceremony “which took place yesterday in Northern India.”

Here is Ebenezer’s stanza, then, with its sequence, taught me by Duke Morocen:—

“What shall Bread-Tax do for thee,  
Venerable Monarchy?  
Dreams of evil,—sparing sight,  
Let that horror rest in night.”

What shall Drink-Tax do for thee,  
Faith-Defending Monarchy?  
Priestly King,—is *this* thy sign,  
Sale of Blessing,—Bread,—and Wine?

What shall Roof-Tax do for thee,  
Life-Defending Monarchy?  
Find’st thou rest for England’s head,  
Only free among the Dead?  
Loosing still the stranger’s slave.—  
Sealing still thy Garden-Grave?  
Kneel thou there; and trembling pray,  
“Angels, roll the stone away.”

(Venice, 11th January, 1877.)

week, (thus securing a monthly service of the whole octave,) shall stand at the barrier, to the end that no fruits may pass, of any kind, that are not good."

More special regulations follow, for completeness of examination; the refusal to obey the law becoming gradually, it is evident, more frequent as the moral temper of the people declined, until, just two centuries after the issuing of the first simple order, that no bad fruit is to be sold, the attempts at evasion have become both cunning and resolute, to the point of requiring greater power to be given to the officers, as follows:—

28th April, 1725.—"The superintendents of the fruits may go through the shops, and seek in every place for fruits of bad quality, and they shall not be impeded by whomsoever it may be. They shall mount upon the boats of melons and other fruits, and shall prohibit the sale of bad ones, and shall denounce transgressors to the magistracy."

Nor did the government once relax its insistence, or fail to carry its laws into effect, as long as there was a Duke in Venice. Her people are now Free, and all the glorious liberties of British trade are achieved by them. And having been here through the entire autumn, I have not once been able to taste wall-fruit from the Rialto market, which was not *both* unripe and rotten, it being invariably gathered hard, to last as long as possible in the baskets; and of course the rottenest sold first, and the rest as it duly attains that desirable state.



The Persian fruits, however, which, with pears and cherries, fill the baskets on the Ducal Palace capitals, are to the people of far less importance than the gourd and melon. The 'melon boats,' as late as 1845, were still so splendid in beauty of fruit, that my then companion, J. D. Harding, always spent with me the first hour of our day in drawing at the Rialto market. Of these fruits, being a staple article in constant domestic consumption, not only the quality, but the price, became an object of anxious care to the government; and the view taken by the Venetian Senate on the question I proposed to you in last *Fors*, the function of the middle-man in raising prices, is fortunately preserved at length in the following decree of 8th July, 1577:—

DECREE OF THE MOST ILLUSTRIOUS LORDS, THE  
FIVE OF THE MARIEGOLE.\*

“It is manifestly seen that Melons in this City have reached a price at which scarcely anybody is bold enough to buy them; a condition of things discontenting to everybody, and little according with the dignity of the persons whose duty it is to take such precautionary measures as may be needful,” (the Five, most Illustrious, to wit,) “and although our Presessors † and other Magis-

\* A Mariegola, Madre-Regola, or Mother-Law, is the written code of the religious and secular laws either of a club of Venetian gentlemen, or a guild of Venetian tradesmen. With my old friend Mr. Edward Cheney's help, I shall let you hear something of these, in next *Fors*.

† Those who before us sat on this Seat of Judgment.

trates, who from time to time have had special regard to this difficulty, have made many and divers provisional decrees, yet it is seen manifestly that they have always been vain, nor have ever brought forth the good effect which was desired; and the cause of this is seen expressly to be a great number of buyers-to-sell-again who find themselves in this city, and in whose presence it is impossible so quickly to make public anything relating to the import or export of food, but this worst sort of men pounce on it,\* and buy it, before it is born; in this, using all the intelligences, cunnings, and frauds which it is possible to imagine; so that the people of this city cannot any more buy anything, for their living, of the proper Garden-master of it; but only from the buyers-to-sell-again, through whose hands such things will pass two or three times before they are sold, which notable disorder is not by any manner of means to be put up with. Wherefore, both for the universal benefit of all the City, and for the dignity of our Magistracy, the great and illustrious Lords, the Five Wise Men, and Foreseers upon the Mariegole, make it publicly known that henceforward there may be no one so presumptuous as to dare, whether as Fruiterer, Green-grocer, Buyer-to-sell-again, or under name of any other kind of person of what condition soever, to sell melons of any sort, whether in the shops or on the shore of our island of

\* Most illustrious, a little better grammar might here have been advisable; —had indignation permitted!

Rialto, beginning from the bridge of Rialto as far as the bridge of the Beccaria; and similarly in any part of the piazza of St. Mark, the Pescaria, or the Tèra Nuova,\* under penalty to whosoever such person shall sell or cause to be sold contrary to the present order, of 120 ducats for each time; to lose the melons, and to be whipped round the Piazza of the Rialto, or of San Marco, wheresoever he has done contrary to the law;" but the Garden-masters and gardeners may sell where they like, and nobody shall hinder them.

*5th January, Morning.*

I will give the rest of this decree in next Fors; but I must pause to-day, for you have enough before you to judge of the methods taken by the Duke and the statesmen of Venice for the ordering of her merchandize, and the aid of her poor.

I say, for the ordering of her merchandize; other merchandize than this she had;—pure gold, and ductile crystal, and inlaid marble,—various as the flowers in mountain turf. But her first care was the food of the poor; she knew her first duty was to see that they had each day their daily bread. Their corn and pomegranate; crystal, not of flint, but life; manna, not of the desert, but the home—"Thou shalt let none of it stay until the morning."

\* These limitations referring to the Rialto market and piazza, leave the town greengrocers free to sell, they being under vowed discipline of the Mariegola of Greengrocers.

“To *see* that they had their daily bread ;” yes—but how to make such vision sure? My friends, there is yet one more thing, and the most practical of all, to be observed by you as to the management of your commissariat. Whatever laws you make about your bread—however wise and brave, you will not get it unless you pray for it. If you would not be fed with stones, by a Father Devil, you must ask for bread from your Father, God. In a word, you must understand the Lord’s Prayer—and *pray it* ; knowing, and desiring, the Good you ask ; knowing also, and abhorring, the Evil you ask to be delivered from. Knowing and obeying your Father who is in Heaven ; knowing and wrestling with ‘your Destroyer’ who is come down to Earth ; and praying and striving also, that your Father’s will may be done there,—not his ; and your Father’s kingdom come there, and not his.

And finally, therefore, in St. George’s name, I tell you, you cannot know God, unless also you know His and your adversary, and have no fellowship with the works of that Living Darkness, and put upon you the armour of that Living Light.

‘Phrases,—still phrases,’ think you? My friends, the Evil spirit indeed exists ; and in so exact contrary power to God’s, that as men go straight to God by believing in Him, they go straight to the Devil by disbelieving in him. Do but fairly rise to fight him, and you will feel him fast enough, and have as much

on your hands as you are good for. Act, then. Act —yourselves, waiting for no one. Feed the hungry, clothe the naked, to the last farthing in your own power. Whatever the State does with its money, do you that with your's. Bring order into your own accounts, whatever disorder there is in the Chancellor of the Exchequer's; then, when you have got the Devil well under foot in Sheffield, you may begin to stop him from persuading my Lords of the Admiralty that they want a new grant, etc., etc., to make his machines with; and from illuminating Parliament with new and ingenious suggestions concerning the liquor laws. For observe, as the outcome of all that is told you in this Fors, all taxes put by the rich on the meat or drink of the poor, are *precise* Devil's laws. That is why they are so loud in their talk of national prosperity, indicated by the Excise, because the fiend, who blinds them, sees that he can also blind you, through your lust for drink, into quietly allowing your selves to pay fifty millions a year, that the rich may make their machines of blood with, and play at shedding blood.\*

But patience, my good fellows. Everything must be confirmed by the last, as founded on the first, of the three resolutions I asked of you in the beginning,—“Be sure you can obey good laws before you seek to

\* See third article in Correspondence, showing how the game of our nobles becomes the gain of our usurers.



alter bad ones." No rattening, if you please ; no pulling down of park railings ; no rioting in the streets. It is the Devil who sets you on that sort of work. Your Father's Servant does not strive, nor cry, nor lift up his voice in the streets. But He will bring forth judgment unto victory ; and, doing as He bids you do, you may pray as He bids you pray, sure of answer, because in His Father's gift are all order, strength, and honour, from age to age, for ever.

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Of the Eastern question, these four little myths contain all I am able yet to say :—

- I. St. George of England and Venice does not bear his sword for his own interests ; nor in vain.
- II. St. George of Christendom becomes the Captain of her Knights in putting off his armour.
- III. When armour is put off, pebbles serve.
- IV. Read the psalm 'In Exitu.'

## NOTES AND CORRESPONDENCE.

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### I. Affairs of the Company.

Our accounts I leave wholly in the hands of our Companion, Mr. Rydings, and our kind helper, Mr. Walker. I believe their statement will be ready for publication in this article.

[For accounts of the St. George's Fund and Sheffield Museum see opposite and four following pages.]

Our legal affairs are in the hands of our Companion, Mr. Somervell, and in the claws of the English faculty of Law : we must wait the result of the contest patiently.

I have given directions for the design of a library for study connected with the St. George's Museum at Sheffield, and am gradually sending down books and drawings for it, which will be specified in Fors from time to time, with my reasons for choosing them. I have just presented the library with another thirteenth-century Bible,—that from which the letter R was engraved at page 11 of Fors, April 1872 ; and two drawings from Filippo Lippi and Carpaccio, by Mr. C. F. Murray.

### II. Affairs of the Master.

I am bound to state, in the first place,—now beginning a new and very important year, in which I still propose myself for the Master of the St. George's Company,—that my head

## JOHN RUSKIN, Esq., IN ACCOUNT WITH THE ST. GEORGE'S FUND.

Dr.

Cr.

1876.

Subscriptions to March 14th, see April Fors . 1023 11 10  
 Additional to end of year :—

May . . . . .	8 6 1
June . . . . .	10 10 0
July . . . . .	102 0 6
September . . . . .	16 16 0
November . . . . .	50 0 0
December . . . . .	10 0 0
Cheques { £300 } { £500 } { £330 }	1130 0 0
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	2351 4 5

To Balance . . . . . 108 8 0  


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 £2459 12 5

1876.			£	s.	d.
Paid to Bankers, see April Fors . . . . .			977	12	1
" " May, less 3d. charges . . . . .			52	9	3
" " June . . . . .			95	12	6
" " October . . . . .			50	0	0
" " December . . . . .			10	0	0
Purchase of land and house at Sheffield for Museum . . . . .			930	0	0
Law expenses, ditto ] . . . . .			26	15	11
Chemicals at Museum . . . . .			5	0	0
Prints, Colnaghi . . . . .			29	10	0
Law expenses, Tarrant and Mackrill . . . . .			20	17	5
Repairs of cottages at Barmouth . . . . .			27	0	0
Cheque to H. Swan, Sheffield, see Feb. Fors . . . . .			50	0	0
Ditto ditto . . . . .			44	0	0
Ditto ditto see Aug. Fors . . . . .			55	15	3
Ditto ditto see Nov. Fors . . . . .			60	0	0
Mr. Rydings, for feeble workers at Laxey, Isle of Man . . . . .			25	0	0
			<hr/>		
			£2459	12	5

Notes and Correspondence.

THE UNION BANK OF LONDON (CHANCERY LANE BRANCH) IN ACCOUNT WITH THE  
ST. GEORGE'S FUND.

Dr.		Cr.	
ST. GEORGE'S FUND.		ST. GEORGE'S FUND.	
1876.	To Balance	£	s. d.
Jan. 1.	Dividend on £8000 Consols	14	1 10
6.	Per George Allen	119	0 0
13.	Per John Ruskin, Esq.	24	11 1
Feb. 15.	Draft at Sheffield	25	0 0
"	Ditto at Ambleside	8	0 0
"	Ditto at Bridgwater	100	0 0
"	Ditto at Birmingham	5	0 0
"	Per John Ruskin, Esq.	35	0 0
22.	Draft at Windsor	20	0 0
Mar. 4.	Per John Ruskin, Esq.	25	0 0
7.	Draft at Oxford	50	0 0
"	Per John Ruskin, Esq.	6	0 0
14.	Draft at Sheffield	20	0 0
"	Per John Ruskin, Esq.	17	11 0
May 3.	Draft at Bridgwater	9	19 3
6.	Ditto at Douglas, £25, less charges	24	18 9
9.	Per John Ruskin, Esq.	5	0 0
June 9.	Draft at Bridgwater	20	12 6
13.	Ditto at Bilston	50	0 0
"	Cash per John Ruskin, Esq.	20	0 0
17.	Dividend on £8000 Consols	118	10 0
July 6.	Draft at Bridgwater	50	0 0
Oct. 12.	Per J. P. Stilwell	25	0 0
24.	Draft at Bridgwater	10	0 0
Dec. 4.	Per George Allen	12	6 0
23.		£821	10 5
1876.	By charges on two local notes	£	s. d.
Feb. 22.	Postage of pass book	0	0 10
25.	John Ruskin, Esq.	0	0 3
Mar. 3.	Ditto	300	0 0
July 28.	Postage of pass book	330	0 0
Oct. 12.		0	0 3
Dec. 31.	By Balance	191	9 1
		£821	10 5

## Notes and Correspondence.

47

RECEIPTS.		£	s.	d.	PAYMENTS.		£	s.	d.
Subscriptions to beginning of year, see April Fors . . . .	785	1	10		Purchase of £1000 Consols . . . .		918	15	0
Ditto to end of year, see Fors, April to July, Sept., Nov., and Dec. . . . .	461	2	7		Power of attorney for dividends . . . .		0	5	0
Ditto from Mr. George Allen, viz.: Miss Kate Bradley . £1	1	0			Cheque book and other small charges at bankers' . . . . .		0	6	3
F. Somerscales . . . .	5	0	0		Purchase of land and house at Sheffield for Museum . . . . .		930	0	0
Miss Guest . . . . .	2	2	0		Law expenses on the above . . . . .		26	15	11
Mona . . . . .	1	1	0		F. D. Acland, for chemicals at Museum . . . .		5	0	0
Miss Guest . . . . .	2	2	0		Fittings, salary, taxes, etc., at ditto, per sepa- rate accounts to Dec. 31 . . . . .		193	12	2
'Methodist Preacher' . . . .	1	0	0		Repairs of cottages at Barmouth . . . . .		27	0	0
Ditto from Mr. Rydings, Dec. 14 . .	33	15	0		Colnaghi and Co., for prints . . . . .		29	10	0
Interest on £7000 Consols to Jan. 1875, and on £8000 from July 1875 to July 1876 . .	1007	17	6		Law charges for the Company . . . . .		20	17	5
Interest from balance at bankers' . . . .	9	18	0		Mr. Rydings, for feeble "home spun" workers at Laxey . . . . .		25	0	0
Balance remaining due to Mr. Ruskin for sums advanced at various times . . . . .	108	8	0		Mr. Rydings, cheque sent to Italy and not yet returned . . . . .	£33	15	0	
					Cash at bankers' . . . . .	191	9	1	
					Ditto at Museum . . . . .	16	3	1	
							241	7	2
							£2418	8	11



EGBERT RYDINGS IN ACCOUNT WITH ST. GEORGE'S COMPANY

Dr. (From June 29, 1876, to January 16, 1877). Cr.

		£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
1876.	To Mrs. Jane Lisle	.	.	1	1	0		
June 29.	Charles Firth	.	.	1	1	0		
30.	G. No. 50	.	.	10	10	0		
Aug. 7.	Miss Sargood	.	.	2	2	0		
12.	Miss Christina Allan	.	.	2	2	0		
12.	John Morgan, for 1871, No. 6.	.	.	1	1	0		
Sept. 1.	Geo Thomson	.	.	5	0	0		
5.	John Morgan, for 1876, No. 6	.	.	1	1	0		
Nov. 8.	B. B., No. 26	.	.	1	10	0		
9.	J. D., No. 49	.	.	0	5	0		
Dec. 7.	Josiah Gittins	.	.	1	0	0		
9.	Miss M. Guest	.	.	2	2	0		
9.	A. H., No. 37	.	.	5	0	0		
12.	Wm. Smither	.	.	5	0	0		
16.	Miss M. Guest (received by Mr. Ruskin, omitted in his account)	.	.	2	2	0		
July 1.	Miss Dora Livesey	.	.	5	0	0		
Dec. 23.	John E. Fowler	.	.	3	0	0		
29.	Miss Julia Firth	.	.	7	0	0		
1877.	John and Mary Gay	.	.	1	0	0		
Jan. 1.	Miss Sarah A. Gimson	.	.	1	1	0		
3.	Miss F. B.	.	.	2	0	0		
16.		.	.					
				£59	18	0		

£59 18 0

## SHEFFIELD MUSEUM ACCOUNT.

Dr.

Cr.

1876.		1876.		<i>Current Expenses.</i>			
		£	s. d.			£	s. d.
July	1. To Balance in hand . . . .	38	17 2	July	1. H. Swan (salary) . . .	10	0 0
Nov.	22. „ J. Ruskin, Esq., by cheque . .	60	0 0	17.	Gas . . . . .	0	6 2
				Sept.	11. Water . . . . .	0	5 7
				Oct.	1. H. Swan (salary) . . .	10	0 0
				Nov.	16. Water . . . . .	0	8 8
				Dec.	13. Gas . . . . .	0	7 3
				23.	Poor-rate . . . . .	0	15 4
						22	3 0
				<i>Repairs and Building Expenses.</i>			
				Oct.	14. J. Tunnard, for two gates . .	3	15 0
				Dec.	20. Silicate Paint Company . .	0	17 1
				21.	Gravel and cartage . . . .	0	13 6
						5	5 7
				<i>Fittings and Cases.</i>			
				Sept.	6. Jones, for cloth . . . . .	0	3 6
				„	Cockayne, ditto . . . . .	0	3 4
				7.	Jackson, ditto . . . . .	0	7 8
				Oct.	12. C. H. Griffiths, safe . . . .	6	0 0
				Nov.	22. Leaf and Co., velvets . . .	3	7 4
				Dec.	1. Smithson and Dale, cabinet cases . . . . .	40	0 0
				12.	Cockayne, velvet . . . . .	0	2 3
						50	4 1
					Cartage of goods . . . . .	3	13 2
					Petty expenses . . . . .	1	8 3
						5	1 5
					Balance in hand . . . . .	16	3 1
						£98	17 2

Examined, and found correct, WM. WALKER, Jan. 9th, 1877.

certainly does not serve me as it did once, in many respects. The other day, for instance, in a frosty morning at Verona, I put on my dressing-gown (which is of bright Indian shawl stuff) by mistake for my great-coat ; and walked through the full marketplace, and half-way down the principal street, in that costume, proceeding in perfect tranquillity until the repeated glances of unusual admiration bestowed on me by the passengers led me to investigation of the possible cause. And I begin to find it no longer in my power to keep my attention fixed on things that have little interest for me, so as to avoid mechanical mistakes. It is assuredly true, as I said in the December Fors, that I *can* keep accounts ; but, it seems, not of my own revenues, while I am busy with the history of those of Venice. In page 392, the November expenses were deducted from the sum in the first column instead of from that in the third, and the balance in that page should have been £670 9s. 4*d.* ; and in last Fors, £275 9s. 4*d.* My Greenwich pottery usually brings me in £60 ; but I remitted most of the rent, this year, to the tenant, who has been forced into expenses by the Street Commissioners. He pays me £24 16s. 9*d.*, bringing my resources for Christmas to the total of £300 6s. 1*d.*

My expenses to the end of the year are as follows :—

		£	s.	d.
Dec. 18.	Raffaelle (a) . . . . .	15	0	0
22.	A. Giordani (b) . . . . .	20	0	0
23.	Self . . . . .	50	0	0
25.	Gift to relation . . . . .	60	0	0
„	Paul Huret (c) . . . . .	5	0	0
27.	Downs . . . . .	10	0	0
		<hr/> £160 0 0 <hr/>		

(a) In advance, because he goes home to Assisi at Christmas.

(b) The old Venetian sculptor who cast the Colleone statue for the Crystal Palace. Payment for casting Noah's vine on the Ducal Palace.

(c) My godson at Boulogne. (His father, a pilot, now dead, taught me to steer a lugger.) Christmas gift for books and instruments.

Thus leaving me, according to my own views, (I don't vouch for the banker's concurrence in all particulars,) £140 6s. 1d. to begin the year with, after spending, between last New Year's Day and this, the total sum of—I won't venture to cast it till next month; but I consider this rather an economical year than otherwise. It will serve, however, when fairly nailed down in exposition, as a sufficient specimen of my way of living for the last twelve years, resulting in an expenditure during that period of some sixty thousand, odd, pounds. I leave, for the present, my Companions to meditate on the sort of Master they have got, begging them also to remember that I possess also the great official qualification of Dogberry, and am indeed "one that hath had losses." In the appropriate month of April, they shall know precisely to what extent, and how much—or little—I have left, of the money my father left me. With the action I mean to take in the circumstances.

III. I reprint the following admirable letter with all joy in its sturdy statements of principle; but I wish the writer would look at Mr. D. Urquhart's 'Spirit of the East.' He is a little too hard upon the Turk, though it is not in Venice that one should say so.

"TURKISH LOANS AND BULGARIAN ATROCITIES.

*"To the Editor of the Carlisle Journal.*

"Sir,—There appears to be one probable cause of the present Eastern imbroglio which has escaped the notice of most of those who have written or spoken on the subject, viz., the various Turkish loans which have been floated on the London Stock Exchange.

"At first sight, few would be inclined to regard these as the root of the present mischief, but investigation may reveal that Turkish loans at high rates of interest, and Bulgarian atrocities follow each other simply as cause and effect.

“Of course few of the Christian investors in these loans would ever think, when lending their spare capital to the Turk, that they were aiding and abetting him in his brutalities, or sowing the seed which was to produce the harvest of blood and other abominations in the Christian provinces under his sway. But such, nevertheless, may be the fact, and the lenders of the sinews of war to tyrannical and bloodthirsty governments should be warned that they are responsible for the sanguinary results which may ensue.

“The horrors to which our world has been subjected, through this system of lending and borrowing, are beyond possibility of computation. But let us simply inquire how much misery, destitution, and death lie at the door of our own national debt.

“If our ecclesiastical leaders could take up this subject during the present mission, and preach sermons upon it (as Christ Himself would have done), from such texts as these,—‘For they bind burdens upon men’s shoulders, grievous to be borne, and will not touch them themselves with one of their fingers,’ and ‘For ye devour widows’ houses,’ they would not find it necessary to refer so much to empty or appropriated pews, or to lament that only five per cent. of our working men are in attendance at church.

“One can fancy the effect which could be produced by a few sermons on these texts. Our own debt is a ‘burden’ which takes nearly one pound annually from every man, woman, and child in the kingdom, and our war armaments take nearly another pound. How many ‘widows’ houses’ must these ‘burdens’ be literally devouring? And yet when do we find the professed followers of ‘the Prince of Peace’ imitating their Master, and crying out boldly against those who lay these heavy burdens upon the shoulders of the people?

“Few would think, when investing in the Turkish loans, that they were laying the train which has just exploded in the



Turkish provinces with such disastrous effects, scattering so much ruin and desolation amongst the poor inhabitants there. No, they would only think what a good investment it was, and what a large interest the Turkish Government had engaged to pay for the accommodation. This is as far as borrower and lender usually look. The child wishes to hold the razor, the maniac wants the revolver ; let them have them ; it is their look-out, not ours, what use they make of them ; and in this same spirit we callously hand over the wealth which the labour of England and its laws have put under our control, to a race of homicides, and sit supinely by while they, having transformed part of it into powder and shot, shower these relentlessly over their Christian subjects, till the heart of Europe turns sick at the sight.

“Now, let us follow the consequences, as they crop out in natural sequence. The Turk obtains his loan from Englishmen, and doubtless intends to pay the large interest he promised ; but how has he to accomplish this ? If he had had a *Fortunatus*’ purse he would not have had to borrow. He has no such purse, but he has provinces, where a population of Christians are faithfully cultivating the soil, and in one way or another providing themselves with the means of existence. These have to be the *Fortunatus*’ purse, out of which he will abstract the cash to pay the English lenders the promised interest on their loan. The principal he spends in luxurious living, and in providing the arguments (gunpowder and steel) which may be required to convince his Christian subjects that they owe the English lenders the interest he has engaged to pay for the loan. The loan itself, of course, had been contracted for their protection and defence !

“Here, then, we come to the old story. His tax-farming agents have to apply the screw of higher taxes to the people, demanding more and still more, to pay these English lenders their interest, till human patience reaches its limit ; and the

provinces revolt, resolved to be free from those unjust and cruel exactions, or to perish in the attempt. The rest is all too well known to need recapitulation. Every one knows how the Turkish hordes rushed down upon the patient people whom they had despoiled for centuries, like an avalanche of fire and steel, and the horrors and abominations that ensued. Yet, when a neighbouring monarch, of kindred faith to the suffering provinces, demanded (with an

‘Avenge, O Lord, Thy slaughtered Saints whose bones  
Lie scattered o’er Bulgaria’s mountains cold’)

that these oppressions and atrocities should cease, as our Oliver Cromwell did effectually two centuries ago, when similar atrocities were being perpetrated in Piedmont, what did we see?

“To the everlasting shame of England, we saw its fleet despatched to Besika Bay, as a menace to Russia not to put an end to these iniquities, and as a hint to Turkey to stamp out the revolt as quickly as possible, and by whatever means it might see fit to employ.

“Now to what have we to attribute this degradation of the British flag and British influence? Is it to secure British interests, the interest of a beggarly fifty millions, or thereabouts, of foolishly invested money, that our jolly tars have to be despatched to give at least moral support and countenance to the murderers of women and children?

“Why, take it on this mercenary ground, and calculate what those Christians, if freed from their thralldom to the Turk, might make out of this ‘fairest part of God’s creation’ in a year or two, and the result will be astonishing. An agricultural race like the French, in a year, would raise ten times fifty millions’ worth of produce from the ground which Turkish rule is only cumbering. Then is it not time this cumberer were cut down? It has been let alone for centuries, and we, as its special husbandman, with a zeal worthy of a

better cause, have been digging about it and dunging it (to our cost), and all to no purpose, and yet we have statesmen who think this fruitless—Heaven's lightning-struck—old trunk must still be nourished as a shelter and protection to our interests in the East.

“These Turks, whom a few are so anxious to protect, have been a curse to Europe ever since they entered it. Their first generally known atrocities upon Christians were the massacres and outrages on the pilgrims who, in the middle ages, were visiting the Holy Sepulchre. Serve them right for their folly, say many. But call it our ‘ancient muniments,’ and how then? What would be said if a party from London, visiting Stonehenge, had to get their heads broken by the people of Salisbury for their folly? These atrocities roused the chivalry of the Christian nations of Europe, and gave rise to the Crusades. These eventually led to the Turks' entrance into Europe, which they were likely to overrun, when Sobieski, ‘a man sent from God, whose name was John,’ came to the front and drove them back again. Ever since their appearance, they have been a thorn in the side of Europe—a thorn which should long ere this have been extracted.

“Should Europe extract this thorn now, and send this man of the sword back to his native deserts, and place a guard of Christian knights in charge of Constantinople, to teach him, should he attempt to return, that ‘all they that take the sword shall perish with the sword,’ then the nations of Europe, too long crushed under the weight of ‘bloated armaments’ and standing armies, might begin to study the art of peace.

“Then might we begin to regard ironclads and Woolwich infants as demons from the pit, which some of our bishops might venture to exorcise as monsters that were devouring widows' houses every day they floated, or every time they were discharged; and which had no right to exist in a Christian or

sane community. Then, too, we might find that Ruṣṣia was, after all, no more a bear than England was a lion; and that, though peopled with men with passions like our own, they had them not less bridled than we, and could prove themselves to be men of honour, men to be trusted, and men who desired to stand by the principles of right and justice, be the consequences what they might, even though the heavens should fall and earthy patronisers of the angels be dissatisfied.—I am, etc., COSMOPOLITAN.”

IV. I am grieved to leave my Scottish correspondent's letter still without reply. But it is unconnected with the subjects on which I wish to lay stress in this letter; and I want to 'give its own most important subject a distinct place.

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ERRATUM.—In *Fors* of December last, p. 381, *för* XXIII.,  
*read* XXXIII.

# FORS CLAVIGERA.

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## LETTER LXXV.

VENICE, 1st February, 1877.

I AM told that some of my "most intelligent readers" can make nothing of what I related in last Fors, about St. Ursula's messages to me. What is their difficulty? Is it (1), that they do not believe in guardian angels,—or (2), that they do not think me good enough to have so great an angel to guard me,—or (3), that knowing the beginning of her myth, they do not believe in St. Ursula's personality?

If the first, I have nothing more to say;—if the second, I can assure them, they are not more surprised than I was myself;—if the third, they are to remember that all great myths are conditions of slow manifestation to human imperfect intelligence; and that whatever spiritual powers are in true personality appointed to go to and fro in the earth, to trouble the waters of healing, or bear the salutations of peace, can only be revealed, in their reality, by the gradual con-



firmation in the matured soul of what at first were only its instinctive desires, and figurative perceptions.

Oh me! I had so much to tell you in this Fors, if I could but get a minute's peace;—my stories of the Venetian doggie, and others of the greater dog and the lesser dog—in Heaven; and more stories of Little bear in Venice, and of the Greater bear and Lesser bear in Heaven; and more of the horses of St. Mark's, in Venice, and of Pegasus and the chivalry of Heaven;—ever so much more of the selling of lemons in Venice, and of the twelve manner of fruits in Heaven for the healing of the nations. And here's an infernal paragraph about you, in your own Sheffield, sent me in a Lincoln paper by some people zealous for schools of art,—poor fools!—which is like to put it all out of my head. Of that presently. I *must* try to keep to my business.

Well, the beginning of all must be, as quickly as I can, to show you the full meaning of the nineteenth Psalm. "Cœli enarrant;" the heavens declare—or make clear—the honour of God; which I suppose, in many a windy oratorio, this spring, will be loudly declared by basses and tenors, to tickle the ears of the public, who don't believe one word of the song all the while!

But it is a true song, none the less; and you must try to understand it before we come to anything else; for these Heavens, so please you, are the real roof, as the earth is the real floor, of God's house for you

here, rentless, by His Law. That word 'cœli,' in the first words of the Latin psalm, means the 'hollow place.' It is the great space, or, as we conceive it, vault, of Heaven. It shows the glory of God in the existence of the light by which we live. All force is from the sun.

The firmament is the ordinance of the clouds and sky of the world.\* It shows the handiwork of God. He daily paints that for you ; constructs, as He paints, —beautiful things, if you will look,—terrible things, if you will think. Fire and hail, snow and vapour, stormy wind, (cyclone and other) fulfilling His Word. The Word of God, printed in very legible type of gold on lapis-lazuli, needing no translation of yours, no colporteurship. There is no speech nor language where *their* voice is not heard. Their sound is gone out into all lands, and their word to the ends of the world. In them hath He set a tabernacle for the Sun, the Lord of Physical Life ; in them also, a tabernacle for the Sun of Justice, the Lord of Spiritual Life. And the light of this Sun of the Spirit is divided into this measured Iris of colours :—

I. THE LAW OF THE LORD. Which is perfect,  
converting the soul.

That is the constant law of creation, which breathes life into matter, soul into life.

\* See 'Modern Painters,' in various places.

II. THE TESTIMONIES OF THE LORD. Which are sure,—making wise the simple.

These are what He has told us of His law, by the lips of the prophets,—from Enoch, the seventh from Adam, by Moses, by Hesiod, by David, by Elijah, by Isaiah, by the Delphic Sibyl, by Dante, by Chaucer, by Giotto. Sure testimonies all; their witness agreeing together, making wise the simple—that is to say, all holy and humble men of heart.

III. THE STATUTES OF THE LORD. Which are right, and rejoice the heart.

These are the appointed conditions that govern human life;—that reward virtue, infallibly; punish vice, infallibly;—gladsome to see in operation. The righteous shall be glad when he seeth the vengeance—how much more in the mercy to thousands?

IV. THE COMMANDMENT OF THE LORD. Which is pure, enlightening the eyes.

This is the written law—under (as we count) ten articles, but in many more, if you will read. Teaching us, in so many words, when we cannot discern it unless we are told, what the will of our Master is.

V. THE FEAR OF THE LORD. Which is clean, enduring for ever.

Fear, or faith,—in this sense one: the human faculty that purifies, and enables us to see this sunshine; and to be warmed by it, and made to live for ever in it.

VI. THE JUDGMENTS OF THE LORD. Which are true, and righteous altogether.

These are His searchings out and chastisements of our sins ; His praise and reward of our battle ; the fiery trial that tries us, but is “no strange thing” ; the crown that is laid up for all that love His appearing. More to be desired are they than gold ;—(David thinks first of these special judgments)—Sweeter than honey, or the honeycomb ;—moreover by them is Thy servant warned, and in keeping of them there is great reward. Then—pausing—“Who can understand his errors ? Cleanse Thou me from the faults I know not, and keep me from those I know ; and let the words of my lips, and the thoughts of my brain, be acceptable in thy open sight—oh Lord my strength, who hast made me,—my Redeemer, who hast saved.”

That is the natural and the spiritual astronomy of the nineteenth Psalm ; and now you must turn back at once to the analysis given you of the eighth, in *Fors*, May, 1875.

For as, in the one, David looking at the sun in his light, passes on to the thought of the Light of God, which is His law, so in the eighth Psalm, looking at the sun on his throne, as the ruler and guide of the state of Heaven, he passes on to the thoughts of the throne and state of man, as the ruler and light of the World : Thou hast made him a little lower than the angels,—Thou hast put all things under his feet,—beasts and all cattle, creeping things and flying fowl.

It is of this dominion in love over the lower creatures that I have to speak to-day: but I must pause a moment to point out to you the difference between David's astronomy with his eyes, and modern astronomy with telescopes.\*

David's astronomy with the eyes, first rightly humbles him,—then rightly exalts;—What is man that Thou so regardest him—yet, how Thou hast regarded! But modern astronomy with telescope first wrongly exalts us, then wrongly humbles.

First, it wrongly exalts. Lo and behold—we can see a dozen stars where David saw but one; we know how far they are from each other; nay, we know where they will all be, the day after to-morrow, and can make almanacks. What wise people are we! Solomon, and all the Seven Sages of Greece,—where are they? Socrates, Plato, and Epaminondas—what talk you to us of them! Did they know, poor wretches, what the Dog Star smelt of?

We are generally content to pause at this pleasant stage of self-congratulation; by no means to ask further what the general conclusions of the telescope may be, concerning ourselves. It might, to some people, perhaps seem a deficiency in the telescope that it could discern no Gods in heaven; that, for all we could make out, it saw through the Gods, and out at the other side of them. Mere transparent space, where

\* Compare the whole of the lecture on Light, in 'Eagle's Nest.'



we thought there were houses, and gardens, and rivers, and angels, and what not. The British public does not concern itself about losses of that nature: behold, there is the Universe; and here are we, the British public, in the exact middle of it, and scientific of it in the accuratest manner. What a fine state of things! Oh, proud British public, have you ever taken this telescopic information well into your minds; and considered what it verily comes to?

Go out on the seashore when the tide is down, on some flat sand; and take a little sand up into your palm, and separate one grain of it from the rest. Then try to fancy the relation between that single grain and the number in all the shining fields of the far distant shore, and onward shores immeasurable. Your astronomer tells you, your world is such a grain compared with the worlds that are, but that he can see no inhabitants on them, no sign of habitation, or of beneficence. Terror and chance, cold and fire, light struck forth by collision, desolateness of exploding orb and flying meteor. Meantime—you, on your grain of sand—what are you? The little grain is itself mostly uninhabitable; has a damp green belt in the midst of it. In that,—poor small vermin,—you live your span, fighting with each other for food, most of the time; or building—if perchance you are at peace—filthy nests, in which you perish of starvation, phthisis, profligate diseases, or despair. There is a history of civilization

for you! briefer than Mr. Buckle's, and more true—when you see the Heavens and Earth without their God.

It is a fearful sight, and a false one. In what manner or way I neither know nor ask; this I know, that if a prophet touched your eyes, you might in an instant see all those eternal spaces filled with the heavenly host; and this also I know, that if you will begin to watch these stars with your human eyes, and learn what noble men have thought of them, and use their light to noble purposes, you will enter into a better joy and better science than ever eye hath seen.

“Take stars for money—stars, not to be told  
By any art,—yet to be purchased.”

I have nothing to do, nor have you, with what is happening in space, (or possibly may happen in time,) we have only to attend to what is happening here—and now. Yonder stars are rising. Have you ever noticed their order, heard their ancient names, thought of what they were, as teachers, ‘lecturers,’ in that large public hall of the night, to the wisest men of old? Have you ever thought of the direct promise to you yourselves, that you may be like them if you will? “They that be wise, shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness, as the stars, for ever and ever.”

They that be *wise*. Don't think that means knowing

how big the moon is. It means knowing what you ought to do, as man or woman; what your duty to your father is, to your child, to your neighbour, to nations your neighbours. A wise head of the English Government for instance, (Oliver, had he been alive,) would have sent word, a year ago, to the Grand Signior, that if he heard a word more of 'atrocities' in Bulgaria after next week, he would blow his best palace into the Bosphorus. Irrespective of all other considerations, that was the first thing to be wisely said, and done, if needful. What *has* been said and *not* done, since,—the quantities of print printed, and talk talked, by every conceivable manner of fool,—not an honest syllable in all the lot of it, (for even Mr. Bright's true and rational statement—the only *quite* right word, as far as I can judge, I've seen written on the business,\* that Russians had as much right to the sea, everywhere, as anybody else, was tainted by his party spirit), I only wish I could show, in a heap of waste paper, to be made a bonfire of on Snowdon top.

That, I repeat, was the one simple, knightly, English-

\* I do not venture to speak of the general statements in my master Carlyle's letter; but it seemed to me to dwell too much on the idea of total destruction to the Turk, and to involve considerations respecting the character of Turk and Russian not properly bearing on the business. It is not, surely, 'the Eastern Question' whether Turkey shall exist, or Russia triumph, but whether we shall or shall not stop a man in a turban from murdering a Christian.

hearted thing to be done ; and so far as the ' Interests of England ' are concerned, her first interest was in this, to *be* England ; and not a filthy nest of tax-gatherers and horse-dealers. For the horse-dealer and the man-dealer are alike ignoble persons, and their interests are of little consequence. But the horse-rider and the man-ruler, which was England's ancient notion of a man, and Venice's also, (of which, in abrupt haste, but true sequence, I must now speak,) have interests of a higher kind. But, if you would well understand what I have next to tell you, you must first read the opening chapter of my little Venetian guide, ' St. Mark's Rest,' which will tell you something of the two piazzetta shafts, of which Mr. Swan has now photographs to show you at St. George's Museum ; and my Venetian readers, on the other hand, must have this Fors, to tell them the meaning of the statues on the top of said pillars.

These are, in a manner, her Jacob's pillars, set up for a sign that God was with her. And she put on one of them, the symbol of her standard-bearer, St. Mark ; and on the other, the statue of ' St. Theodore,' whose body, like St. Mark's, she had brought home as one of her articles of commercial wealth ; and whose legend—what was it, think you?—What Evangel or Gospel is this, to be put level with St. Mark's, as the banner on the other wing of the Venetian Host?

Well, briefly, St. Mark is their standard-bearer in the war of their spirit against all spiritual evil ; St. Theodore,

their standard-bearer in the war of their body against material and fleshly evil:—not the evil of sin, but of *material malignant force*. St. Michael is the angel of war against the dragon of sin; but St. Theodore, who also is not merely a saint, but an angel, is the angel of noble fleshly life in man and animals, leading both against base and malignant life in men and animals. He is the Chevalier, or Cavalier, of Venice,—her first of loving knights, in war against all baseness, all malignity; in the deepest sense, St. Theodore, literally ‘God gift,’ is Divine life in nature; Divine Life in the flesh of the animal, and in the substance of the wood and of the stone, contending with poison and death in the animal,—with rottenness in the tree, and in the stone. He is first seen, (I can find no account of his birth,) in the form of a youth of extreme beauty; and his first contest is with a dragon very different from St. George’s; and it is fought in another manner. So much of the legend I must give you in Venice’s own words, from her Mother-Rule of St. Theodore,—the Rule, from the thirteenth century down, of her chief Club, or School, of knights and gentlemen. But meditate a little while first on that Venetian word, “Mother-Law.” You were told, some time since, in Fors, by an English lawyer, that it was not a lawyer’s business to make laws. He spoke truth—not knowing what he said. It is only God’s business to make laws. None other’s than His ever were made, or will be. And



it is lawyers' business to read and enforce the same ; however laughable such notion of this function may be to the persons bearing present name of lawyer.\* I walked with one of these—the Recorder of London—to and fro beside a sweet river bank in South England, a year ago ; he discoursing of his work for public benefit. He was employed, at that time, in bringing before Parliament, in an acceptably moderate form, the demand of the Railroad Companies to tax the English people to the extent of six millions, as payment for work they had expected to have to do ; and were *not* to do.

A motherly piece of law, truly ! many such Mariegolas your blessed English liberties provide you with ! All the while, more than mother, “for she *may* forget, yet will I not forget thee”—your loving Lord in Heaven pleads with you in the everlasting law, of which all earthly law, that shall ever stand, is part ; loveable, infinitely ; binding, as the bracelet upon the arm—as the shield upon the neck ; covering, as the hen gathereth her brood under her wings ; guiding, as the nurse's hand the tottering step ; ever watchful, merciful, life-giving ; Mariegola to the souls,—and to the dust,—of all the world.

This of St. Theodore's was first written, in visible

\* Compare ‘Unto this Last,’ in the note, significant of all my future work, at page 78. (I am about to republish this book page for page in its first form.)

letters for men's reading, here at Venice, in the year 1258. "At which time we all, whose names are written below, with a gracious courage, with a joyful mind, with a perfect will, and with a single spirit,\* to the honour of the most holy saviour and lord sir Jesus christ, and of the glorious virgin madonna saint mary his mother, and of the happy and blessed sir saint theodore, martyr and cavalier of God,—('martir et cavalier de dio')—and of all the other saints and saintesses of God," (have set our names,—understood) "to the end that the above-said sir, sir saint theodore, who stands continually before the throne of God, with the other saints, may pray to

\* "Cum graciosæ mente, cum alegro anemo, cum sincera voluntate, et cum uno spirito, ad honor de lo santissimo salvador et signor nostro, misier Jesucristo et de la gloriosa verghene madoña senta maria soa mare."

So much of the dialect of Venice, in mid-thirteenth century, the reader may bear with ; the 'mens' being kept in the Homeric sense still, of fixed purpose, as of Achilles. It is pretty to see the word 'Mother' passing upon the Venetian lips into 'sea.'

The precious *mariegola* from which these passages are taken was first, I believe, described by Mr. Edward Cheney, "Remarks on the Illuminated Manuscripts of the early Venetian Republic," page 13. Of the manuscript written in 1258 there remain however only two leaves, both illuminated : (see notes on them in fifth chapter of 'St. Mark's Rest,') the text is a copy of the original one, written after 1400. Mr. Cheney's following account of the nature of the 'Schools' of Venice, of which this was the earliest, sums all that the general reader need learn on this subject :—

"Though religious confraternities are supposed to have existed at a much earlier period, their first *historical* mention at Venice dates from the middle of the thirteenth century. They were of various sorts : some were confined to particular guilds and callings, while others included persons of every rank and profession.

"The first object of all these societies was religious and charitable.

our Lord Jesus christ that we all, brothers and sisters, whose names are underwritten, may have by his most sacred pity and mercy, remission of our minds, and pardon of our sins."

"Remission of mind" is what we now profess to ask for in our common prayer, "Create in me a clean heart, oh Lord, and renew a right spirit within me." Whereupon follow the stories of the contest and martyrdom of St. Theodore, and of the bringing his body to Venice. Of which tradition, this is the passage for the sake of which I have been thus tedious to you.

"For in that place there was a most impious dragon, which, when it moved, the earth trembled; when it came forth of its cave, whatsoever it met, it devoured.

Good works were to be performed, and the practices of piety cherished. In all, the members were entitled to receive assistance from the society in times of need, sickness, or any other adversity.

"The 'Confraternita Grandi,' (though all had the same object,) were distinguished by the quantity, as well as by the quality, of their members, by their superior wealth, and by the magnificence of the buildings in which they assembled; buildings which still exist, and still excite the admiration of posterity, though the societies to which they owed their existence have been dispossessed and suppressed.

"The 'Confraternità Piccole,' less wealthy, and less magnificently lodged, were not the less constituted societies, with their own rules and charters, and having their own chapel, or altar, in the church of their patron-saint, in the sacristy of which their 'mariegola' was usually preserved. Many of the confraternities had a temporal as well as a spiritual object, and those which were composed exclusively of members of the same trade regulated their worldly concerns, and established the rules by which the Brothers of the Guild should be bound. Their bye-laws were subject to the approval of the Government; they were stringent and exclusive, and were strictly enforced. No competition was allowed."

“Then St. Theodore said in his heart, ‘I will go, and of my Father’s substance make sacrifice, against the most impious dragon.’ So he came into the very place, and found there grass with flowers, and lighted down off his horse, and slept, not knowing that in that place was the cave of the dragon. And a kind woman, whose name was Eusebia, a Christian, and fearing God, while she passed, saw St. Theodore sleeping, and went with fear, and took him by the hand, and raised him up, saying, ‘Rise, my brother, and leave this place, for, being a youth, you know not, as I see, the fear that is in this place. A great fear is here. But rise quickly, and go thy way.’ Then the martyr of Christ rose and said, ‘Tell me, woman, what fear is in this place.’ The maidservant of God answered, saying, ‘Son, a most impious dragon inhabits this place, and no one can pass through it.’ Then St. Theodore made for himself the sign of the cross, and smiting on his breast, and looking up to heaven, prayed, saying, ‘Jesus, the Son of the living God, who of the substance of the Father didst shine forth for our salvation, do not slack my prayer which I pray of thee, (because thou in battle hast always helped me and given me victory) that I may conquer this explorer of the Devil.’ Thus saying, he turned to his horse, and speaking to him as to a man, said, ‘I know that in all things I have sinned against thee, oh God, who, whether in

man or beast, hast always fought with me. Oh thou horse of Christ, comfort thee, be strong like a man, and come, that we may conquer the contrary enemy.' And as the horse heard his master saying fiery (sacrificial) words, he stood, looking forth as with human aspect, here and there; expecting the motion of the dragon. Then the blessed Theodore with a far-sent voice cried, and said, 'Dragon, I say to thee, and give precept to thee in the name of my Lord Jesus Christ, who is crucified for the human race, that thou shouldest come out of thy place, and come to me.' Instantly as he heard the voice of St. Theodore, he prepared himself that he should go out to him. And he moving himself and raging, presently in that place the stones were moved, and the earth trembled. . . . Then the blessed Theodore, as he saw him moving himself in his fury, mounted his horse, and trampled him down, and the horse, giving a leap, rose over the most impious dragon, trampling it down with all its four feet. Then the most strong martyr of Christ, St. Theodore, extending his lance, struck it through the heart, and it lay stretched out dead."

VENICE, *Purification of the Virgin*, 1877.

Oh me, again, how am I ever to tell you the infinite of meaning in this all-but-forgotten story. It is eleven years to-day since the 2nd of February became a great festival to me: now, like all the days of all



the years, a shadow ; deeper, this, in beautiful shade. The sun has risen cloudless, and I have been looking at the light of it on the edges of St. Ursula's flower, which is happy with me, and has four buds bursting, and one newly open flower, which the first sunbeams filled with crimson light down under every film of petal ; whose jagged edges of paler rose broke over and over each other, tossed here and there into crested flakes of petal foam, as if the Adriatic breakers had all been changed into crimson leaves at the feet of Venice-Aphrodite. And my dear old Chamouni guide, Joseph Contet, is dead ; he who said of me, "le pauvre enfant,—il ne sait pas vivre" and (another time) he would give me nine sous a day, to keep cows, as that was all I was worth, for aught he could see. Captain of Mont Blanc, in his time,—eleven times up it, before Alpine clubs began ; like to have been left in a crevasse of the Grand Plateau, where three of his mates were left, indeed ; he, fourth of the line, under Dr. Hamel, just brought out of the avalanche-snow breathing. Many a merry walk he took me in his onward years — fifty-five or so, thirty years ago. Clear in heart and mind to the last, if you let him talk ; wandering a little if you wanted him to listen ; —I've known younger people with somewhat of that weakness. And so, he took to his bed, and—ten days ago, as I hear, said, one evening, to his daughter Judith, "Bon soir, je pars pour l'autre monde," and so went.

And thinking of him, and of others now in that other world, this story of St. Theodore, which is only of the Life in this, seems partly comfortless. 'Life in nature.' There's another dead friend, now, to think of, who could have taught us much, James Hinton ; gone, he also, and we are here with guides of the newest, mostly blind, and proud of finding their way always with a stick. If they trusted in their dogs, one would love them a little for their dogs' sakes. But they only vivisect their dogs.

If I don't tell you my tale of the Venetian doggie at once, it's all over with it. How so much love and life can be got into a little tangle of floss silk, St. Theodore knows ; not I ; and its master is one of the best servants in this world, to one of the best masters. It was to be drowned, soon after its eyes had opened to the light of sea and sky,—a poor worthless wet flake of floss silk it had like to have been, presently. Toni pitied it, pulled it out of the water, bought it for certain sous, brought it home under his arm. What it learned out of his heart in that half-hour, again, St. Theodore knows ;—but the mute spiritual creature has been his own, verily, from that day, and only lives for him. Toni, being a pious Toni as well as a pitiful, went this last autumn, in his holiday, to see the Pope ; but did not think of taking the doggie with him, (who, St. Theodore would surely have said, ought to have

seen the Pope too). Whereupon, the little silken mystery wholly refused to eat. No coaxing, no tempting, no nursing, would cheer the desolate-minded thing from that sincere fast. It would drink a little, and was warmed and medicined as best might be. Toni came back from Rome in time to save it; but it was not its gay self again for many and many a day after; the terror of such loss, as yet again possible, weighing on the reviving mind, (stomach, supposably, much out of order also). It greatly dislikes getting itself wet; for, indeed, the tangle of its mortal body takes half a day to dry; some terror and thrill of uncomprehended death, perhaps, remaining on it, also,—who knows; but once, after this terrible Roman grief, running along the quay cheerfully beside rowing Toni, it saw him turn the gondola's head six feet aside, as if going away. The dog dashed into the water like a mad thing. "See, now, if aught but death part thee and me."

Indistinguishable, doubtless, in its bones from a small wolf: according to Mr. Waterhouse Hawkins; but much distinguishable, by St. Theodore's theology, telling of God, down, thus far at least, in nature. Emmanuel,—with us; in Raphael, in Tobias, in all loving and lowly things; "the young man's dog went with them."

And in those Adriatic breakers, anger-fringed, is He also?—*Effice queso, fretum, Raphael reverende, quietum.\**

\* Engraved above the statue of Raphael on the Ducal Palace.

And in the Dragons also, as in the deeps? Where is the battle to begin? How far down in the darkness lies this enemy, for whom Hell beneath is moved at the sound of his coming?

I must not keep you longer with mythic teaching to-day; but may briefly tell you that this dragon is the 'Rahab' which I mistook in the 86th Psalm; the crocodile, spiritually named for the power of Egypt, with that of Babylon. Look in the indices of *Fors* for the word "Crocodile," and remember that the lifted cobra is the crest of the Egyptian Kings, as the living crocodile their idol. Make what you can out of that, till I have more time to tell you of Egyptian animal and herb gods; meantime, for the practical issue of all this.

I have told you the wealth of the world consists, for one great article, in its useful animals.

How to get the most you can of those, and the most serviceable?

"Rob the squires' stables, to begin with?"

No, good friends,—no. Their stables have been to them as the first wards of Hell, locked on them in this life, for these three hundred years. But you must not open them that way, even for their own sakes.

"Poach the squires' game?"

No, good friends,—no. Down among the wild en'mies, the dust of many a true English keeper forbids you that form of theft, for ever.

"Poison the squires' hounds, and keep a blood bull terrier?"

Worse and worse—merry men, all.

No—here's the beginning. Box your own lad's ears the first time you see him shy a stone at a sparrow; and heartily, too: but put up, you and mother—(and thank God for the blessed persecution,)—with every conceivable form of vermin the boy likes to bring into the house,\*—and go hungry yourselves rather than not feed his rat or his rabbit.

Then, secondly,—you want to be a gentleman yourself, I suppose?

Well, you can't be, as I have told you before, nor I neither; and there's an end, neither of us being born in the caste: but you may get some pieces of gentlemen's education, which will lead the way to your son's being a better man than you.

And of all essential things in a gentleman's bodily and mortal training, this is really the beginning—that he should have close companionship with the horse, the dog, and the eagle. Of all birthrights and book-rights—this is his first. He needn't be a Christian,—there have been millions of Pagan gentlemen; he needn't be kind—there have been millions of cruel gentlemen; he needn't be honest,—there have been millions of crafty gentlemen. He needn't know how

\* See the life of Thomas Edwards; (abstract given in 'Times' of January 22nd of this year).



to read, or to write his own name. But he *must* have horse, dog, and eagle for friends. If then he has also Man for his friend, he is a noble gentleman; and if God for his Friend, a king. And if, being honest, being kind, and having God and Man for his friends, he *then* gets these three brutal friends, besides his angelic ones, he is perfect in earth, as for heaven. For, to be his friends, these must be brought up with him, and he with them. Falcon on fist, hound at foot, and horse part of himself—Eques, Ritter, Cavalier, Chevalier.

Yes;—horse and dog you understand the good of; but what's the good of the falcon, think you?

To be friends with the falcon must mean that you love to see it soar; that is to say, you love fresh air and the fields. Farther, when the Law of God is understood, you will like better to see the eagle free than the jessed hawk. And to preserve your eagles' nests, is to be a great nation. It means keeping everything that is noble; mountains, and floods, and forests, and the glory and honour of them, and all the birds that haunt them. If the eagle takes more than his share, you may shoot him,—(but with the knight's arrow, not the blackguard's gun)—and not till then.

Meantime, for you are of course by no means on the direct way to the accomplishment of all this, your way to such wealth, so far as in your present power, is this :

first, acknowledgment of the mystery of divine life, kindly and dreadful, throughout creation; then the taking up your own part as the Lord of this life; to protect, assist, or extinguish, as it is commanded **you**. Understand that a mad dog is to be slain; though with pity—infinity of pity,—(and much more, a mad *man*, of an injurious kind; for a mad dog only bites flesh; but a mad man, spirit: get your rogue, the supremely maddest of men, with supreme pity always, but inexorably, hanged). But to all good and sane men and beasts, be true brother; and as it is best, perhaps, to begin with all things in the lowest place, begin with true brotherhood to the beast: in pure simplicity of practical help, I should like a squad of you to stand always harnessed, at the bottom of any hills you know of in Sheffield, where the horses strain;—ready there at given hours; carts ordered not to pass at any others: at the low level, hook yourselves on before the horses; pull them up too, if need be; and dismiss them at the top with a pat and a mouthful of hay. Here's a beginning of chivalry, and gentlemanly life for you, my masters.

Then next, take *canal* life as a form of 'university' education.

Your present system of education is to get a rascal of an architect to order a rascal of a clerk-of-the-works to order a parcel of rascally bricklayers to build you a bestially stupid building in the middle of the town,

poisoned with gas, and with an iron floor which will drop you all through it some frosty evening ; wherein you will bring a puppet of a cockney lecturer in a dress coat and a white tie, to tell you smugly there's no God, and how many messes he can make of a lump of sugar. Much the better you are for all that, when you get home again, aren't you ?

I was going here to follow up what our Companion had told us (*Fors*, December, 1876, Art. V. of Corr.), about the Hull 'keels'; and to show you how an entirely refined life was conceivable in these water cottages, with gardens all along the shore of them, and every possible form of wholesome exercise and teaching for the children, in management of boat and horse, and other helpfulness by land and water ; but as I was beginning again to walk in happy thought beside the courses of quiet water that wind round the low hill-sides above our English fields,—behold, the 'Lincoln Gazette,' triumphant in report of Art-exhibitions and competitions, is put into my hand,—with this notable paragraph in it, which *Fors* points me to, scornful of all else:—

"A steam engine was used for the first time on Wednesday," (January 24th), "in drawing tram-cars through the crowded streets of Sheffield. The tramways there are about to dispense with the whole of their horses, and to adopt steam as the motive power."

And doubtless the Queen will soon have a tramway

to Parliament, and a kettle to carry her there, and steam-horse guards to escort her. Meantime, my pet cousin's three little children have just had a Christmas present made to them of a real live Donkey ; and are happier, I fancy, than either the Queen or you. I must write to congratulate them ; so goodbye for this time, and pleasant drives to you.





# NOTES AND CORRESPONDENCE.

## I. Affairs of the Company.

I hope the accounts last month, with their present supplement, will be satisfactory. The sense of steady gain, little by little indeed, but infallible, will become pleasant, and even triumphant, as time goes on.

The present accounts supply some omissions in the general ones, but henceforward I think we need not give Mr. Walker or Mr. Ryding the trouble of sending in other than half-yearly accounts.

The best news for this month is the accession of three nice Companions; one sending us two hundred pounds for a first tithe; and the others, earnest and experienced mistresses of schools, having long worked under St. George's orders in their hearts, are now happy in acknowledging him and being acknowledged. Many a young creature will have her life made happy and noble by their ministry.

THE UNION BANK OF LONDON (CHANCERY LANE BRANCH), IN ACCOUNT WITH ST. GEORGE'S COMPANY.

<i>Dr.</i>		£	s.	d.
1877.	Jan. 1. To Balance . . . . .	191	9	1
	23. „ Per Mr. John Ruskin, cheque at Bridgwater (Talbot) . . . . .	£50	0	0
		Ditto ditto . . . . .	26	11 3
		Sheffield (Fowler) . . . . .	20	0 0
			96	11 3
	25. „ Per ditto, draft at Brighton (Moss) . . . . .	200	0	0
	26. „ Per Mrs. Bradley. . . . .	7	0	0
	29. „ Per Mr. John Ruskin (Mr. Ryding's cheque) . . . . .	33	13	4
	Feb. 15. „ Per ditto, draft at Bridgwater (Browne) . . . . .	100	0	0
		<u>£628</u>	<u>13</u>	<u>8</u>
<i>Cr.</i>				
1877.	Feb. 15. By Balance . . . . .	£628	13	8

## II. Affairs of the Master.

I believe I have enough exhibited my simplicities to the public, —the more that, for my own part, I rather enjoy talking about myself, even in my follies. But my expenses here in Venice require more illustration than I have time for, or think Fors should give space to ; the Companions will be content in knowing that my banker's balance, February 5, was £1030 14s. 7d. ; but that includes £118 10s., dividend on St. George's Consols, now paid by the trustees to my account for current expenses. The complete exposition of my present standing in the world I reserve for the Month of Opening.

## III.

“ EDINBURGH, *November 2, 1876.*

“ I have been for some time a pupil of yours, at first in art, where I am only a beginner, but later in those things which belong to my profession, (of minister). Will you allow this to be my excuse for addressing you ?—the subject of my letter will excuse the rest.

“ I write to direct your attention to an evil which is as yet unattacked, in hopes that you may be moved to lift your hand against it ; one that is gaining virulence among us in Scotland. I know no way so good by which its destruction may be compassed as to ask your help, and I know no other way.

“ I shall state the mere facts as barely as I can, being sure that whatever my feelings about them may be, they will affect you more powerfully.” (Alas, good friend—you have no notion yet what a stony heart I've got!) “ I know you say that letters need not ask you to *do* anything ; but that you should be asked for help in this case, and not give it, I believe to be impossible. Please read this letter, and see if that is not true ; the next four pages may be missed, if the recent regulations made to carry out the Anti-Patronage Act have engaged your attention. The evil I speak of has to do with them.

“This Act made the congregation the electors of their pastor, the Government leaving the General Assembly to regulate the process of election. It has enacted that the congregation meet and choose a committee to make inquiries, to select and submit to a second meeting of voters the names of one or more clergymen, whom they (the committee) are agreed to recommend. It is then in the power of the congregation to approve or disapprove the report; if the latter, a new committee is appointed; if the former, they proceed to elect; then if one name only is submitted, they accept it, and call the clergyman named to be their pastor; if more than one, to choose between them by voting.

“But the Assembly did not venture to take precautions against an abuse of which every one knew there was danger, or rather certainty. Every one knew that the congregations would not consent to choose without greater knowledge of the men to be chosen from, than could be obtained by means of the committee; and every one knew also of what sort was the morality popular on the subject. And what has happened is this: between the first meeting (to elect a committee), and the second meeting (to elect a minister), the church is turned into a theatre for the display and enjoyment of the powers—physical, mental, and devotional—of the several candidates.

“On a vacancy being declared, and the committee appointed, these latter *find that they do not need to exert themselves to seek fit men!*” (Italics and note of admiration mine;—this appearing to me a most wonderful discovery on the part of the committee, and indeed the taproot of the mischief in the whole business.) “They are inundated with letters of application and testimonials from men who are seeking, not the appointment, but permission to preach before the congregation.

“The duties of the committee are practically confined to ‘sifting’ (with what aperture of sieve?) “these applications, and selecting a certain number, from twelve to three, who are on

successive Sundays to conduct public worship before the electors, who may thus compare and choose.

“When all the ‘leet’ (as it is called) have exhibited themselves, a second meeting is called, and the committee recommend two or three of those who are understood to be most ‘popular,’ and the vote is duly taken. At first it was only unordained licentiates who were asked to ‘preach on the leet’ (as they call it), and they only for parishes; but nowadays—*i.e.*, this year—they ask and get men long ordained to do it; men long ordained lay themselves out for it; and for most assistantships (curacies) the same is required and given; that is to say, that before a man can obtain leave to work he must shame himself, and everything which it is to be the labour of his life to sanctify. He is to be the minister of Christ, and begin that by being the devil’s. I suppose his desire is to win the world for Christ: as he takes his first step forward to do so, there meets him the old Satan with the old offer (there is small question here of whether he appears visible or not), ‘Some of this will I give thee, if thou wilt bow down and worship me.’ You see how it is. He is to conduct a service which is a sham; he is to pray, but not to Him he addresses; to preach, but as a candidate, not as an ambassador for Christ. The prayer is a performance, his preaching a performance. It is just the devil laughing at Christ, and trying to make us join him in the mockery.” (No, dear friend, not quite that. It is the Devil *acting* Christ; a very different matter. The religious state which the Devil must attack by pretending religious zeal, is a very different one from that which he can attack—as our modern political economists,—by open scorn of it.)

“They are not consistent. There should be a mock baptism, a mock communion, a mock sick woman, to allow of more mock prayer and more mock comfort. Then they would see what the man could do—for a pastor’s work is not confined to the usual

Sunday service,—and could mark all the gestures and voice-modulations, and movements of legs and arms properly. I once was present as elector at one of these election-services, and can give my judgment of this people's 'privilege.' It simply made me writhe to see the man trying his best with face, figure, and voice to make an impression; to listen to the competition sermon and the competition prayer; to look at him and think of George Eliot's 'Sold, but not paid for.' The poor *people*,—will twenty years of faithful ministry afterwards so much as undo the evil done them in the one day? They are forced to assemble in God's house for the purpose of making that house a theatre, and divine service a play, with themselves as actors. They are to listen to the sermon, but as critics: for them to join in the prayers they stand up or kneel to offer, would be unfaithfulness to the purpose of their gathering. They are then to listen and criticise—to enjoy, if they can. On future Sundays will not they find themselves doing the same?

"I have not spoken to many about it, but what they say is this: 1. How else can the people know whom to choose? (But that is not the question.) 2. The clergyman is doing so great a thing that he should forget himself in what he does—*id est*, he is to throw himself down (having gone to the temple to do it), and trust to the angels. Supposing that were right, it could make little difference: the actor may forget himself in 'Macbeth,' but he is not the less an actor; and it is not a case of forgetting or remembering, but of doing. Yet this has been urged to me by a leading ecclesiastic and by other good men; who, besides, ignored the two facts, that all clergymen are not Christians," (is this an *acknowledged* fact, then, in our Reformed Churches, and is it wholly impossible to ascertain whether the candidates do, or do not, possess so desirable a qualification?) "far less exalted Christians, and that the Church has no right to lead its clergy into temptation. 3. The people ought



to listen as sinners, and worship as believers, even at such exhibitions; judging of the minister's abilities from their own impression afterwards. (This is met by the two facts stated above as applied to the lay members of the Church and congregation; and by this, that they are unfaithful to the main purpose of their meeting, if they lose sight of that purpose to listen and pray.) 4. That certainly a poor assistantship is not worth preaching and praying for, but that a good one, or a parish, is. 5. That one must conform to the spirit of the age. (Spirit of God at a discount.)

“To this long letter I add one remark: that the reasons why the Church submits to this state of things seem to be the desire of the ecclesiastical party in power to do nothing which may hinder the influx of Dissenters (who in Scotland enjoy the same privileges); and the fact that our feelings on the subject, never fine, are already coarsened still more by custom.

“Dear sir (if you will allow me to call you so), I have expressed myself ill, and not so that you can, from what I have written, put yourself in our place. But if you were among us, and could see how this is hurting everybody and everything, and corrupting all our better and more heavenward feelings,—how it is taking the heart out of our higher life, and making even our best things a matter of self-seeking and ‘supply and demand,’—then you could not help coming to our rescue. I know the great and good works you have planned and wish to finish; but still, do this before it is too late for us. I seem to ask you as Cornelius did Peter. All Scotland is the worse for it, and it will spread to England. And after all you are one of us, one of the great army of Christ—I think a commander; and I claim your help, and beseech it, believing no one else can give what I ask.

“Ever your faithful servant to command,

“A LICENTIATE OF THE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND.”

I can only answer provisionally this able and earnest letter,

for the evils which my correspondent so acutely feels, and so closely describes, are indeed merely a minor consequence of the corruption of the motives, no less than the modes, of ordination, through the entire body of the Christian Churches. No way will ever be discovered of rightly ordaining men who have taken up the trade of preaching as a means of livelihood, and to whom it is matter of personal interest whether they preach in one place or another. Only those who have *left* their means of living, that they may preach, and whose peace follows them as they wander, and abides where they enter in, are of God's ordaining: and, practically, until the Church insists that every one of her ministers shall either have an independent income, or support himself, for his ministry on Sunday, by true bodily toil during the week, no word of the living Gospel will ever be spoken from her pulpits. How many of those who now occupy them have verily been invited to such office by the Holy Ghost, may be easily judged by observing how many the Holy Ghost has similarly invited, of religious persons already in prosperous business, or desirable position.

But, in themselves, the practices which my correspondent thinks so fatal, do not seem to me much more than ludicrous and indecorous. If a young clergyman's entire prospects in life depend, or seem to depend, on the issue of his candidature, he may be pardoned for endeavouring to satisfy his audience by elocution and gesture, without suspicion, because of such efforts, of less sincerity in his purpose to fulfil to the best of his power the real duties of a Christian pastor: nor can I understand my correspondent's meaning when he asks, "Can twenty years undo the mischief of a day?" I should have thought a quarter of an hour's honest preaching next Sunday quite enough to undo it.

And, as respects the direct sin in the anxious heart of the poor gesticulant orator, it seems to me that the wanderings of thought, or assumptions of fervour, in a discourse delivered at such a

crisis, would be far more innocent in the eyes of the Judge of all, than the consistent deference to the opinions, or appeals to the taste, of his congregation, which may be daily observed, in any pulpit of Christendom, to warp the preacher's conscience, and indulge his pride.

And, although unacquainted with the existing organization of the Free Church of Scotland, I am so sure of the piety, fidelity, and good sense of many of her members, that I cannot conceive any serious difficulty in remedying whatever may be conspicuously indecorous in her present modes of Pastor-selection. Instead of choosing their clergymen by universal dispute, and victorious acclaim, might not the congregation appoint a certain number of—(may I venture to use the most significant word without offence?)—*cardinal*-elders, to such solemn office? Surely, a knot of sagacious old Scotchmen, accustomed to the temper, and agreeing in the theology, of their neighbours, might with satisfaction to the general flock adjudge the prize of Pastorship among the suppliant shepherds, without requiring the candidates to engage in competitive prayer, or exhibit from the pulpit prepared samples of polite exhortation, and agreeable reproof.

Perhaps, also, under such conditions, the former tenor of the young minister's life, and the judgment formed by his masters at school and college, of his character and capacity, might have more weight with the jury than the music of his voice or the majesty of his action; and, in a church entirely desirous to do what was right in so grave a matter, another Elector might reverently be asked for His casting vote; and the judgment of elders, no less than the wishes of youth, be subdued to the final and faithful petition,

“Show whether of these two, *Thou* hast chosen.”

IV. The following noble letter will not eventually be among the least important of the writings of my Master. Its occasion, (I do not say its subject, for the real gist of it lies in that

sentence concerning the Catechism,) is closely connected with that of the preceding letter. My ecclesiastical correspondent should observe that the Apostles of the Gospel of Dirt have no need to submit themselves to the ordeal of congregational Election. They depend for their influence wholly on the sweetness of the living waters to which they lead their flocks.

‘The ‘Ardrossan and Saltcoats Herald’ publishes the following extract of a letter written to a friend by Mr. Carlyle: “A good sort of man is this Darwin, and well-meaning, but with very little intellect. Ah, it is a sad, a terrible thing to see nigh a whole generation of men and women, professing to be cultivated, looking round in a purblind fashion, and finding no God in this universe. I suppose it is a reaction from the reign of cant and hollow pretence, professing to believe what, in fact, they do not believe. And this is what we have got to. All things from frog-spawn; the gospel of dirt the order of the day. The older I grow—and I now stand upon the brink of eternity—the more comes back to me the sentence in the Catechism which I learned when a child, and the fuller and deeper its meaning becomes, ‘What is the chief end of man?—To glorify God, and enjoy Him for ever.’ No gospel of dirt, teaching that men have descended from frogs through monkeys, can ever set that aside.”

V. The following admirable letter contains nearly all I have to affirm as to the tap-root of economy, namely, house-building:—

“TO THE EDITOR OF THE SPECTATOR.

“CARSHALTON, *Jan.* 27, 1877.

“Sir,—Some seven or eight years ago you permitted me to give you an account of a small house which I had recently built for my own occupation. After the ample experience which I have had, more particularly during the wet of this winter, you may like to know what my convictions now are about houses and house-building. You will remember that I was driven to house-



building because of my sufferings in villas. I had wanted warmth and quiet, more particularly the latter, as I had a good deal of work to do which could not be done in a noise. I will not recount my miseries in my search after what to me were primal necessities of life. Suffice to say, at last I managed to buy a little piece of ground, and to put on it a detached cottage, one storey high, with four good bedrooms, two sitting-rooms, and a study. I got what I desired, and never once during these seven years have I regretted building. There are some things which I should like altered, and for the benefit of those who may be intending to follow my example, I will say what they are, and get rid of them. In the first place, the house ought to have one room in the roof, and that room should have been the study, away from all household hubbub, and with a good view of the stars. I could easily have kept out both cold and heat. In the next place, what is called a kitchener is a miserable contrivance for wasting coals, and, what is worse, for poisoning the soft water and spoiling the flowers with the soot which the great draught blows out of the chimney. At the same time, I would earnestly advise an oven in which bread can be baked. No dyspeptic person can well overrate the blessing of bread made simply from flour, yeast, water, and salt; and it is absolutely impossible to procure such bread from ordinary bakers. Thirdly, as I have a garden, I would use earth-closets, and save the expense of manure, and the chance of bursting pipes in frosty weather. Lastly, the cellar ought to have been treble the size it now is, and should have had a stove in it, for warming the house through gratings in the ceiling. I cannot recollect anything else I should like changed, except that I should like to have had a little more money to spend upon making the rooms loftier and larger.

“Now for what I have gained. We have been perfectly dry during all this winter, for the walls are solid, and impervious even to horizontal rain. They are jacketed from the top of



the ground-floor upwards with red tiles, which are the best waterproof covering I know, infinitely preferable to the unhealthy looking suburban stucco. Peace has been secured. Not altogether because a man must have a very large domain if he is to protect himself utterly against neighbours who will keep peacocks, or yelping curs which are loose in the garden all night. But the anguish of the piano next door fitting into the recess next to my wall,—worse still, the anguish of expectation when the piano was not playing, are gone. I go to bed when I like, without having to wait till my neighbours go to bed also. All these, however, are obvious advantages. There is one, not quite so obvious, on which I wish particularly to insist. I have got a home. The people about me inhabit houses, but they have no homes, and I observe that they invite one another to their ‘places.’ Their houses are certain portions of infinite space, in which they are placed for the time being, and they feel it would be slightly absurd to call them ‘homes.’ I can hardly reckon up the advantages which arise from living in a home, rather than a villa, or a shed, or whatever you like to call it, on a three years’ agreement, or as an annual tenant. The sacredness of the family bond is strengthened. The house becomes the outward and visible sign of it, the sacramental sign of it. All sorts of associations cluster round it, of birth, of death, of sorrow, and of joy. Furthermore, there seems to be an addition of permanence to existence. One reason why people generally like castles and cathedrals is because they abide, and contradict that sense of transitoriness which is so painful to us. The house teaches carefulness. A man loves his house, and does not brutally damage plaster or paint. He takes pains to decorate it as far as he can, and is not selfishly anxious to spend nothing on what he cannot take away when he moves. My counsel, therefore, to everybody who can scrape together enough money to make a beginning is to build. Those who are not particularly sensitive,

will at least gain solid benefits, for which they will be thankful ; and those with a little more soul in them will become aware of subtle pleasures and the growth of sweet and subtle virtues, which, to say the least, are not promoted by villas. Of course I know it will be urged that estimates will be exceeded, and that house-building leads to extravagance. People who are likely to be led into extravagance, and can never say 'No,' should not build. They may live anywhere, and I have nothing to say to them. But really the temptation to spend money foolishly in house-building is not greater than the temptation to walk past shop windows.

"I am, Sir, etc.,

"W. HALE WHITE."

#### VI.

"Pardon the correction, but I think you were not quite right in saying in a recent *Fors* that the spiral line could be drawn by the hand and eye only. Mr. F. C. Penrose, whose work on the Parthenon you referred to in one of your earlier books, showed me some time ago a double spiral he had drawn with a machine of his own devising, and also a number of other curves (cycloidal, conchoidal, and cissoidal, I think) drawn in the same way, and which latter, he said he believed, had never been drawn with absolute accuracy before."

My correspondent has misunderstood me. I never said 'the spiral' but *this* spiral, under discussion.

I have no doubt the machines are very ingenious. But they will never draw a snail-shell, nor any other organic form. All beautiful lines are drawn under mathematical laws organically *transgressed*, and nothing can ever draw these but the human hand. If Mr. Penrose would make a few pots with his own hand on a potter's wheel, he would learn more of Greek art than all his measurements of the Parthenon have taught him.

# FORS CLAVIGERA.

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## LETTER LXXVI.

VENICE, *Sunday, 4<sup>th</sup> March, 1877.*

“Μάχη δὴ, φαμέν, ἀθάνατός ἐστιν ἡ τοιαύτη. ζύμμαχοι δὲ ἡμῖν θεοί τε ἄμα καὶ δαίμονες, ἡμεῖς δ’ αὖ κτήματα θεῶν καὶ δαιμόνων, φθείρει δὲ ἡμᾶς ἀδικία καὶ ὕβρις μετὰ ἀφροσύνης, σώζει δὲ δικαιοσύνη καὶ σωφροσύνη μετὰ φρονήσεως, ἐν ταῖς τῶν θεῶν ἐμψύχοις δικοῦσαι δυνάμεσι.”

“WHEREFORE, our battle is immortal ; and the Gods and the Angels fight with us : and we are their possessions. And the things that destroy us are injustice, insolence, and foolish thoughts ; and the things that save us are justice, self-command, and true thought, which things dwell in the living powers of the Gods.”

This sentence is the sum of the statement made by Plato in the tenth book of the Laws, respecting the relations of the will of man to the Divine creative power. Statement which is in all points, and for ever, true ; and ascertainably so by every man who honestly endeavours to be just, temperate, and true.

I will translate and explain it throughout, in due time;\* but am obliged to refer to it here hastily, because its introduction contains the most beautiful and clear pre-Christian expression at present known to me, of the law of Divine life in the whole of organic nature, which the myth of St. Theodore taught in Christian philosophy.

I give one passage of it as the best preface to the matters I have to lay before you in connection with our beginning of real labour on English land, (announced, as you will see, in the statement of our affairs for this month).

“Not, therefore, Man only, but all creatures that live and die, are the possessions of the Gods, whose also is the whole Heaven.

“And which of us shall say that anything in the lives of these is great, or little, before the Gods? for it becomes not those to whom we belong, best and carefulest of possessors, to neglect either this or that.

“For neither in the hands of physician, pilot, general, or householder, will great things prosper if he neglect the little; nay, the stonemason will tell you that the large stones lie not well without the small: shall we

\* For the present, commending only to those of my Oxford readers who may be entering on the apostleship of the Gospel of Dirt, this following sentence, with as much of its context as they have time to read:

“ὅ πρῶτον γενέσεως καὶ φθορᾶς αἰτιον ἀπάντων, τοῦτο οὐ πρῶτον ἀλλὰ ὕστερον ἀπεφάναντο εἶναι γεγονὸς οἱ τὴν τῶν ἀσεβῶν ψυχὴν ἀπεργασάμενοι λόγοι, ὃ δὲ ὕστερον πρότερον, ὅθεν ἡμαρτήκασι περὶ θεῶν τῆς ὄντως οὐσίας.”

then think God a worse worker than men, who by how much they are themselves nobler, by so much the more care for the perfectness of all they do ; and shall God, the wisest, because it is so easy to care for little things, therefore not care for them, as if He were indolent or weary ? ”

Such preface befits well the serious things I have to say to you, my Sheffield men, to-day. I had them well in my mind when I rose, but find great difficulty in holding them there, because of the rattling of the steam cranes of the huge steamer, *Pachino*.

Now, that's curious : I look up to read her name on her bow—glittering in the morning sun, within thirty paces of me ; and, behold, it has St. George's shield and cross on it ;\* the first ship's bow I ever saw with a knight's shield for its bearing. I must bear with her cranes as best I may.

It is a right omen, for what I have to say in especial to the little company of you, who are minded, as I hear, out of your steam-crane and all other such labour in Sheffield, pestilent to the enduring Sabbath of human peace on earth and goodwill towards men, to take St. George's shield for your defence in Faith, and begin truly the quiet work and war—his, and all the saints,—cleaving the wide “seas of Death, and sunless gulfs of Doubt.”

\* At least, the sharp shield of crusading times, with the simple cross on it—St. George's in form, but this the Italian bearing, reversed in tincture, gules, the cross argent.



Remember, however, always that seas of Death must mean antecedent seas of Life ; and that this voice, coming to you from the laureated singer of England, prophesying in the Nineteenth century,\* does truly tell you what state Britannia's ruled waves have at present got into, under her supremely wise ordination.

I wonder if Mr. Tennyson, of late years, has read any poetry but his own ; or if, in earlier years, he never read, with attention enough to remember, words which most other good English scholars will instantly compare with his somewhat forced—or even, one might say, steam-cranned, rhyme, to ‘wills,’ “Roaring moon of—Daffodils.” Truly, the nineteenth century altogether, and no less in Midsummer than March, may be most fitly and pertinently described as a ‘roaring moon’: but what has it got to do with daffodils, which belong to lakes of Life, not Death? Did Mr. Tennyson really never read the description of that golden harbour in the little lake which my Companions and I have been striving to keep the nineteenth century from changing into a cesspool with a beach of broken ginger-beer bottles?

“The waves beside them danced ; but they  
Outdid the sparkling waves in glee.  
A poet could not but be gay  
In such a jocund company.”

No steam-cranned versification in that, you will observe,

\* The sonnet referred to begins, I hear, the periodical so named.

by the way ; but simple singing for heart's delight, which you will find to be the vital form of real poetry ; disciplined singing, also, if it may be, but natural, all the while. So also architecture, sculpture, painting,—Sheffield ironwork. Natural to Sheffield,\*—joyful to Sheffield, otherwise an entirely impossible form of poetry there. (Three enormous prolonged trumpetings, or indecent bellowings—audible, I should think, ten miles off—from another steamer entering the Giudecca, interrupt me again,—and you need not think that I am peculiar in sensitiveness : no decent family worship, no gentle singing, no connectedly thoughtful reading, would be possible to any human being under these conditions, wholly inevitable now by any person of moderate means in Venice. With considerable effort, and loss of nervous energy, I force myself back into course of thought.)

You don't, perhaps, feel distinctly how people can be joyful in ironwork, or why I call it 'poetry'?

Yet the only piece of good part-singing I heard in Italy, for a whole summer, was over a blacksmith's forge ; (and there has been disciplined music, as you know, made of its sounds before now ; and you may, perhaps, have seen and heard Mr. G. W. Moore as the Christy

\* All the fine work of man must be first instinctive, for he is bound to be a fine Animal—King of Animals ; then, moral or disciplined, for he is bound to be a fine Spirit also, and King of Spirits. The Spirit power begins in directing the Animal power to other than egoistic ends. Read, in connection with last Fors, 'The Animals of the Bible,' by John Worcester, Boston, Lockwood and Brooke, 1875.

Blacksmith). But I speak of better harmonies to be got out of your work than Handel's, when you come at it with a true heart, fervently, as I hope this company of you are like to do, to whom St. George has now given thirteen acres of English ground for their own : so long as they observe his laws.

They shall not be held to them at first under any formal strictness—for this is mainly their own adventure ; St. George merely securing coign of vantage for it and requiring of them observance only of his bare first principles—good work, and no moving of machinery by fire. But I believe they will be glad, in many respects, to act by St. George's advice ; and, as I hope, truly begin his active work ; of which, therefore, it seems to me now necessary to state unambiguously the religious laws which underlie the Creed and vow of full Companionship, and of which his retainers will, I doubt not, soon recognize the outward observance to be practically useful.

You cannot but have noticed—any of you who read attentively,—that Fors has become much more distinctly Christian in its tone, during the last two years ; and those of you who know with any care my former works, must feel a yet more vivid contrast between the spirit in which the preface to 'The Crown of Wild Olive' was written, and that in which I am now collating for you the Mother Laws of the Trades of Venice.

This is partly because I am every day compelled, with increasing amazement, and renewed energy, to contradict the idiotic teaching of Atheism which is multiplied in your ears ; but it depends far more essentially on two vital causes : the first, that since Fors began, "such things have befallen me"\* personally, which have taught me much, but of which I need not at present speak ; the second, that in the work I did at Assisi in 1874, I discovered a fallacy which had underlain all my art teaching, (and the teaching of Art, as I understand it, is the teaching of all things,) since the year 1858. Of which I must be so far tedious to you as to give some brief account. For it is continually said of me, and I observe has been publicly repeated lately by one of my very good friends, that I have "changed my opinions" about painting and architecture. And this, like all the worst of falsehoods, has one little kernel of distorted truth in the heart of it, which it is practically necessary, now, that you, my Sheffield essayists of St. George's service, should clearly know.

All my first books, to the end of the 'Stones of Venice,' were written in the simple belief I had been taught as a child ; and especially the second volume of 'Modern Painters' was an outcry of enthusiastic praise of religious painting, in which you will find me placing Fra Angelico, (see the closing paragraph of the book,) above all other painters.

\* Leviticus x. 19.

But during my work at Venice, I discovered the gigantic power of Tintoret, and found that there was a quite different spirit in that from the spirit of Angelico: and, analysing Venetian work carefully, I found,—and told fearlessly, in spite of my love for the masters,—that there was “no religion whatever in any work of Titian’s; and that Tintoret only occasionally forgot himself into religion.”—I repeat now, and reaffirm, this statement; but must ask the reader to add to it, what I partly indeed said in other places at the time, that only when Tintoret forgets himself, does he truly find himself.

Now you see that among the four pieces of art I have given you for standards to study, only one is said to be ‘perfect,’—Titian’s. And ever since the ‘Stones of Venice’ were written, Titian was given in all my art-teaching as a standard of perfection. Conceive the weight of this problem, then, on my inner mind—how the most perfect work I knew, in my special business, could be done “wholly without religion”!

I set myself to work out that problem thoroughly in 1858, and arrived at the conclusion—which is an entirely sound one, and which did indeed alter, from that time forward, the tone and method of my teaching,—that human work must be done honourably and thoroughly, because we are now Men;—whether we ever expect to be angels, or ever were slugs, being practically no matter. We *are* now Human



creatures, and must, at our peril, do Human—that is to say, affectionate, honest, and earnest work.\*

Farther, I found, and have always since taught, and do teach, and shall teach, I doubt not, till I die, that in resolving to do our work well, is the only sound foundation of any religion whatsoever; and that by that resolution only, and what we have done, and not by our belief, Christ will judge us, as He has plainly told us He will, (though nobody believes Him,) in the Resurrection.

But, beyond this, in the year 1858, I came to another conclusion, which was a false one.

My work on the Venetians in that year not only convinced me of their consummate power, but showed me that there was a great *worldly* harmony running through all they did—opposing itself to the fanaticism of the Papacy; and in this worldly harmony of human and artistic power, my own special idol, Turner, stood side by side with Tintoret; so also Velasquez, Sir Joshua, and Gainsborough, stood with Titian and Veronese; and those seven men—quite demonstrably and indisputably giants in the domain of Art, of whom, in the words of Velasquez himself, “Tizian z’e quel che porta la Bandiera,”—stood, as heads of a great Worldly Army, worshippers of Worldly visible Truth, *against* (as it

\* This is essentially what my friend Mr. Harrison means (if he knew it) by his “Religion of Humanity,”—one which he will find, when he is slightly more advanced in the knowledge “of all life and thought,” was known and acted on in epochs considerably antecedent to that of modern Evolution.

seemed then to me), and assuredly distinct from, another sacred army, bearing the Rule of the Catholic Church in the strictest obedience, and headed by Cimabue, Giotto, and Angelico; worshippers not of a worldly and visible Truth, but of a visionary one, which they asserted to be higher; yet under the (as they asserted—supernatural) teaching of the Spirit of this Truth, doing less perfect work than their unassisted opposites!

All this is entirely so; fact tremendous in its unity, and difficult enough, as it stands to me even now; but as it stood to me then, wholly insoluble, for I was still in the bonds of my old Evangelical faith; and, in 1858, it was with me, Protestantism or nothing: the crisis of the whole turn of my thoughts being one Sunday morning, at Turin, when, from before Paul Veronese's Queen of Sheba, and under quite overwhelmed sense of his God-given power, I went away to a Waldensian chapel, where a little squeaking idiot was preaching to an audience of seventeen old women and three louts,\* that they were the only children of God in Turin; and that all the people in Turin outside the chapel, and all the people in the world out of sight of Monte Viso, would be damned. I came out of the chapel, in sum of twenty years of thought, a conclusively *un*-converted man—converted by this little Piedmontese gentleman, so powerful in his organ-grinding, inside-out, as it were. "Here is an end to my 'Mother-Law' of Protestantism

\* Counted at the time;—I am not quite sure now if seventeen or eighteen.

anyhow!—and now—what is there left?” You will find what was left, as, in much darkness and sorrow of heart I gathered it, variously taught in my books, written between 1858 and 1874. It is all sound and good, as far as it goes: whereas all that went before was so mixed with Protestant egotism and insolence, that, as you have probably heard, I won’t republish, in their first form, any of those former books.\*

Thus then it went with me till 1874, when I had lived sixteen full years with ‘the religion of Humanity,’ for rough and strong and sure foundation of everything; but on that, building Greek and Arabian superstructure, taught me at Venice, full of sacred colour and melancholy shade. Which is the under meaning of my answer to the Capuchin (Fors, Aug. 1875, p. 219), that I was ‘more a Turk than a Christian.’ The Capuchin insisted, as you see, nevertheless that I might have a bit of St. Francis’s cloak: which accepting thankfully, I went on to Assisi, and there, by the kindness of my good friend Padre Tini, and others, I was allowed, (and believe I am the first painter who *ever was* allowed,) to have scaffolding erected above the high altar, and therefore above

\* Not because I am ashamed of them, nor because their Art teaching is wrong; (it is precisely the Art teaching which I am now gathering out of the ‘Stones of Venice,’ and will gather, God willing, out of ‘Modern Painters,’ and reprint and reaffirm every syllable of;) but the Religious teaching of those books, and all the more for the sincerity of it, is misleading—sometimes even poisonous; always, in a manner, ridiculous; and shall not stand in any editions of them republished under my own supervision.

the body of St. Francis which lies in the lower chapel beneath it; and thence to draw what I could of the great fresco of Giotto, "The marriage of Poverty and Francis."\*

And while making this drawing, I discovered the fallacy under which I had been tormented for sixteen years,—the fallacy that Religious artists were weaker than Irreligious. I found that all Giotto's 'weaknesses,' (so called,) were merely absences of material science. He did not know, and could not, in his day, so much of perspective as Titian,—so much of the laws of light and shade, or so much of technical composition. But I found he was in the make of him, and contents, a very much stronger and greater man than Titian; that the things I had fancied easy in his work, because they were so unpretending and simple, were nevertheless entirely inimitable; that the Religion in him, instead of weakening, had solemnized and developed every faculty of his heart and hand; and finally that his work, in all the innocence of it, was yet a human achievement and possession, quite above everything that Titian had ever done!

'But what is all this about Titian and Angelico to you,' are you thinking? "We belong to cotton mills—

\* The drawing I made of the Bride is now in the Oxford schools, and the property of those schools, and King Alfred. But I will ask the Trustees to lend it to the Sheffield Museum, till I can copy it for you, of which you are to observe, please, that it had to be done in a dark place, from a fresco on a vaulted roof which could no more be literally put on a flat surface than the figures on a Greek vase.

iron mills;—what is Titian to *us*!—and to all men. Heirs only of simial life, what Angelico?”

Patience—yet for a little while. They shall both be at least something to you before St. George’s Museum is six months older.

Meantime, don’t be afraid that I am going to become a Roman Catholic, or that I am one, in disguise. I can no more become a *Roman*-Catholic, than again an Evangelical-Protestant. I am a ‘Catholic’ of those Catholics, to whom the Catholic Epistle of St. James is addressed—“the Twelve Tribes which are scattered abroad”—the literally or spiritually wandering Israel of all the Earth. The St. George’s creed includes Turks, Jews, infidels, and heretics; and I am myself much of a Turk, more of a Jew; alas, most of all,—an infidel; but not an atom of a heretic: Catholic, I, of the Catholics; holding only ‘for sure God’s order to his scattered Israel,—“He hath shown thee, oh man, what is good; and what doth the Lord thy God require of thee, but to do justice, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with Thy God.”

‘Humbly.’—Have you the least idea, do you think, my Sheffield friends, what humility means,—or have any of your dress-coated lecturers? Is not almost everything you are trying to do begun in pride, or in ambition? And for walking humbly with your God;—(*your’s*, observe, and your Fathers’, as revealed to you otherwise than a Greek’s and *his* Fathers’, or an Indian’s



and his Fathers'), have you ever taken the least pains to know what kind of Person the God of England once was? and yet, do you not think yourselves the cleverest of human creatures, because you have thrown His yoke off, with scorn. You need not crow so loudly about your achievement. Any young gutter-bred blackguard your police pick up, in the streets, can mock your Fathers' God, with the best of you.

"He is My God, and I will prepare Him an habitation, —my Father's God, and I will exalt Him." You will find that to be an entirely salutary resolve of true humility; and I have no hope of any prosperity for you in this or any other undertaking, but as you set yourselves to recover, and reform, in truest sense, the Christian Faith you have been taught to spit on, and defile.

Which, that you may be able to do, you must learn it from the Catholic epistles; which are written to you Sheffielders as much as to any one else;—the Pauline epistles being only to special persons, and parts of them having no more help in them for *you*, than Jonah's message to Nineveh. But the Catholic epistles are directly addressed to you—every word vital for you; and the most vital of these is the one that is given in nearly the same words by two of the Apostles, Peter and Judas, (not Iscariot;) namely, II. Peter i. 19, to end of epistle, and the epistle of Jude entire, comparing it with his question and its answer, John xiv. 22.

For if you understand those two epistles,\* and that question and answer, you will understand the great scientific fact respecting, not the origin, but the existence, of species: that there is one species of Men on God's side—called to be Saints—elect—precious; (but by no means limited to the horizon of Monte Viso) who have everything in Christ; and another on the side of the Prince of this world, whose spot is the spot of *His* Children—who have nothing in Christ.

And that you must belong, whether knowingly or not, to one of these armies; and are called upon, by St. George, now to ascertain which:—the battle being henceforth like to be sore between them, and between their Captain Archangels, whose old quarrel over the body of Moses is by no means yet decided.

And then you will also understand the definition of true Religious service, (*θρησκεία*) by St. James the Bishop, (which, if either Archdeacon Denison, or simpleton Tooth, or the stout British Protestant beadles of Hatcham, ever come to understand—as

\* I may as well notice, now I am on the Epistles, one of the grotesque mistakes that continually slip into Fors through my crowding of work; (I made two delicious ones in my Latin last month, and have had to cancel the leaf where I could: what are left will be literary curiosities in time). I had written, in Fors of July, 1876, p. 222, "true fact stated by St. *James*," and gave the scrawled page to an assistant, to be copied; who, reading the fair text afterwards to me, it struck me the passage was in Timothy. I bade my assistant look, and finding it so, said rapidly, "Put Timothy instead, then." But the 'Saint' was left, and only caught my eye as I corrected the press, and set me thinking "why Timothy was never called a saint like other people," and I let it go!

in God's good time they may, in Heaven—they will be a greatly astonished group of the Blessed, for some while,)—to wit, “Pure service, and undefiled, (even by its tallow-candle-dropping, if the candles are lighted for help of widows' eyes—(compare Fors, June, 1871, page 16)—before God, and the Father, (God, of the Spirits of all Flesh—and *our* Father, who know Him,) is this, to visit the Fatherless and Widows in their affliction, and to *keep himself unspotted from the world,*” of whose spots,—leopard's, snake's, Ethiopian's, and fine lady's patches,—your anatomical Students, though dispensing knowledge only skin-deep, are too slightly cognizant; and even your wise Christian scarcely can trace them from skin to clothes, so as to hate rightly “even the garment spotted by the Flesh.”

Well, I must draw to an end, for I have no more time this month. Read, before next Fors time, that epistle of Jude with intense care. It sums all the Epistles, coming, by the order of the Fors which grouped the Bible books, just before the Apocalypse; and it precisely describes your worst—in verity, your only,—Enemies of this day; the *twice* dead people,—plucked up by the *roots*, having once been rooted in the Holy Faith of Christendom; but now, *filthy* dreamers, (apostles of the Gospel of Dirt, in perpetual foul dream of what man was, instead of reverence for what he is;) carried about of winds of vanity, (pitiful apothecaries' apprentices,) speaking

evil of things they know not; but in the things they know naturally as brute beasts, in these, corrupting themselves; going in the way of Cain—(brother kingdom at war with brother, France and Germany, Austria and Italy)—running after the error of Balaam for reward; (the Bishop of Manchester—whom I finally challenged, personally and formally, through my Oxford Secretary, two months ago, not daring to answer me a word,—knowing that the city he rules over is in every business act of it in mortal sin, and conniving,—to keep smooth with it—he! and the Bishop of Peterborough, “neutral,” in sleek consent to the son of Zippor’s prayer—“Neither curse them at all, nor bless them at all,”) and perishing in the gainsaying of Kore, going down quick into volcanic petroleum pit, in the gathering themselves against Lawgiver and Priest, saying, “Wherefore lift ye up yourselves above the congregation of the Lord? the days of Kinghood and Priesthood are ended!”

A notable piece of the Word of God to you, this, if ye will receive it: and in this last clause of it, for us of St. George’s Company, precisely imperative. You see that whole mysterious passage about the contest for the body of Moses, (first, I suppose, of our Christian worshipping of relics, though old Greek motive of sacredest battle), comes in to enforce the not speaking evil of Dignities. And the most fearful practical lessons in modern history are that the entire teaching of Mazzini, a man wholly

upright, pure, and noble, and of subtlest intellectual power—Italian of the Italians, was rendered poisonous to Italy because he set himself against Kinghood ; and the entire war of Garibaldi, a soldier of ten thousand, innocent and gentle and true, and of old Roman valour, was rendered utterly ruinous to Italy, by his setting himself against the Priesthood. For both King and Priest are for ever, after the Order of Melchizedek, and none that rise against them shall prosper : and this, in your new plannings and fancyings, my good Sheffielders, you will please take to heart, that though to yourselves, in the first confusion of things, St. George leaves all liberty of conscience consistent with the perfect law of liberty, (which, however, you had better precisely understand from James the Bishop, who has quite other views concerning it than Mr. John Stuart Mill ;—James i. 25 ; ii. 12, 13), so soon as you have got yourselves settled, and feel the ground well under you, we must have a school built on it for your children, with enforced sending of them to be schooled ; in earliest course of which schooling your old Parish-church golden legend will be written by every boy, and stitched by every girl, and engraven with diamond point into the hearts of both,—

“ Fear God. Honour the King.”



## NOTES AND CORRESPONDENCE.

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### I. Affairs of the Company.

A few of the Sheffield working-men who admit the possibility of St. George's notions being just, have asked me to let them rent some ground from the Company, whereupon to spend what spare hours they have, of morning or evening, in useful labour. I have accordingly authorized the sale of £1,200 worth of our stock, to be re-invested on a little estate, near Sheffield, of thirteen acres, with good water supply. The workmen undertake to St. George for his three per cent. ; and if they get tired of the bargain, the land will be always worth our stock. I have no knowledge yet of the men's plans in detail ; nor, as I have said in the text, shall I much interfere with them, until I see how they develope themselves. But here is at last a little piece of England given into the English workman's hand, and heaven's.

### II. Affairs of the Master.

I am beginning, for the first time in my life, to admit some notion into my head that I am a great man. God knows at how little rate I value the little that is in me ; but the maintaining myself now quietly against the contradiction of every one of my best friends, rising as it does into more harmonious murmur

of opposition at every new act to which I find myself compelled by compassion and justice, requires more than ordinary firmness : and the absolute fact that, being entirely at one in my views of Nature and life with every great classic author, I am yet alone in the midst of a modern crowd which rejects them all, is something to plume myself upon,—sorrowfully enough : but haughtily also. And now here has Fors reserved a strange piece of—if one's vanity were to speak—good fortune for me ; namely, that after being permitted, with my friend Mr. Sillar's guidance, to declare again in its full breadth the great command against usury, and to explain the intent of Shakspeare throughout the ' Merchant of Venice ' (see ' Munera Pulveris '), it should also have been reserved for me to discover the first recorded words of Venice herself, on her Rialto !—words of the ninth century,\* inscribed on her first church, St. James of the Rialto ; and entirely unnoticed by all historians, hitherto ; yet in letters which he who ran might read :—only the historians never looked at the church, or at least, looked only at the front of it and never round the corners. When the church was restored in the sixteenth century, the inscription, no more to be obeyed, was yet (it seems) in reverence for the old writing, put on the gable at the back, where, an outhouse standing a little in the way, nobody noticed it any more till I came on it, poking about in search of the picturesque. I found it afterwards recorded in a manuscript catalogue of ancient inscriptions in Venice, in St. Mark's library (and as I write this page, Sunday, March 11th, 1877, the photograph I have had made of it is brought in to me—now in the Sheffield Museum). And this is the inscription on a St. George's Cross, with a narrow band of marble beneath—marble so good that the fine edges of the letters might have been cut yesterday.

\* I have the best antiquarian in Venice as authority for this date—my own placing of them would have been in the eleventh.

On the cross—

“Be thy Cross, oh Christ, the true safety of this place.” (In case of mercantile panics, you see.)

On the band beneath it—

“Around this temple, let the merchant's law be just—his weights true, and his agreements guileless.”

Those, so please you, are the first words of Venice to the mercantile world—nor words only, but coupled with such laws as I have set before you—perfect laws of ‘liberty and fraternity,’ such as you know not, nor yet for many a day, can again learn.

It is something to be proud of to have deciphered this for you; and more to have shown you how you may attain to this honesty through Frankness. For indeed the law of St. George, that our dealings and fortunes are to be openly known, goes deeper even than this law of Venice, for it cuts at the root, not only of dishonesty, but of avarice and pride. Nor am I sorry that in myself submitting to it, my pride must be considerably mortified. If all my affairs had been conducted with prudence, or if my present position in the world were altogether stately, it might have been pleasant to unveil the statue of one's economy for public applause. But I scarcely think even those of my readers who least understand me, will now accuse me of ostentation.

My father left all his fortune to my mother and me: to my mother, thirty-seven thousand pounds\* and the house at Denmark Hill for life; to me, a hundred and twenty thousand,† his leases at Herne and Denmark Hills, his freehold pottery at Greenwich, and his pictures, then estimated by him as worth ten thousand pounds, but now worth at least three times that sum.

\* 15,000 Bank Stock.

† I count Consols as thousands, forty thousand of this were in stocks.

My mother made two wills; one immediately after my father's death; the other—in gentle forgetfulness of all worldly things past)—immediately before her own. Both are in the same terms, “I leave all I have to my son.” This sentence, expanded somewhat by legal artifice, remains yet pathetically clear, as the brief substance of both documents. I have therefore to-day, in total account of my stewardship, to declare what I have done with a hundred and fifty-seven thousand pounds; and certain houses and lands besides. In giving which account I shall say nothing of the share that other people have had in counselling or mis-counselling me; nor of my reasons for what I have done. St. George's bishops do not ask people who advised them, or what they intended to do; but only what they did.

My first performance was the investment of fifty thousand pounds in ‘entirely safe’ mortgages, which gave me five per cent. instead of three. I very soon, however, perceived it to be no less desirable, than difficult, to get quit of these ‘entirely safe’ mortgages. The last of them that was worth anything came conveniently in last year (see ‘Fors’ accounts). I lost about twenty thousand pounds on them, altogether.

In the second place, I thought it rather hard on my father's relations that he should have left all his money to me only; and as I was very fond of some of them, indulged myself, and relieved my conscience at the same time, by giving seventeen thousand pounds to those I liked best. Money which has turned out to be quite rightly invested, and at a high interest; and has been fruitful to me of many good things, and much happiness.

Next I parted with some of my pictures, too large for the house I proposed to live in, and bought others at treble the price, the dealers always assuring me that the public would not look at any picture which I had seen reason to part with;

and that I had only my own eloquence to thank for the prices of those I wished to buy.\*

I bought next a collection of minerals (the foundation now of what are preparing Sheffield and other schools) for a stipulated sum of three thousand<sup>1</sup> pounds, on the owner's statement of its value. It proved not to be worth five hundred. I went to law about it. The lawyers charged me a thousand pounds for their own services; gave me a thousand pounds back, out of the three; and made the defendant give me another five hundred pounds' worth of minerals. On the whole, a satisfactory legal performance; but it took two years in the doing, and caused me much worry; the lawyers spending most of the time they charged me for, in cross-examining me, and other witnesses, as to whether the agreement was made in the front or the back shop, with other particulars, interesting in a picturesque point of view, but wholly irrelevant to the business.

Then Brantwood was offered me, which I bought, without seeing it, for fifteen hundred pounds; (the fact being that I have no time to see things, and *must* decide at a guess; or not act at all).

Then the house at Brantwood, a mere shed of rotten timber and loose stone, had to be furnished, and repaired. For old acquaintance sake, I went to my father's upholsterer in London, (instead of the country Coniston one, as I ought,) and had five pounds charged me for a footstool; the repairs also proving worse than complete rebuilding; and the moving one's chattels from London, no small matter. I got myself at last settled at my tea-table, one summer evening, with my

\* Fortune also went always against me. I gave *carte-blanc* at Christie's for Turner's drawing of Terni (five inches by seven), and it cost me five hundred pounds. I put a limit of two hundred on the Roman Forum, and it was bought over me for a hundred and fifty, and I gnash my teeth whenever I think of it, because a commission had been given up to three hundred.



view of the lake—for a net four thousand pounds all told. I afterwards built a lodge nearly as big as the house, for a married servant, and cut and terraced a kitchen garden out of the ‘steep wood’\*—another two thousand transforming themselves thus into “utilities embodied in material objects”; but these latter operations, under my own immediate direction, turning out approvable by neighbours, and, I imagine, not unprofitable as investment.

All these various shiftings of harness, and getting into saddle, —with the furnishing also of my rooms at Oxford, and the pictures and universal acquisitions aforesaid—may be very moderately put at fifteen thousand for a total. I then proceeded to assist my young relation in business; with resultant loss, as before related of fifteen thousand; of which indeed he still holds himself responsible for ten, if ever able to pay it; but one of the pieces of the private message sent me, with St. Ursula’s on Christmas Day, was that I should forgive this debt altogether. Which hereby my cousin will please observe, is very heartily done; and he is to be my cousin as he used to be, without any more thought of it.

Then, for my St. George and Oxford gifts—there are good fourteen thousand gone—nearer fifteen—even after allowing for stock prices, but say fourteen.

And finally, you see what an average year of carefully restricted expense has been to me!—Say £5,500 for thirteen years, or, roughly, seventy thousand; and we have this—I hope not beyond me—sum in addition:—

Loss on mortgages . . . . .	£20,000
Gift to relations . . . . .	17,000
Loss to relations . . . . .	15,000
Harness and stable expenses . . . . .	15,000
St. George and Oxford . . . . .	14,000
And added yearly spending . . . . .	70,000
	<hr/>
	£151,000

\* ‘Brant,’ Westmoreland for steep.

Those are the clearly stateable and memorable heads of expenditure—more I could give, if it were needful; still, when one is living on one's capital, the melting away is always faster than one expects; and the final state of affairs is, that on this 1st of April, 1877, my goods and chattels are simply these following:—

In funded cash—six thousand Bank Stock, worth, at present prices, something more than fifteen thousand pounds.

Brantwood—worth, certainly with its house, and furnitures, five thousand.

Marylebone freehold and leaseholds—three thousand five hundred.

Greenwich freehold—twelve hundred.

Herne Hill leases and other little holdings—thirteen hundred.

And pictures and books, at present lowest auction prices, worth at least double my Oxford insurance estimate of thirty thousand; but put them at no more, and you will find that, gathering the wrecks of me together, I could still now retire to a mossy hermitage, on a little property of fifty-four thousand odd pounds; more than enough to find me in meal and cresses. So that I have not at all yet reached my limit proposed in *Munera Pulveris*,—of dying 'as poor as possible,' nor consider myself ready for the digging scenes in *Timon of Athens*. Accordingly, I intend next year, when St. George's work really begins, to redress my affairs in the following manner:—

First. I shall make over the Marylebone property entirely to the St. George's Company, under Miss Hill's superintendence always. I have already had the value of it back in interest, and have no business now to keep it any more.

Secondly. The Greenwich property was my father's, and I am sure he would like me to keep it. I shall keep *it* therefore; and in some way, make it a Garden of 'Tuileries, honourable to my father, and to the London he lived in.

Thirdly. Brantwood I shall keep, to live upon, with its present servants—necessary, all, to keep it in good order; and to keep me comfortable, and fit for my work. I may not be able to keep quite so open a house there as I have been accustomed to do: that remains to be seen.

Fourthly. My Herne Hill leases and little properties that bother me, I shall make over to my pet cousin—whose children, and their donkey, need good supplies of bread and butter, and hay: she always promising to keep my old nursery for a lodging to me, when I come to town.

Fifthly. Of my ready cash, I mean to spend to the close of this year, another three thousand pounds, in amusing myself—with such amusement as is yet possible to me—at Venice, and on the Alps, or elsewhere; and as, at the true beginning of St. George's work, I must quit myself of usury and the Bank of England, I shall (at some loss you will find, on estimate) then buy for myself twelve thousand of Consols stock, which, if the nation hold its word, will provide me with three hundred and sixty pounds a-year—the proper degrees of the annual circle, according to my estimate, of a bachelor gentleman's proper income, on which, if he cannot live, he deserves speedily to die. And this, with Brantwood strawberries and cream, I will for my own poor part, undertake to live upon, uncomplainingly, as Master of St. George's Company,—*or* die. But, for my dependants, and customary charities, further provision must be made; or such dependencies and charities must end. Virtually, I should then be giving away the lives of these people to St. George, and not my own.

Wherefore,

Sixthly. Though I have not made a single farthing by my literary work last year,\* I have paid Messrs. Hazell, Watson, and Viney an approximate sum of £800 for printing my new

\* Counting from last April fool's day to this.

books, which sum has been provided by the sale of the already printed ones. I have only therefore now to *stop* working; and I shall receive regular pay for my past work—a gradually increasing, and I have confidence enough in St. George and myself to say an assuredly still increasing, income, on which I have no doubt I can sufficiently maintain all my present servants and pensioners; and perhaps even also sometimes indulge myself with a new missal. New Turner drawings are indeed out of the question; but, as I have already thirty large and fifty or more small ones, and some score of illuminated MSS., I may get through the declining years of my æsthetic life, it seems to me, on those terms, resignedly, and even spare a book or two—or even a Turner or two, if needed—to my St. George's schools.

Now, to stop working *for the press*, will be very pleasant to me—not to say medicinal, or even necessary—very soon. But that does not mean stopping work. 'Deucalion' and 'Proserpina' can go on far better without printing; and if the public wish for them, they can subscribe for them. In any case, I shall go on at leisure, God willing, with the works I have undertaken.

Lastly. My Oxford professorship will provide for my expenses at Oxford as long as I am needed there.

Such, Companions mine, is your Master's position in life;—and such his plan for the few years of it which may yet remain to him. You will not, I believe, be disposed wholly to deride either what I have done, or mean to do; but of this you may be assured, that my spending, whether foolish or wise, has not been the wanton lavishness of a man who could not restrain his desires; but the deliberate distribution, as I thought best, of the wealth I had received as a trust, while I yet lived, and had power over it. For what has been consumed by swindlers, your modern principles of trade are answerable; for the rest,

none even of that confessed to have been given in the partiality of affection, has been bestowed but in real self-denial. My own complete satisfaction would have been in buying every Turner drawing I could afford, and passing quiet days at Brantwood between my garden and my gallery, praised, as I should have been, by all the world, for doing good to myself.

I do not doubt, had God condemned me to that selfishness, He would also have inflicted on me the curse of happiness in it. But He has led me by other ways, of which my friends who are wise and kind, neither as yet praising me, nor condemning, may one day be gladdened in witness of a nobler issue.

III. The following letter, with the extracts appended to it, will be of interest, in connection with our present initiation of closer Bible study for rule of conduct.

I should also be glad if Major Hartley could furnish me with any satisfactory explanation of the circumstances which have induced my correspondent's appeal.

"My dear Sir,—When I had the pleasure of seeing you last week you expressed some interest in the house in Gloucestershire where for a time resided the great translator of the English Scriptures, William Tyndale, and which is now in a sadly neglected condition. It is charmingly set on the south-western slope of the Cotswolds, commanding a fine prospect over the richly wooded vale of the Severn, to the distant hills of Wales. After leaving Oxford, Tyndale came to reside in this manor-house of Little Sodbury, as tutor in the family of the proprietor, Sir John Walsh, and was there probably from 1521 to 1523. It was in the old dining hall that, discussing with a neighbouring priest, Tyndale uttered his memorable words, 'If God spare my life, I will cause a boy that driveth the plough to know more of the Scriptures than you do.' This prediction he fulfilled, for he was the first man to translate from the original, and print in a foreign land, the



English Scriptures, and was rewarded for his toil by being strangled and burnt. However England may have misused and abused the book, there can be no doubt that the introduction of Tyndale's Testaments marked a new and remarkable era in the history of our country ; and whatever opinion may be formed of the contents of the volume, the fine masculine English and nervous simplicity of Tyndale's translation have commanded the admiration alike of friends and foes. Though they are probably familiar to you, I enclose an extract from the late Dr. Faber, a Roman Catholic, and another from Mr. Froude, the historian, as to the beauty of Tyndale's style." (I wish Mr. Froude, the historian, cared a little less about style ; and had rather told us what he thought about the Bible's matter. I bought the 'Rinnovamento' of Venice yesterday, with a review in it of a new Italian poem in praise of the Devil, of which the reviewer says the style is excellent.) "You may also be interested in perusing a translation from the Latin of the only letter of the translator that has ever been discovered, and which touchingly reveals his sufferings in the castle of Vilvorde, in Flanders, shortly before he was put to death. Now I hope you will agree with me that the only house in the kingdom where so great a man resided ought not to be allowed to fall into decay and neglect as it is now doing. Part of the house is unroofed, the fine old dining hall with its beautiful roof has been turned into a carpenter's shop, the chimneypiece and other portions of the fittings of the manor-house having been carried off by the owner, Major Hartley, to his own residence, two or three miles off. I have appealed to the proprietor in behalf of the old house, but in vain, for he does not even condescend to reply. I should be glad if your powerful pen could draw attention to this as well as other similar cases of neglect. The interesting old church of St. Adeline, immediately behind the manor-house of Little Sodbury, and where Tyndale frequently preached, was pulled down in 1858, and the stones carried off for

a new one in another part of the parish. Many would have gladly contributed towards a new church, and to save the old one, but they were never asked, or had any opportunity. I fear I have wearied you with these particulars, but I am sure you will not approve the doings I have recounted. With pleasant recollections of your kind hospitality,

“ Believe me, dear Sir,

“ Your faithful and obliged.”

“The late Dr. Faber wrote of the English Bible, of which Tyndale’s translation is the basis, as follows.” (I don’t understand much of this sweet writing of Dr. Faber’s myself; but I beg leave to state generally, that the stronghold of Protestant heresy is pure pig-headedness, and not at all a taste for pure English.)

“ ‘Who will not say that the uncommon beauty and marvellous English of the Protestant Bible is not one of the great strongholds of heresy in this country? It lives on the ear like music that can never be forgotten—like the sound of a church bell which a convert hardly knows he can forego. Its felicities seem to be almost things rather than mere words. It is part of the national mind and the anchor of national seriousness. The memory of the dead passes into it. The potent traditions of childhood are stereotyped in its verses. The dower of all the gifts and trials of a man’s life is hidden beneath its words. It is the representative of the best moments; and all that there has been about him of soft and gentle, and pure and penitent and good, speaks to him for ever out of the English Bible. It is his sacred thing which doubt has never dimmed and controversy never soiled.’ (Doctor!) “In the length and breadth of the land there is not a Protestant with one spark of righteousness about him whose spiritual biography is not in his English Bible.”

“ Mr. Froude says of Tyndale’s version :—

“‘Of the translation itself, though since that time it has been many times revised and altered, we may say that it is substantially the Bible with which we are all familiar. The peculiar genius—if such a word may be permitted”—(better *unpermitted*)—“which breathes through it, the mingled tenderness and majesty, the Saxon simplicity, the preternatural”. (Do you really mean that, Mr. Froude?) “grandeur, unequalled, unapproached in the attempted improvements of modern scholars, all are here, and bear the impress of the mind of one man—William Tyndale.’—*Froude’s History of England*.

“The only letter of William Tyndale which has been discovered was found in the archives of the Council of Brabant, and is as follows; it is addressed to the Marquis of Berg-op-Zoom, the Governor of Vilvorde Castle, in the Low Countries; the date is 1535:—

“‘I believe, right worshipful, that you are not ignorant of what has been determined concerning me, (by the Council of Brabant,) therefore I entreat your lordship, and that by the Lord Jesus, that if I am to remain here (in Vilvorde) during the winter, you will request the Procureur to be kind enough to send me, from my goods which he has in his possession, a warmer cap, for I suffer extremely from cold in the head, being afflicted with a perpetual catarrh, which is considerably increased in the cell. A warmer coat also, for that which I have is very thin; also a piece of cloth to patch my leggings: my overcoat has been worn out; my shirts are also worn out. He has a woollen shirt of mine, if he will be kind enough to send it. I have also with him leggings of thicker cloth for putting on above; he has also warmer caps for wearing at night. I wish also his permission to have a candle in the evening, for it is wearisome to sit alone in the dark. But above all, I entreat and beseech your clemency to be urgent with the Procureur that he may kindly permit me to have my Hebrew Bible, Hebrew Grammar, and Hebrew Dictionary, that

I may spend my time with that study. And in return may you obtain your dearest wish, provided always it be consistent with the salvation of your soul. But if any other resolution has been come to concerning me, that I must remain during the whole winter, I shall be patient, abiding the will of God to the glory of the grace of my Lord Jesus Christ, whose spirit I pray may ever direct your heart. Amen.

‘ W. TYNDALE.’ ”

# FORS CLAVIGERA.

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## LETTER LXXVII.

VENICE, *Easter Sunday*, 1877.

I HAVE yet a word or two to say, my Sheffield friends, respecting your religious services, before going on to practical matters. The difficulties which you may have observed the School Board getting into on this subject, have, in sum, arisen from their approaching the discussion of it always on the hypothesis that there is no God: the ecclesiastical members of the board wishing to regulate education so as to prevent their pupils from painfully feeling the want of one; and the profane members of it, so as to make sure that their pupils may never be able to imagine one. Objects which are of course irreconcilable; nor will any national system of education be able to establish itself in balance of them.

But if, instead, we approach the question of school discipline on the hypothesis that there is a God, and one that cares for mankind, it will follow that if we begin by teaching the observance of His Laws, He will gradu-



ally take upon Himself the regulation of all minor matters, and make us feel and understand, without any possibility of doubt, how He would have us conduct ourselves in outward observance.\* And the real difficulty of our Ecclesiastical party has of late been that they could not venture for their lives to explain the Decalogue, feeling that Modernism and all the practices of it must instantly be turned inside-out, and upside-down, if they did ; but if, without explaining it, they could manage to get it *said* every Sunday, and a little agreeable tune on the organ played after every clause of it, that perchance would do, (on the assumption, rendered so highly probable by Mr. Darwin's discoveries respecting the modes of generation in the Orchideæ, that there *was* no God, except the original Baalzebub of Ekron, Lord of Bluebottles and flyblowing in general ; and that this Decalogue was only ten crotchets of Moses's, and not God's at all,)—on such assumption, I say, they thought matters might still be kept quiet a few years longer in the Cathedral Close, especially as Mr. Bishop was always so agreeably and inoffensively pungent an element of London society ; and Mrs. Bishop and Miss Bishop so extremely proper and pleasant to behold, and the grass of the lawn so smooth shaven. But all that is drawing very fast to its end. Poor dumb dogs that they are, and blind mouths, the grim wolf

\* The news from Liverpool in the third article of Correspondence, is the most cheering I ever read in public papers.

with privy paw daily devouring apace, and nothing said, and their people loving to have it so, I know not what they will do in the end thereof; but it is near. Disestablishment? Yes, and of more powers than theirs; that prophecy of the Seventh from Adam is of judgment to be executed upon all, and conviction of their ungodly deeds which they have ungodly committed.

I told you to read that epistle of Jude carefully, though to some of you, doubtless, merely vain words; but to any who are earnestly thoughtful, at least the evidence of a state of the Christian Church in which many things were known, and preserved, (that prophecy of Enoch, for instance,) lost to us now; and of beliefs which, whether well or ill founded, have been at the foundation of all the good work that has been done, yet, in this Europe of ours. Well founded or not, at least let us understand, as far we may, what they were.

With all honour to Tyndale, (I hope you were somewhat impressed by the reward he had from the world of his day, as related in that final letter of his,) there are some points in the translation that might be more definite: here is the opening of it, in simpler, and in some words certainly more accurate, terms.

"Judas, the servant of Jesus Christ, and the brother of James, to all who are sanctified in God, and called and guarded in Christ.

"Pity, and Peace, and Love, be fulfilled in you.

"Beloved, when I was making all the haste I could to write to you of the common salvation, I was suddenly forced to write to you, exhorting you to fight for the faith, once for all delivered to the Saints.

"For there are slunk in among you certain men, written down before to this condemnation, insolent, changing the grace of God into fury, and denying the only Despot, God ; and our Lord, Jesus Christ.

"And I want to put you in mind, you who know this,—once for all,—that the Lord, having delivered his people out of the land of Egypt, in the second place destroyed those who believed not.

"And the Angels which guarded not their beginning, but left their own habitation, he hath guarded in eternal chains, under darkness, to the judgment of the great day."

Now this translation is certainly more accurate, in observing the first principle of all honest translation, that the same word shall be used in English, where it is the same in the original. You see I have three times used the word 'guarded.' So does St. Judas. But our translation varies its phrase every time ; first it says 'preserved,' then 'kept,' and then 'reserved,'—every one of these words being weaker than the real one, which means guarded as a watch-dog guards. To 'reserve' the Devil, is quite a different thing from 'watching' him. Again, you see that, for 'lasciviousness' I have written 'fury.' The word is indeed the same

always translated lasciviousness, in the New Testament, and not wrongly, if you know Latin; but wherever it occurs, (Mark vii. 22; Ephesians iv. 19, etc.,) it has a deeper under-meaning than the lust of pleasure. It means essentially the character which "refuses to hear the voice of the charmer, charm he never so wisely," which cannot be soothed, or restrained, but will take its own way, and rage its own rage,\*—alienated from the life of God through the ignorance that is in them,—who, being *past feeling*, have given themselves over to fury, (*animal* rage, carnivorousness in political economy,—competition, as of horses with swinging spurs at their sides in the Roman corso, in science, literature, and all the race of life,) to work *all* uncleanness,—(not mere sensual vices, but all the things that defile, comp. Mark vii. 22, just quoted,) with greediness;—then, precisely in the same furrow of thought, St. Jude goes on,—“denying the only Despot, God;” and St. Paul, “but ye have not so learned Christ—*if so be* that ye *have* heard him, and been taught by him”—(which is indeed precisely the point dubitable)—“that ye put off the old man,” etc., where you will find following St. Paul’s explanation of the Decalogue, to end of chapter (Eph. iv.), which if you will please learn by heart with the ten commandments, and, instead of merely praying, when you hear that disagreeable crotchet of Moses’s

\* See fourth article in Correspondence.

announced, "Thou shalt not steal," "Lord have mercy upon us, and incline our hearts to keep this—crotchet," which is all you can now do,—resolve solemnly that you will yourselves literally obey, (and enforce with all your power such obedience in others,) the Christian answering article of Decalogue, "Let him that stole steal no more, but rather let him labour, working with his hands the thing that is good, that he may have to give to him that needeth," you will, in that single piece of duty to God, overthrow, as I have said, the entire system of modern society, and form another in righteousness and true holiness, by no rage refusing, and in no cowardice denying, but wholly submitting to, the Lord who bought them with a price, the only Despot, God.

For our present translation of the passage is finally better in retaining the Greek word 'Despot' here rather than 'Lord,' in order to break down the vulgar English use of the word for all that is evil. But it is necessary for you in this to know the proper use of the words Despot and Tyrant. A despot is a master to whom servants belong, as his property, and who belongs to his servants as their property. My *own* master, my *own* servant. It expresses the most beautiful relation, next to that of husband and wife, in which human souls can stand to each other ; but is only perfected in the right relation between a soul and its God. "Of those whom thou gavest me—mine—I have lost none,—but the son



of perdition." Therefore St. Jude calls God the *only* Despot. On the other hand, a Tyrant, Tyrannus, Doric for Cyrannus, a person with the essential power of a Cyrus, or imperial commander from whose decision there is no appeal, is a king exercising state authority over persons who do not in any sense belong to him as his property, but whom he has been appointed, or has appointed himself, to govern for general purposes of state-benefit. If the tyranny glow and soften into despotism, as Suwarrow's soldiers, (or any good commanding officer's,) gradually become his 'children,' all the better—but you must get your simple and orderly tyrant, or Cyrus, to begin with. Cyrus, first suppose, only over greengroceries—as above recommended, in these gardens of yours, for which yesterday, 11th April, I sent our Trustees word that they must provide purchase-money. In which territory you will observe the Master of St. George's Company is at present a Tyrant only; not a Despot, since he does not consider you as St. George's servants at all; but only requires compliance with certain of his laws while you cultivate his ground. Of which, the fixing of standard quality for your shoe-leather, since I hear you are many of you shoemakers, will be essential: and on this and other matters of your business, you will look to our St. George's Companion, Mr. Somervell, for instruction; with this much of general order, that you are to make shoes with extremest care to please your customers in all matters which they

ought to ask ; by fineness of fit, excellence of work, and exactitude of compliance with special orders : but you are not to please them in things which they ought not to ask. It is *your* business to know how to protect, and adorn, the human foot. When a customer wishes you really to protect and adorn his or her foot, you are to do it with finest care : but if a customer wishes you to injure their foot, or disfigure it, you are to refuse their pleasure in those particulars, and bid them—if they insist on such *dis*-service—to go elsewhere. You are not, the smiths of you, to put horseshoes hot on hoofs ; and you are not, the shoemakers of you, to make any shoes with high heels, or with vulgar and useless decorations, or—if made to measure—that will pinch the wearer. People who wish to be pinched must find torturers off St. George's ground.

I expected, before now, to have had more definite statements as to the number of families who are associated in this effort. I hope that more are united in it than I shall have room for, but probably the number asking to lease St. George's ground will be greatly limited, both by the interferences with the modes of business just described, and by the law of openness in accounts. Every tradesman's books on St. George's ground must always be open on the Master's order, and not only his business position entirely known, but his *profits* known to the public : the prices of all articles of general manufacture being printed with

the percentages to every person employed in their production or sale.

I have already received a letter from a sensible person interested in the success of our schemes, "fearing that people will not submit to such inquisition." Of course they will not ; if they would, St. George's work would be soon done. If he can end it any day these hundred years, he will have fought a good fight.

But touching this matter of episcopal inquiry, here in Venice, who was brought up in her youth under the strictest watch of the Primates of Aquileia—eagle-eyed, I may as well say what is to be in Fors finally said.

The British soul, I observe, is of late years peculiarly inflamed with rage at the sound of the words 'confession' and 'inquisition.'\*

The reason of which sentiment is essentially that the British soul has been lately living the life of a Guy Fawkes ; and is in perpetual conspiracy against God and man,—evermore devising how it may wheedle the one, and rob the other.† If your conscience is a

\* The French soul concurring, with less pride, but more petulance, in these sentiments. (See Fors, August, 1871, p. 11, and observe my decision of statement. "The Inquisition *must* come.")

† "It was only a week or two ago that I went into one of the best iron-mongers in London for some nails, and I assure you that 25 per cent. of the nails I can't drive ; they, the bad ones, are simply the waste edges of the sheets that the nails are cut from : one time they used to be thrown aside ; now they are all mixed with the good ones, and palmed on to the public. I say it without hesitation, and have proved it, that one cannot buy a thing which is well or honestly made, excepting perhaps a railway engine, or, by-the-bye,

dark lantern,—then, of course, you will shut it up when you see a policeman coming; but if it is the candle of the Lord, no man when he hath lighted a candle puts it under a bushel. And thus the false religions of all nations and times are broadly definable as attempts to cozen God out of His salvation at the lowest price; while His inquisition of the accounts, it is supposed, may by proper tact be diverted.

On the contrary, all the true religions of the world are forms of the prayer, "Search me, and know my heart; prove me, and examine my thoughts; and see if there be any wicked way in me, and lead me in the way everlasting."

And there are broadly speaking two ways in which the Father of men does this: the first, by making them eager to tell their faults to Him themselves, (Father, I have sinned against heaven and before Thee;) the second, by making them sure they cannot be hidden, if they would: "If I make my bed in hell, behold Thou art there." In neither case, do the men who love their Father fear that others should hear their confession, or witness His inquisition. But those who hate Him, and perceive that He is minded to make inquisition for blood, cry, even in this world, for the

a Chubb's safe to keep out thieves. I looked in their window yesterday and saw a small one, not three feet high, marked £83 10s. Like ships versus guns,—more thieves, and more strength to keep them out. Verily, a reckoning day is near at hand." (Part of letter from my publisher, Mr. Allen.)

mountains to fall on them, and the hills to cover them. And in the actual practice of daily life you will find that wherever there is secrecy, there is either guilt or danger. It is not possible but that there should be things needing to be kept secret; but the dignity and safety of human life are in the precise measure of its frankness. Note the lovely description of St. Ursula,—Fors, November, 1876, page 352,—learned and *frank* and fair. There is no fear for any child who is frank with its father and mother; none for men or women, who are frank with God.

I have told you that you can do nothing in policy without prayer. The day will be ill-spent, in which you have not been able, at least once, to say the Lord's Prayer with understanding: and if after it you accustom yourself to say, with the same intentness, that familiar one in your church service, "Almighty God, unto whom all hearts be open," etc., you will not fear, during the rest of the day, to answer any questions which it may conduce to your neighbour's good should be put to you.

Finally. You profess to be proud that you allow no violation of the sacredness of the domestic hearth. Let its love be perfect, in its seclusion, and you will not be ashamed to show the house accounts. I know—no man better—that an Englishman's house should be his castle; and an English city, his camp; and I have as little respect for the salesmen of the ramparts of



Berwick,\* as for the levellers of the walls of Florence. But you were better and merrier Englishmen, when your camps were banked with grass, and roofed with sky, than now, when they are, "ventilated only by the chimney;" and, trust me, you had better consent to so much violation of the secrecy of the domestic hearth, as may prevent you being found one day dead, with your head in the fireplace.

Enough of immediate business, for to-day: I must tell you, in closing, a little more of what is being sent to your museum.

By this day's post I send you photographs of two fourteenth-century capitals of the Ducal Palace here. The first is that representing the Virtues; the second, that representing the Sages whose power has been greatest over men. Largitas, (Generosity,) leads the Virtues; Solomon, the Sages; but Solomon's head has been broken off by recent republican movements in Venice; and his teaching superseded by that of the public press—as "*Indi-catore generale*"—you see the inscription in beautiful modern bill type, pasted on the pillar.

Above, sits Priscian the Grammarian; and next to him, Aristotle the Logician: whom that in contemplating you may learn the right and calm use of reason, I have to-day given orders to pack, with extreme care, a cast of him, which has been the best ornament of my room here for some weeks; and when you have examined

\* See fifth article of Correspondence.

him well, you shall have other casts of other sages. But respecting what I now send,\* observe, first,—

These capitals being octagonal, are composed each of sixteen clusters of leaves, opening to receive eight figure subjects in their intervals; the leaf clusters either bending down at the angles and springing up to sustain the figures, (capital No. 1,) or bending down under the figures and springing up to the angles, (No. 2;) and each group of leaves being composed of a series of leaflets divided by the simplest possible undulation of their surface into radiating lobes, connected by central ribs.

Now this system of leaf-division remains in Venice from the foliage of her Greek masters; and the beauty of its consecutive flow is gained by the observance of laws descending from sculptor to sculptor for two thousand years. And the hair which flows down the shoulders of Aristotle, and the divisions of the drapery of his shoulders and of the leaves of his book, are merely fourteenth-century forms of the same art which divided the flowing hair of your Leucothea by those harmonious furrows. Of which you must now learn the structure with closer observance, to which end, in next *Fors*, we will begin our writing and carving lessons again.

\* Mr. Ward will always be able to provide my readers with copies of the photographs referred to in *Fors*; and will never send bad impressions; but I can only myself examine and sign the first four.



# NOTES AND CORRESPONDENCE.

## I. Affairs of the Company.

THE UNION BANK OF LONDON (CHANCERY LANE BRANCH) IN ACCOUNT  
WITH ST. GEORGE'S FUND.

1877.		<i>Dr.</i>	£	s.	d.
<i>Feb.</i> 15.	To Balance . . . . .		628	13	8
19.	„ Draft at Douglas (per Mr. E. Rydings), less 1s. 6d., charges . . . . .		28	18	6
<i>April</i> 3.	„ Per Mr. Swan, left at Museum by a “Sheffield Working Man” . . . . .		0	2	0
9.	„ Per ditto, from a “Sheffielder” . . . . .		0	2	6
			<u>£657</u>	<u>16</u>	<u>8</u>
		<i>Cr.</i>	£	s.	d.
<i>April</i> 16.	By Balance . . . . .		657	16	8

No details have yet reached me of the men's plan at Sheffield ; but the purchase of their land may be considered as effected “if the titles are good.” No doubt is intimated on this matter ; and I think I have already expressed my opinion of the wisdom of requiring a fresh investigation of title on every occasion of the sale of property ; so that, as my days here in Venice are surcharged with every kind of anger and indignation already, I will not farther speak at present of the state of British Law.

I receive many letters now from amiable and worthy women, who would be glad to help us, but whose circumstances prevent them from actually joining the society.

If they will compare notes with each other, first of all, on

the means to be adopted in order to secure the delivery on demand, for due price, over at least some one counter in the nearest county town, entirely good fabric of linen, woollen, and silk; and consider *that* task, for the present, their first duty to Heaven and Earth; and speak of it to their friends when they walk by the way, and when they sit down, and when they rise up,—not troubling *me* about it, but determining among themselves that it shall be done,—that is the first help they can give me, and a very great one it will be. I believe myself that they will find the only way is the slow, but simple and sure one, of teaching any girls they have influence or authority over, to spin and weave; and appointing an honest and religious woman for their merchant. If they find any quicker or better way, they are at liberty to adopt it, so long as any machinery employed in their service is moved by water only. And let them re-read, in connection with the gifts and loans reported in this number of *Fors* as made to the Sheffield Museum, the end of *Fors* of September 1874, pp. 207—216.

## II. Affairs of the Master.

I have been pleased, and not a little surprised, by the generally indulgent view expressed by the public, as vocal through its daily press, of the way I have broadcast my fortune. But I wish it always to be remembered that even in what I believe to have been rightly distributed, this manner of lavish distribution is not in the least proposed by me as generally exemplary. It has been compelled in my own case, by claims which were accidental and extraordinary; by the fact that all my father's and mother's relations were comparatively poor,—and the still happier fact that they were all deserving; by my being without family of my own; by my possession of knowledge with respect to the arts which rendered it my duty to teach more than to enjoy, and to bestow at least a tithe of



what I collected; and finally by what I conceive to be the unhappy conditions of social disorder temporarily existing around me, involving call no less imperative than that of plague or famine for individual exertion quite distinct from the proper course of the ordinary duty of private persons. My readers and Companions must not therefore be surprised, nor accuse me of inconsistency, when they find me as earnestly enforcing the propriety on their part, in most cases, of living much within their incomes, as contentedly exposing the (hitherto) excess of my expenditure above my own.

III. A paragraph from Galignani, sent me by Fors for her part of cheering comment on the Catholic Epistles:—

“A WESLEYAN MAYOR AND A ROMAN CATHOLIC BISHOP.—The Roman Catholic Bishop of Liverpool laid on Monday the foundation-stone of a new church at Greenbank, St. Helens. The new building is to accommodate 850 worshippers, and will cost about £10,000. In the evening a banquet was given, and the Mayor of St. Helens, who (the ‘Liverpool Post’ says) is a member of the Wesleyan community, was present. The Bishop proposed the Mayor’s health; and the Mayor, in acknowledging the compliment, said that it gave him great pleasure to be present, and he rejoiced with them in the success which had attended their efforts that day—a success which had enabled them to lay the foundation-stone of another church in the town. He rejoiced because he looked upon the various churches of the town as centres of instruction and centres of influence, which tended to the moral and spiritual welfare of the people. He was not a Roman Catholic, but he rejoiced in every centre of influence for good, whatever might be the tenets of the Church to which those centres belonged. For the welfare of the town which he had the honour of representing, he felt pleasure in being there that evening; and it would be ungrateful of him,

with the feelings which he had for every branch of the Church, if he did not wish his Catholic townsmen God-speed. There was still a vast amount of ignorance to be removed, and the churches were the centres around which the moral influence was to be thrown, and which should gather in the outcasts who had hitherto been left to themselves. He hoped that the church the foundation-stone of which they had just laid, would be raised with all possible speed, and he wished it God's blessing."

St. George and St. John Wesley charge me very earnestly to send their united compliments both to the Bishop, and to the Mayor of Liverpool; but they both beg to observe that a place may be got to hold 850 people comfortably, for less than ten thousand pounds; and recommend the Mayor and Bishop to build the very plainest shelter for the congregation possible. St. George wishes the Bishop to say mass at an altar consisting of one block of Lancashire mountain limestone, on which no tool has been lifted up; and St. John Wesley requests the Mayor to issue orders to the good people of Liverpool to build the walls—since walls are wanted—in pure charity, and with no commission whatever to the architect. No design is needed either for churches or sheepfolds—until the wolf is kept well out. But see next article.

IV. The most perfect illustration of what is meant by "turning the grace of God into fury" was given me here in Venice during the last Carnival. This grace, St. Paul writes to Titus, "hath appeared unto all men, teaching us that, denying ungodliness and worldly lusts, we should live looking for that blessed hope, and the glorious appearing of the great God." Now the institution of Lent, before Easter, has the special function of reminding us of such grace; and the institution of Carnival before Lent, as to be pardoned by it, is the turning of such grace into fury. I print on the opposite page, as nearly

GIORNATA V. — *Venerdì 9 Febbraio.*

## GRAN SABBA Delle Streghe

Spettacolo portentoso e che farà venir l'aqua alta dal giubilo del Mare — Duecento discendenti legittime delle Maghe di Macbet, si scaraventeranno dalla loro foresta di Birmingan, e con un salto satanico precipiteranno sulla Piazza San Marco prendendola d'assalto da vari punti. — Stridendo, urlando, suonando, cantando, e agitando fuochi che illumineranno tutti i vasti domini di S. M. Allegra prenderanno d'assalto la Sala del Trono, dove daran principio alle loro danze infernali; quindi vi saranno canti e suoni diabolici e la

## GRANDE LOTTA e combattimento di demonj

finchè il fischio di Satana ordinerà la pace intimando

## Un Canto

### ED UNA RIDDA INFERNALE

al chiarore di luci fantastiche, fosforiche, da far restar ciechi tutti coloro che sono orbi.

Finalmente la Piazza di S. Marco sarà invasa e completamente illuminata dalle

## FIAMME DI BELZEBÙ

Perchè il *Sabba* possa riuscire più completo, si raccomanda a tutti gli spettatori di fischiare durante le *fiamme* come anime dannate.

Su questa serata che farà stupire e fremere gli elementi, non aggiungiamo dettagli, per lasciar ai felici regnicoli di S. M. Pantalone, gustar vergini gli effetti delle più prodigiose sorprese.

as I can in facsimile, the bill of Venetian entertainments in St. Mark's Place, in front of St. Mark's Church, (certainly, next to the square round the Baptistery of Florence, the most sacred earth in Italy,) on the 9th February of this year. And I append translation, accurate I think in all particulars—commending, however, by St. Mark's order, and with his salutation, the careful study of the original to his good servant the Roman Catholic Bishop of Liverpool, to the end that the said prelate may not attach too much importance to church-building, while these things are done in front of St. Mark's.

“Day 5th.—*Friday, 9th February.*”

#### “GREAT SABBATH OF THE WITCHES.

“Portentous spectacle, and which will make the water high with rejoicing of the Sea.\* Two hundred legitimate descendants of the Witches of Macbeth, will hurl themselves out of their forest of Birmingam,” (Birnam?) “and with a Satanic leap will precipitate themselves upon the piazza of St. Mark, taking it by assault on various points, shrieking, howling, piping, singing, and shaking fires which will illuminate all the vast dominions of his Joyful Majesty,” (the leader of Carnival,) “they will carry by assault the saloon of the Throne, where they will begin their infernal dances. Then there will be diabolic songs and music, and the Great Wrestling and Combat of Demons, until the whistle of Satan shall order peace, intimating a song and infernal ‘rida’ (?) by the glare of fantastic phosphoric lights, enough to make all remain blind who cannot see. Finally, the piazza of St. Mark will be invaded and completely illuminated by the flames of Beelzebub.

“That the Sabbath may succeed more completely, it is re-

\* “Let the floods clap their hands,” etc.

commended to all the spectators to whistle, during the flames, like damned souls.

“But of this evening, which will astonish the elements, we will add no details, in order to leave the happy subjects of his Majesty Pantaloon to taste the virgin impressions of the most prodigious surprises.”

V. I reserve comment on the following announcement, (in which the italics are mine,) until I learn what use the Berwick Urban Sanitary Authority mean to put the walls to, after purchasing them:—

“THE WALLS OF BERWICK.—The Berwick ‘ramparts’ are for sale. The Government has offered to sell a considerable part of them to the Berwick Urban Sanitary Authority; and at a special meeting of that body on Wednesday it was decided to negotiate for the purchase. From an account given of these ramparts by the ‘Scotsman,’ it seems that when the town was taken in 1296 by Edward I., they consisted only of wooden palisades, erected on the ridge of a narrow and shallow ditch,—so narrow, in fact, that his Majesty cleared both ditch and palisades at a leap, and was the first thus gaily to enter the town. He afterwards caused a deep ditch to be dug round the town, and this ditch, when built, was encircled by a stone wall. *Robert Bruce, on obtaining possession of Berwick, raised the wall ten feet round*, and this wall was again strengthened by Edward III. after the battle of Hallidon Hill. *Parts of this wall still exist*, as well as of the castle, which was a formidable structure founded at a remote date. It is stated to have been rebuilt by Henry II., and to have passed out of royal hands in 1303, being subsequently sold by the second Earl of Dunbar to the corporation of Berwick for £320. The corporation dismantled it, and used the stones for building the parish church, selling what they did not require for £109 to an alderman of



Berwick, who afterwards sold it to the ancestor of Mr. Askew, of Pallinsburn. It was retained in that family until the construction of the North British Railway. *A considerable portion of the keep which was then standing, was levelled to the ground, and the railway station built upon the site of the main building.* The old fortifications which joined the castle measured in length 2 miles 282 yards, but in length the present walls only measure  $1\frac{1}{4}$  mile 272 yards, and are constituted of a rampart of earth levelled and faced with stones. There are five bastions which, with the ramparts, were kept garrisoned until 1819, when the guns were removed to Edinburgh Castle, in order to prevent them falling into the hands of the Radical rioters."

# FORS CLAVIGERA.

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## LETTER LXXVIII.

VENICE, 9th May, 1877.

I SEND to-day, to our Museum, a photograph of another capital of the Ducal palace—the chief of all its capitals: the corner-stone of it, on which rests the great angle seen in your photograph No. 3: looking carefully, you will easily trace some of the details of this sculpture, even in that larger general view; for this new photograph, No. 7, shows the same side of the capital.

Representing, (this white figure nearest us) LUNA, the Moon, or more properly the Angel of the Moon, holding her symbol, the crescent, in one hand, and the zodiacal sign Cancer in the other,—she herself in her crescent boat, floating on the tides,—that being her chief influence on Venice. And note here the difference between heraldic and pictorial symbolism: she holds her small crescent for heraldic bearing, to show you who she is; once that understood, her crescent boat is a *picturesque* symbol of the way her reflected light glides, and traverses,

and trembles on the waves. You see also how her thin dress is all in waves; and the water ripples under her boat so gaily, that it sets all the leaf below rippling too. The *next* leaf, you observe, does not ripple.

Next to the Angel of the Moon, is the Angel of the planet Jupiter,—the symbol of the power of the Father (Zeus, Pater) in creation. He lays his hand on the image of Man; and on the ledge of stone, under the iron bar above his head you may decipher, beginning at the whitest spot on the exactly nearest angle,—these letters :

D (written like a Q upside down) E L I; then a crack breaks off the first of the three legs of M; then comes O, and another crack; then D S A D A (the A is seen in the light, a dancing or pirouetting A on one leg); then D E C O, up to the edge of Jupiter's nimbus; passing over his head, you come on the other side to S T A F O, and a ruinous crack, carrying away two letters, only replaceable by conjecture; the inscription then closing with A V I T 7 E V A. The figure like a numeral 7 is, in all the Ducal palace writing, short for E T, so that now putting the whole in order, and adding the signs of contraction hidden by the iron bar, we have this legend :

“DE LIMO  $\overline{DS}$   $\overline{AD\bar{A}}$  DE COSTA  $\overline{FO^{**}AVIT}$   
ET  $\overline{EV\bar{A}}$  ;”

or, in full,

“De limo Dominus Adam, de costa formavit et Evam.”

“From the clay the Lord made Adam, and from the rib, Eve.”

Both of whom you see imaged as standing above the capital, in photograph No. 3.

And above these, the Archangel Michael, with his name written on the cornice above him—*ĀCANGEL . MICHAEL* ; the Archangel being written towards the piazzetta, and Michael, larger, towards the sea ; his robe is clasped by a brooch in the form of a rose, with a small cross in its centre ; he holds a straight sword, of real bronze, in his right hand, and on the scroll in his left is written :

“ENSE  
BONOS  
TEGO  
MALOR<sup>̄</sup>  
CRIMINA  
PURGO.”

“WITH MY SWORD, I GUARD THE GOOD,  
AND PURGE THE CRIMES OF THE EVIL.”

Purge—not punish ; so much of purgatorial doctrine being engraved on this chief angle of the greater council chamber of the Senate.

Of all such inscription, modern Venice reads no

more ; and of such knowledge, asks no more. To guard the good is no business of hers now : ‘is not one man as good as another?’ and as to angelic interference, ‘must not every one take care of himself?’ To purify the evil ;—‘but what !—are the days of religious persecution returned, then ? And for the old story of Adam and Eve,—don’t we know better than that !’ No deciphering of the old letters, therefore, any more ; but if you observe, here are new ones on the capital, more to the purpose. Your Modern Archangel Uriel—standing in the Sun—provides you with the advertisement of a Photographic establishment, FOTOGRAFIA, *this* decoration, alone being in letters as large, you see, as the wreath of leafage round the neck of the pillar. Another bill—farther round the shaft—completes the effect ; and at your leisure you can compare the beautiful functions and forms of the great modern art of Printing, with the ancient rude ones of engraving.

Truly, it is by this modern Archangel Uriel’s help, that I can show you pictures of all these pretty things, at Sheffield ;—but by whose help do you think it is that you have no real ones at Sheffield, to see instead ? Why haven’t you a Ducal palace of your own, without need to have the beauties of one far away explained to you ? Bills enough you have,—stuck in variously decorative situations ; public buildings also—but do you take any pleasure in them ? and are you never the least ashamed that what little good there may be in them,



every poor flourish of their cast iron, every bead moulding on a shop front, is borrowed from Greece or Venice: and that if you got all your best brains in Sheffield, and best hands, to work, with that sole object, you couldn't carve such another capital as this which the photographer has stuck his bill upon?

You don't believe that, I suppose. Well,—you will believe, and know, a great deal more, of supreme serviceableness to you, if ever you come to believe and know that. But you can only come to it slowly, and after your “character” has been much “improved,”—as you see Mr. Goldwin Smith desires it to be; (see the third article of Correspondence). To-day you shall take, if you will, a step or two towards such improvement, with Leucothea's help—white goddess of sea foam, and the Sun-Angel's help—in our lesson-Photograph No. 1. With your patience, we will now try if anything ‘is to be seen in it.’

You see at all events that the hair in every figure is terminated by severely simple lines externally, so as to make approximately round balls, or bosses, of the heads; also that it is divided into minute tresses from the crown of the head downwards; bound round the forehead by a double fillet, and then, in the headdress of the greater Goddess, escapes into longer rippling tresses, whose lines are continued by the rippling folds of the linen sleeve below.

Farther, one of these longer tresses, close behind the

ear, parts from the others, and falls forward, in front of the right shoulder.

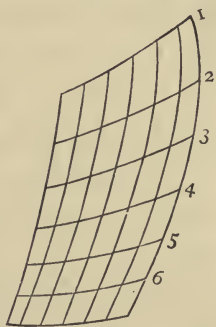
Now take your museum copy of my *Aratra Pentelici*, and, opposite page 53, you will find a woodcut,\* giving you the typical conception of the Athena of Athens at the time of the battle of Marathon. You see precisely the same disposition of the hair; but she has many tresses instead of one, falling in front of her shoulders; and the minute curls above her brow are confined by a close cap, that her helmet may not fret them. Now, I have often told you that everything in Greek myths is primarily a physical,—secondly and chiefly a moral—type. This is first, the Goddess of the air, secondly and chiefly, celestial inspiration, guiding *deed*; specially those two deeds of weaving, and righteous war, which you practise at present, both so beautifully, ‘in the interests of England.’

Those dark tresses of hair, then, physically, are the dark tresses of the clouds;—the spots and serpents of her ægis, hail and fire;—the soft folds of her robe, descending rain. In her spiritual power, all these are the Word of God, spoken either by the thunder of His Power, or as the soft rain upon the tender herb, and as the showers upon the grass. Her spear is the strength of sacred deed, and her helmet, the hope of salvation.

\* I place copies of this cut in Mr. Ward’s hands, for purchase by readers who have not access to *Aratra*.

You begin now to take some little interest in these rippings of the leaves under the Venetian Lady of Moonlight, do not you, and in that strangely alike Leucothea, sedent there two thousand years before that peaceful moon rose on Venice ; and that, four hundred years before our "Roaring moon" rose on *us*.

But farther. Take a very soft pencil, and touching very lightly, draw lines on the photograph between the ripples of the hair, thus : and you will find that the distances 1—2, 2—3, 3—4, etc., first diminish gradually, and then increase;—that the lines 1, 2, 3, etc., radiate from the slope of the fillet, gradually, till they become horizontal at the shoulder ; and lastly, that the whole group first widens and then diminishes, till the tress farthest back losing itself altogether, and the four nearest us hiding behind the shoulder, the fullest one, set for contrast beside the feeblest, dies away in delicate rippling over the shoulder line.



Now, sketch with a soft pencil such a little diagram of all this, as the figure above ; and then, take your pen, and try to draw the lines of the curved tresses within their rectangular limits. And if you don't 'see a little more in' Leucothea's hair before you have done,—you shall tell me, and we'll talk more about it.

Supposing, however, that you do begin to see more

in it, when you have finished your drawing, look at the plate opposite page 112 in *Aratra*, and read with care the six paragraphs 115—120. Which having read, note this farther,—the disorder of the composition of the later art in Greece is the sign of the coming moral and physical ruin of Greece; but through and under all her ruin, the art which submitted itself to religious law survived as a remnant; unthought of, but immortal, and nourished its little flock, day by day, till Byzantium rose out of it, and then Venice. And that flowing hair of the Luna was in truth sculptured by the sacred power of the ghosts of the men who carved the *Leucothea*.

You must be patient enough to receive some further witness of this, before our drawing lesson ends for to-day.

You see that drapery at *Leucothea's* knee. Take a sheet of thin note-paper: fold it (as a fan is folded) into sharp ridges; but straight down the sheet, from end to end. Then cut it across from corner to corner, fold either half of it up again, and you have the root of all Greek, Byzantine, and Etruscan pendent drapery.

Try, having the root thus given you, first to imitate that simple bit of *Leucothea's*, and then the complex ones, ending in the tasselled points, of *Athena's* robe in the woodcut. Then, take a steel pen, and just be good enough to draw the edges of those folds;—every one, you see, taken up in order duly, and carried through the long sweeping curves up to the edge of the ægis

at her breast. Try to do that yourself, with your pen-point, and then, remember that the Greek workman did it with his brush-point, designing as he drew, and that on the convex surface of a vase,—and you will begin to see what Greek vases are worth, and why they are so.

Then lastly, take your photograph No. 10, which is of a door of St. Mark's, with two prophets bearing scrolls, in the midst of vineleaf ornament on each side, and look at the drapery of the one on the left where it falls in the last folds behind his foot.

Athena's sacred robe, you see, still!—and here no vague reminiscence, as in the Luna, but absolutely pure Greek tradition, kept for two thousand years,—for this decoration is thirteenth century work, by Greek, not Venetian, artists.

Also I send other photographs, now completing your series to the twelfth, namely—

No. 8. Entire west front of St. Mark's, as it stood in the fifteenth century; from Gentile Bellini's picture of it.

No. 9. Entire west front, as it stands now.

No. 10. Northern of the five porches of the west front, as it is.

No. 11. Southern porch of the west front, as it is now.

No. 12. Central porch of the west front, as it is now. The greater part of this west front is yet uninjured, except by time, since its mosaics were altered in the sixteenth century. But you see that some pillars of the



southern porch are in an apparently falling condition ; propped by timbers. They were all quite safe ten years ago ; they have been brought into this condition by the restorations on the south side, and so left : the whole porch was therefore boarded across the front of it during the whole of this last winter ; and the boards used for bill-sticking, like the pillars of the Ducal palace. I thought it worth while to take note of the actual advertisements which were pasted on the palings over the porch, on Sunday, the 4th of March of this year (see opposite page) : two sentences were written in English instead of Italian by the friend who copied them for me.

Such are the modern sacred inscriptions and divine instructions presented to the Venetian people by their church of St. Mark. What its ancient inscriptions and perennial advertisements were, you shall read in 'St. Mark's Rest,' if you will, with other matters appertaining to ancient times.

With none others do I ask you to concern yourselves ; nor can I enough wonder at the intense stupidity and obstinacy with which the public journals speak of all I am trying to teach and to do, as if I were making a *new* experiment in St. George's Company ; while the very gist and essence of everything St. George orders is that it shall *not* be new, and not an 'experiment' ;\* but the

\* The absurd endeavours of modern rhymesters and republicans, with which St. George's work is so often confounded, came to water, because they

CASA OMNIA

*ED AGENZIE REUNITE,*

For Information on all matters of Commercial Enterprise, Speculation,  
&c., &c.

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SALA DI EVANGELIZZAZIONE,

CHIESA EVANGELICA,

Avrà luogo una Pubblico Conferenza sul seguente soggetto.

LA VERA CHIESA.

---

*VILLE DE NICE.*

SOCIÉTÉ DE BEAUX ARTS.

EXPOSITION DE PEINTURE ET SCULPTURE.

---

SOCIETÀ NAZIONALE ITALIANA,

EMISSIONE 1866.

PRESTITO E PREMI.

Tickets 1 lire.

THOSE WHO BUY 10 WILL RECEIVE 11.

---

*DENTI.*

NON PIÙ ESTRAZIONE, SICURA GUARIGIONE.

CALLE DEI SPECCHIERIE.

---

10 LIRE DI MANCIA.

PERDUTÁ UNA

CAGNOLINA,

COLORE CANNELLA COLLE ORECCHIE PIUTOSTO LUNGE.

re-declaration and re-doing of things known and practised successfully since Adam's time.

*Nothing* new, I tell you,—how often am I to thrust this in your ears? Is the earth new, and its bread? Are the plough and sickle new in men's hands? Are Faith and Godliness new in their hearts? Are common human charity and courage new? By God's grace, lasting yet, one sees in miners' hearts and sailors'. Your political cowardice is new, and your public rascality, and your blasphemy, and your equality, and your science of Dirt. New in their insolence and rampant infinitude of egotism—not new in one idea, or in one possibility of good.

Modern usury is new, and the abolition of usury laws; but the law of Fors as old as Sinai. Modern divinity with—not so much as a lump of gold—but a clot of mud, for its god, is new; but the theology of Fors as old as Abraham. And generally the modern Ten Commandments are new:—"Thou shalt have any other god but me. Thou shalt worship every beastly imagination on earth and under it. Thou shalt take the name of the Lord in vain to mock the poor, for the Lord will hold him guiltless who rebukes and gives not; thou shalt remember the Sabbath day to keep it profane; thou shalt dishonour thy father and thy mother; thou shalt kill, and kill by the million, with all thy might and mind and

were new, and because the rhyming gentlemen thought themselves wiser than their fathers.

wealth spent in machinery for multifold killing ; thou shalt look on every woman to lust after her ; thou shalt steal, and steal from morning till evening,—the evil from the good, and the rich from the poor ;\* thou shalt live by continual lying in million-fold sheets of lies ; and covet thy neighbour's house, and country, and wealth, and fame, and everything that is his." And finally, by word of the Devil, in short summary, through Adam Smith, "A new commandment give I unto you : that ye hate one another."

Such, my Sheffield, and elsewhere remaining friends, are the developed laws of your modern civilization ; not, you will find, whatever their present freshness, like to last in the wear. But the old laws (which alone Fors teaches you) are not only as old as Sinai, but much more stable. Heaven and its clouds, earth and its rocks, shall pass ; but these shall not pass away. Only in *their* development, and full assertion of themselves, they will assuredly appear active in new directions, and commandant of new duties or abstinences ; of which that simple one which

\* Stealing by the poor from the rich is of course still forbidden, and even in a languid way by the poor from the poor ; but every form of theft, forbidden and approved, is practically on the increase.

Just as I had finished writing this modern Decalogue, my gondolier, Piero Mazzini, came in for his orders. His daughter is, I believe, dying of a brain disease, which was first brought on by fright, when his house was broken into last year, and all he had in it carried off. I asked him what the new doctor said, knowing one had been sent for. The new doctor said "he had been called too late ; but the girl must have a new medicine, which would cost a franc the dose."

we stopped at in last Fors,—“Let him that stole steal no more”—will be indeed a somewhat astonishing abstinence to a great many people, when they see it persisted in by others, and therefore find themselves compelled to think of it, however unwillingly, as perhaps actually some day imperative also on themselves.

When I gave you in Fors, April, 1871, page 17, the little sketch of the pillaging of France by Edward III. before the battle of Crecy, a great many of my well-to-do friends said, “Why does he print such things? they will only do mischief!”—meaning, they would open the eyes of the poor a little to some of the mistaken functions of kings. I had previously given, (early enough at my point, you see,) that sketch of the death of Richard I., Fors, March, 1871, iii. 19, differing somewhat from the merely picturesque accounts of it, and Academy pictures, in that it made you clearly observe that Richard got his death from Providence, not as a king, but as a burglar. Which is a point to be kept in mind when you happen any day to be talking about Providence.

Again. When Mr. Greg so pleasantly showed in the ‘Contemporary Review’ how benevolent the rich were in drinking champagne, and how wicked the poor were in drinking beer, you will find that in Fors of Dec., 1875, I requested him to supply the point of economical information which he had inadvertently overlooked,—how the champagne drinker had *got* his champagne. The poor man, drunk in an ungraceful



manner though he be, has yet worked for his beer—and does but drink his wages. I asked, of course, for complete parallel of the two cases,—what work the rich man had done for *his* sparkling beer; and how it came to pass that *he* had got so much higher wages, that he could put them, unblamed, to that benevolent use. To which question, you observe, Mr. Greg has never ventured the slightest answer.

Nor has Mr. Fawcett, you will also note, ventured one word of answer to the questions put to him in *Fors*, October 4th, 1872, pp. 9, 14; June 1st, 1872, p. 17; November 1st, 1871, p. 11; and to make sure he dared not, I challenged him privately, as I did the Bishop of Manchester, through my Oxford Secretary. Not a word can either of them reply. For, indeed, you will find the questions are wholly unanswerable, except by blank confessions of having, through their whole public lives, the one definitely taught, and the other, in cowardice, permitted the acceptance of, the great Devil's law of Theft by the Rich from the Poor, in the two terrific forms, either of buying men's tools, and making them pay for the loan of them—(Interest)—or buying men's lands, and making them pay for the produce of them—(Rent). And it is the abstinence from these two forms of theft, which St. Paul first requires of every Christian, in saying, "Let him that stole, steal no more."

And in this point, your experiment at Sheffield is

a new one. It will be the first time, I believe, in which the Landlord, (St. George's Company, acting through its Master,) takes upon himself the Ruler's unstained authority,—the literal function of the Shepherd who is *no* Hireling, and who *does* care for the sheep: and not count them only for their flesh and fleece. And if you will look back to the last chapter of 'Munera Pulveris,' and especially to its definition of Royal Mastership,—or the King's, as separated from the Hireling's, or Usurer's, pp. 159-60; and read what follows of Mastership expectant of Death, p. 165,—you will see both what kind of laws you will live under; and also how long these have been determined in my mind, before I had the least thought of being forced myself to take any action in their fulfilment. For indeed I knew not, till this very last year in Venice, whether some noble of England might not hear and understand in time, and take upon himself Mastership and Captaincy in this sacred war: but final sign has just been given me that this hope is vain; and on looking back over the preparations made for all these things in former years—I see it must be my own task, with such strength as may be granted me, to the end. For in rough approximation of date nearest to the completion of the several pieces of my past work, as they are built one on the other,—at twenty, I wrote 'Modern Painters'; at thirty, 'The Stones of Venice'; at forty, 'Unto this Last'; at fifty,

the Inaugural Oxford lectures; and—if ‘Fors Clavigera’ is ever finished as I mean—it will mark the mind I had at sixty; and leave me in my seventh day of life, perhaps—to rest. For the code of all I had to teach will then be, in form, as it is at this hour, in substance, completed. ‘Modern Painters’ taught the claim of all lower nature on the hearts of men; of the rock, and wave, and herb, as a part of their necessary spirit life; in all that I now bid you to do, to dress the earth and keep it, I am fulfilling what I then began.

The ‘Stones of Venice’ taught the laws of constructive Art, and the dependence of all human work or edifice, for its beauty, on the happy life of the workman. ‘Unto this Last’ taught the laws of that life itself, and its dependence on the Sun of Justice: the Inaugural Oxford lectures, the necessity that it should be led, and the gracious laws of beauty and labour recognized, by the upper, no less than the lower, classes of England; and lastly ‘Fors Clavigera’ has declared the relation of these to each other, and the only possible conditions of peace and honour, for low and high, rich and poor, together, in the holding of that first Estate, under the only Despot, God, from which whoso falls, angel or man, is kept, not mythically nor disputably, but here in visible horror of chains under darkness to the judgment of the great day: and in keeping which service is perfect freedom, and inheritance of all that a

loving Creator can give to His creatures, and an immortal Father to His children.

This, then, is the message, which, knowing no more as I unfolded the scroll of it, what next would be written there, than a blade of grass knows what the form of its fruit shall be, I have been led on year by year to speak, even to this its end.

And now it seems to me, looking back over the various fragments of it written since the year 1860, 'Unto this Last,' 'Time and Tide,' 'Munera Pulveris,' and 'Eagle's Nest,' together with the seven years' volumes of 'Fors Clavigera,' that it has been clearly\* enough and repeatedly enough spoken for those who will hear: and that, after such indexed summary of it as I may be able to give in the remaining numbers of this seventh volume, I should set aside this political work as sufficiently done; and enter into my own rest, and your next needed service, by completing the bye-law books of Botany and Geology for St. George's schools, together with so much law of art as it may be possible to explain or exhibit, under the foul conditions of the age.

Respecting all these purposes, here are some words of Plato's, which reverently and thankfully adopting also for my own, I pray you to read thoughtfully, and abide by.

\* The complaints of several of my friends that they cannot understand me lead me the more to think that I am multiplying words in vain. I am perfectly certain that if they once made the resolution that nothing should stay them from doing right when they once knew what the right was, they would understand me fast enough.

“ Since, then, we are going to establish laws ; and there have been chosen by us guardians of these laws, and we ourselves are in the sunset of life, and these guardians are young in comparison of us, we must at the same time write the laws themselves ; and, so far as possible, make these chosen keepers of them able to write laws also, when there shall be need. And therefore we will say to them, ‘ Oh our friends, saviours of law, we indeed, in all matters concerning which we make law, shall leave many things aside unnoticed : how can it be otherwise ? Nevertheless, in the total system, and in what is chief of its parts, we will not leave, to the best of our power, anything that shall not be encompassed by strict outline, as with a painter’s first determination of his subject within some exact limit. This line, then, that we have drawn round, it will be for you afterwards to fill. And to what you must look, and keep for ever in your view as you complete the body of law, it behoves you to hear. For, indeed, the Spartan Megillus, and the Cretan Clinias, and I, Athenian, have many a time agreed on this great purpose among ourselves ; but now we would have you our disciples to feel with us also, looking to the same things to which we have consented with each other that the lawgiver and law-guardian should look. And this consent of ours was in one great sum and head of all purposes : namely, that a man should be made good, having the virtues of soul which belong to a man ; and that



whatever occupations, whatever disciplines, whatever possessions, desires, opinions, and instructions, contribute to this end, whether in male or female, young or old, of all that dwell together in our state, those, with all zeal, are to be appointed and pursued through the whole of life: and as for things other than such, which are impediments to virtue, that no soul in the state shall show itself as prizing or desiring them. And this shall be so finally and sternly established, that if it became impossible to maintain the city, so ordered, in the presence of its enemies, then its inhabitants should rather choose to leave their city for ever, and bear any hardship in exile, than submit to any yoke put on them by baser men, or change their legislation for any other which would make them baser themselves. This was the very head and front of all that we consented in, to which we would, now, that you our disciples looking also, should praise or blame the laws we have made; such of them as have no real power to this noble end, reject; but such as contribute to it, salute; and affectionately receiving them, live in them; but to all other way of life leading to anything else than such good, you must bid farewell.' "

## NOTES AND CORRESPONDENCE.

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### I. Affairs of the Company.

The quite justifiable, but—in my absence from England—very inconvenient, hesitation of our trustees to re-invest any part of our capital without ascertaining for themselves the safety of the investment, has retarded the completion of the purchase of Abbey-dale: and the explanations which, now that the Company is actually beginning its work, I felt it due to our trustees to give, more clearly than heretofore, of its necessary methods of action respecting land, have issued in the resignation of our present trustees, with the immediately resulting necessity that the estate of Abbey-dale should be vested in me only until I can find new trustees. I have written at once to the kind donor of our land in Worcestershire, and to other friends, requesting them to undertake the office. But this important and difficult business, coming upon me just as I was in the midst of the twelfth-century divinity of the mosaics of St. Mark's, will, I hope, be sufficient apology to my readers for the delay in the publication of the present number of *Fors*. I have, however, myself guaranteed the completion of the purchase of Abbey-dale to the owner: and as, God willing, I shall be at home now in a fortnight, will get the estate vested under new trustees with utmost speed. Respecting the future tenants of it, I have pleasant intelligence, but do not care to be hasty in statement of so important matters.

## II. Affairs of the Master.

I do not suppose that any of my readers,—but there is chance that some who hear and talk of me *without* reading me—will fancy that I have begun to be tired of my candour in exposition of personal expenses. Nothing would amuse me more, on the contrary, than a complete history of what the last six months have cost me; but it would take me as long to write that, as an account of the theology of St. Mark's, which I am minded to give the time to instead, as a more important matter; and, for the present, to cease talk of myself. The following statement, by Miss Hill, of the nature and value of the property which I intend to make over next year to the St. George's Company is more clear than I could before give; and I am sure that at least *this* portion of the Society's property will be rightly managed for them.

“The houses owned by Mr. Ruskin in Paradise Place are three in number. They are held of the Duke of Portland, under a lease of which forty-one years are unexpired. The houses are subject to a ground-rent of £4 each. Mr. Ruskin invested £800 at first in these houses. About £160 of this sum has been repaid out of the surplus rents, and has been by his desire reinvested in the Temperance Building Society, 4, Ludgate Hill. It stands for convenience of management in his name and my own, but is of course all his. He has more than once expressed his wish that it should some day be employed again for a similar purpose as at first; but that is for him to determine. The remainder of the capital, £640, bears interest at five per cent. Every year the capital in the houses, of course, decreases; that in the Temperance Building Society increases. The latter bears a varying rate of interest; it has not amounted to five per cent. for some years. The investment can be altered if a month's notice is at any time given.

“ Mr. Ruskin's other property in Marylebone is freehold. It consists of one house in the Marylebone Road, and five in Freshwater Place, besides a small open space used as a playground. The capital invested was £2880, and bears interest at five per cent. Mr. Ruskin has directed me to expend £84 of this money yearly on any good object I have in hand for the benefit of the poor; and the first payment in accordance with this desire of his has just been made. During the years he has owned the property previously, the entire five per cent. has always been paid direct to him.

“ Mr. Ruskin last year asked me to take charge of a house of which he holds the lease in Paddington Street. I have not had the care of it long enough to be sure how it will answer; but as no capital was, as far as I know, expended, and the rent to the ground landlord is considerable, I shall be well satisfied if it is entirely self-supporting, which I quite hope it may be.

“ OCTAVIA HILL.

“ 6th April, 1877.”

III. “ PROFESSOR GOLDWIN SMITH AT READING.—There was a large and fashionable gathering on Wednesday afternoon at the opening of the Victoria Hall, Reading, a new public building, with club rooms *en suite*, erected at the east end of the town, for the purpose of affording means of recreation to this rapidly-increasing neighbourhood. The inaugural address was delivered by Professor Goldwin Smith, who is a native and was a former resident in the town:—

“ ‘ The learned gentleman commented upon the marvellous changes that had taken place in Reading since he was a boy. A crisis had arrived in the history of the British Empire, and whether England would successfully surmount it or not would depend mainly upon the character of the working men. The growth of wealth during the twenty years preceding 1872 had been some-

thing marvellous and beyond all previous experience. There had been nothing in the commercial history of any country, of either ancient or modern times, that would compare with the mass of opulence of England of the present day,'—*e. g.*, nobody can have butter for their children's bread: see next article. 'The speaker then proceeded to review the causes of this vast prosperity, to see if they were such as could firmly be relied upon, or whether it was merely a transitory flow of wealth. In part, the sources of wealth were due to the fortunate position of England, the great variety of its mineral and other resources, and, above all, *the steady, energetic, and industrious character of her working men,*' (not in the least, you observe, to that of their masters; who have nevertheless got the wealth, have not they, Mr. Smith?) 'In part, the sources of wealth were accidental and transitory. The close of the great wars of Napoleon left England the only manufacturing and almost the only maritime power in the world. The manufactures of other countries were destroyed by the desolating inroads of war, and their mercantile marine was almost swept from the seas. Add to these facts that England was the banker of the world, and they would understand the great source of England's wealth. The wars were, however, now over, and other nations were entering into competition, and now this country had formidable rivals in Germany and Belgium and on the other side of the Atlantic, and they must expect them to take their own part in having manufactories, though it would be possible for England to open up new countries for produce. England must expect competitors, too, in her carrying trade, and they all knew that the bank of the world went where the principal trade was done. In the middle of the last century the bank of the world was at Amsterdam. They must expect, therefore, that some of the accidental and transitory sources of superiority would pass away. All the more necessary was it therefore that *the main source of prosperity, the character of the workmen,* should remain unim-



paired. It was impossible to say that there were not dangers threatening the character of the working men, for the rapid increase of ('their masters'') wealth, with the sudden rise of wages, had exposed them to many temptations. It was of no use being censorious. The upper classes of the land had, for the most part, spent their large wealth in enjoyments suited to their tastes,' (as for instance Mr. Smith?) 'and they must not be surprised that working men should act likewise, though their tastes might not be so refined. It was appalling to see how large an amount of wages was spent in drink. *The decay of the industrial classes of England would be disastrous to her in proportion to her previous prosperity*, because the past had of course increased the population of England to an enormous extent, and should the wealth and industry of the land pass away, this vast mass would become a population of penury and suffering. Mr. Goldwin Smith went on to say that he understood that the present institution had this object in view: to draw away the artisan from places where he was tempted to indulgences, to places of more rational entertainment, and where the same temptations would not spread their snares before him. He expressed his sympathy with the moral crusade movement instituted by the teetotalers, but he doubted the efficacy of restrictive legislation on this subject. The Anglo-American race was an exceedingly temperate people, and the restrictive measures adopted in some parts of the country were rather the expression than the cause of temperance, but their effect in restraining the habits of the intemperate was not very great. In proof of this he quoted the effect of the Drunken Act of Canada, a permissive measure which had been adopted in Prince Edward's County. He was ready enough, he had told his friends in Canada, to co-operate in favour of strong measures if they could show him there was a desperate emergency, and in his judgment the only one way to prevent liquor being drunk was to prevent it being made; but if they simply wished to harass the

retail trade, they would have a constant amount of contrabandism and habitual violation of the law. Therefore he had not that confidence that many good and wise men had in restrictive legislation, though he could sympathise with their aim. They could all concur, however, in removing temptation out of the way of the working men and providing counter attractions, and that he understood was their object in erecting the present building. A man who had been working all day must have some enjoyment, and they should provide it as best suited to the taste ;' (in the next article the public are required to accommodate their tastes to the nutriment,) 'and, therefore, as these were the objects of the present establishment, they deserved hearty sympathy and support.'

"A fancy fair was then opened, which will extend over three days, in aid of the objects of the institution."

IV. "ADULTERATED BUTTER.—The manufacture of those unpleasant compounds, 'butterine,' 'margarine,' and their congeners, is, we hear, making rapid progress. Indeed, there seems a dismal probability that these objectionable compounds will soon almost entirely supersede the genuine article in the market. To a large extent, the public will be absolutely compelled by circumstances *to accommodate their tastes to this new form of nutriment*. They may be quite ready to pay, as at present, 1s. 10d. to 2s. per lb. for the best Devonshire or Aylesbury, but the option will no longer remain in their hands. Here is the *modus operandi* by which a malevolent fate is compassing the perpetual nausea of butter *gourmets*. To manufacture butterine and margarine, the first step is to obtain a supply of real butter. This must be of the finest quality. Inferior descriptions do not sufficiently disguise the rank flavour of the fat which forms about nine-tenths of the manufactured article. Having procured a sufficient quantity of prime Devonshire, the manufacturer next

proceeds to amalgamate it with beef-fat, until he has obtained a product marvellously resembling pure butter. This nasty stuff costs about 6*d.* per lb., and the manufacturer, therefore, makes a handsome profit by retailing it at from 10*d.* to 1*s.* per lb. to that large class of the community which believes in the saving efficacy of small economies. The quantity of first-class butter in the market is strictly limited, and is incapable of being increased. Already the demand almost outruns the supply, as is proved by the high price commanded by such descriptions in the market. What, then, will be the result when the manufacturers of shoddy butter come to bid for the article? Some experts go so far as to predict that Devonshire butter will fetch 3*s.* per lb. before another twelve months, through the operation of this competition. On the other hand, inferior sorts will be altogether driven out of the market by the new compound, which is, we believe, more palatable, and 50 per cent. cheaper. Under these depressing circumstances, we can but trust some other means may be found for disguising the rancid taste of beef fat. It would be hard, indeed, if butter connoisseurs in moderate circumstances were condemned to the Hobson's choice of margarine or nothing."—*Land and Water.*

Very hard indeed; but inevitable, with much other hardness, under modern conditions of prosperity.

I must briefly explain to you the error under which our press-writers and the Chancellor of the Exchequer and Mr. Goldwin Smith are all labouring.

They have got into the quite infinitely and diabolically stupid habit of thinking that the increase of *money* is the increase of prosperity.

Suppose at this moment every man in Sheffield had a thousand pounds, in gold, put into his coat pockets. What would be the consequence? 'You would all buy all you wanted'?

But do you think all you want is in Sheffield, then? You would gobble up all the turtle—first come first served—drink all the beer, dress your wives in all the silks, and then in a little while—Stand staring at each other, with nothing to eat, drink, or put on, shaking your gold in your pockets. ‘You would send somewhere else’? Yes, I dare say; but then, mind you, the prosperity is to be universal. Everybody in Bradford and Halifax has a thousand pounds in *his* pocket, and all the turtle and beer are gone, long ago, there, too.

‘Oh—but you would send abroad’? Yes, I dare say. But the prosperity is to be world-wide: everybody in France has a thousand pounds in *his* pockets, and all the turtle and champagne are gone there, too, since yesterday at five o’clock—and everything is at famine prices everywhere, and will soon be—for no price to be had anywhere. *That* is your ‘universal prosperity,’ according to the word of the devil. But the word of God is that the increase of prosperity is increase, not of money, but money’s worth.

V. Several of my readers have asked me to write a letter to boys as well as to girls. Here is some advice respecting them, which I cannot better.

“A PLEA FOR BOYS.—The Rev. Thomas Street sends to the ‘New York Christian Union’ ‘A Plea for Boys,’ in the course of which he says:—‘Every boy, if he is in sound health, has an excess of energy which must find an outlet. The mother is alarmed and worried at what she calls his mischievous proclivities. He is always breaking things, is never still, is always in the way, wanting to act outside of household law. He keeps the good mother and sister in a constant fever. Their *bête noire* is a rainy day, when Charley can’t go outdoors to play; a school vacation is a burden hard to be borne, and the result is, Charley must be packed off to a distant boarding school, not so much for his



education, but to get rid of him. If, as we hold, the interests of husband and wife are one, and it is essential to train the girl for wifehood in all household duties, it is equally so to train the boy for his part in the same direction. He should be under the law of home order, taught to be as neat and tidy as the girl; to arrange his bed-clothing and furniture, instead of leaving it to his sister to do. He should have provided him needles, thread, and buttons, and be taught their use, that he may not be subjected in manhood to that terror of nervous men, a buttonless shirt. He should take lessons from the cook, and be capable of preparing a wholesome dinner. He should learn how to do the multitude of little things that are constantly demanding attention in the house. There is no knowledge, however trivial, that will not at some time come into service. It is said that a "Jack of all trades is master of none," but he need not make himself master. He may know enough of the general principle of mechanics to be able to repair wastes, and keep things in order. If a swollen door sticks, he should know how to ease it. If a hinge creaks, how to get at it and stop its music. If a lock or a clock is out of repair, how to take it to pieces and arrange it properly. If a pipe or a pan leaks, how to use iron and solder for its benefit. If the seams of a tub are open, how to cooper it. If a glass is broken in a sash, how to set another. How to hang paper on walls, and use brush and paint and putty. How to make a fire, and lay a carpet, and hang a curtain. Every boy may learn enough of these things to do away with the necessity of calling a cobbling mechanic to his house when he is a man. And he will delight to learn them. He will take infinite pleasure in the employment. Nothing makes a boy feel so proud as to be able to do things. His workshop will be his paradise. He will have his mind occupied and amused with utilities. He will be led to think, to reflect, and invent. Neither need this interfere with his studies or his plays; he will pursue and enjoy them with



more zest. It is idleness, aimlessness, that is ruining our boys. With nothing attractive to do at home, they are in the streets or in worse places, expending their energies and feeding their desires for entertainment upon follies.’”

VI. The following letter, from one of our brave and gentle companions, has encouraged me in my own duties, and will, I trust, guide no less than encourage others in their’s:—

“SCARBOROUGH, *Whit Sunday*, 1877.

“DEAR MASTER,—I write to acquaint you with our removal from Skelton to Scarborough, and how it happened. At Newby Hall Farm (where I was employed as carpenter) is a steam-engine which they use for thrashing, chopping, pumping and sawing purposes; the blacksmith acts as engineer. It got out somehow that I understood engines and machinery; and the blacksmith at times was busy shoeing horses when he was wanted at the engine, so I was asked to attend to it for an hour or so, which I did at frequent intervals. In April, 1876, we got a change in farm manager—a regular steam-go-ahead sort of a man, with great ideas of ‘modern improvements,’ and with him more work to be done through the engine, which used to work two or three days a month, but now three or four days a week, and I came to be looked upon by him as engineer. I remonstrated with him two or three times, telling him that it was quite contrary to my views and wishes, and that I hoped he would free me from it. Well, winter comes, with its wet weather, and the labourers, numbering about thirty, had to work out in all the bad weather, or else go home and lose their pay of course, the engine all the time hard at work doing that which they very comfortably might be doing under cover, and so saving them from hunger or rheumatism. Well, this sort of thing cut me up very much, and my wife and I

talked the matter over several times, and we were determined that I should do it no longer, let the consequence be what it may; so at Christmas I told him that with the closing year I should finish with the engine. He said he was very sorry, etc., but if I did I should have to leave altogether. On New Year's morning he asked me if I was determined on what I said, and I answered yes; so he told me to pack my tools and go, and so ended my work at Newby Hall Farm. The parson and one or two kindly wishing ladies wished to intercede for me, but I told them that I did not desire it, for I meant what I said, and he understood me. Well, I sought about for other employment, and eventually started work here at Scarborough with Mr. Bland, joiner and builder, and we have got nicely settled down again, with a full determination to steer clear of steam.

“Remaining yours humbly,

“JOHN GUY.

“J. Ruskin, Esq.”



# FORS CLAVIGERA.

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## LETTER LXXIX.

HERNE HILL, 18th June, 1877.

SOME time since, at Venice, a pamphlet on social subjects was sent me by its author—expecting my sympathy, or by way of bestowing on me his own. I cut the following sentence out of it, which, falling now out of my pocket-book, I find presented to me by Fors as a proper introduction to things needing further declaration this month.

“It is indeed a most blessed provision that men will not work without wages ; if they did, society would be overthrown from its roots. A man who would give his labour for nothing would be a social monster.”

This sentence, although written by an extremely foolish, and altogether insignificant, person, is yet, it seems to me, worth preserving, as one of the myriad voices, more and more unanimous daily, of a society which is itself a monster ; founding itself on the New

Commandment, Let him that hateth God, hate his brother also.

A society to be indeed overthrown from its roots ; and out of which, my Sheffield workmen, you are now called into this very 'monstrosity' of labour, not for wages, but for the love of God and man : and on this piece of British ground, freely yielded to you, to free-heartedness of unselfish toil.

Looking back to the history of guilds of trade in England, and of Europe generally, together with that of the great schools of Venice, I perceive the real ground of their decay to have lain chiefly in the conditions of selfishness and isolation which were more or less involved in their vow of fraternity, and their laws of apprenticeship. And in the outset of your labour here on St. George's ground, I must warn you very earnestly against the notion of 'co-operation' as the policy of a privileged number of persons for their own advantage. You have this land given you for your work that you may do the best you can for *all* men ; you are bound by certain laws of work, that the 'best you can' may indeed be good and exemplary : and although I shall endeavour to persuade you to accept nearly every law of the old guilds, that acceptance, I trust, will be with deeper understanding of the wide purposes of so narrow fellowship ; and, (if the thought is not too foreign to your present temper,) more in the spirit of a body of monks gathered for missionary service, than of a body of



tradesmen gathered for the promotion even of the honestest and usefullest trade.

It is indeed because I have seen you to be capable of co-operation, and to have conceived among yourselves the necessity of severe laws for its better enforcement, that I have determined to make the first essay of St. George's work at Sheffield. But I do not think you have yet learned that such unity of effort can only be vital or successful when organized verily for the "interests of England"—not for your own; and that the mutiny against co-operative law which you have hitherto selfishly, and therefore guiltily, sought to punish, is indeed to be punished for precisely the same reasons as mutiny in the Channel Fleet.

I noticed that there was some report of such a thing the other day,—but discredited by the journals in which it appeared, on the ground of the impossibility that men trained as our British sailors are, should disobey their officers, unless under provocation which no modern conditions of the service could involve. How long is it to be before these virtues of loyalty and obedience shall be conceived as capable of development, no less in employments which have some useful end, and fruitful power, than in those which are simply the moral organization of massacre, and the mechanical reduplication of ruin?

When I wrote privately to one of your representatives, the other day, that Abbeydale was to be

yielded to your occupation rent-free,\* you received the announcement with natural, but, I must now tell you, with thoughtless, gratitude. I ask you no rent for this land, precisely as a captain of a ship of the line asks no rent for her deck, cleared for action. You are called into a Christian ship of war;—not hiring a corsair's hull, to go forth and rob on the high seas. And you will find the engagements you have made only tenable by a continual reference to the cause for which you are contending,—not to the advantage you hope to reap.

But observe also, that while you suffer as St. George's soldiers, he answers for your lives, as every captain must answer for the lives of his soldiers. Your ranks shall not be thinned by disease or famine, uncared for,—any more than those of the Life Guards: and the simple question for each one of you, every day, will be, not how he and his family are to live, for your bread and water will be sure; but how much good service you can do to your country. You will have only to consider, each day, how much, with an earnest day's labour, you can produce, of any useful things you are able to manufacture. These you are to sell at absolutely fixed prices, for ready money only; and whatever stock remains unsold at the end of the year, over and above the due store for the next, you are to give away,

\* Practically so. The tenants must legally be bound to pay the same rent as on the other estates of St. George; but in this case, the rents will be entirely returned to the estate, for its own advantage; not diverted into any other channels of operation.

through such officers of distribution as the society shall appoint.

You can scarcely, at present, having been all your lives, hitherto, struggling for security of mere existence, imagine the peace of heart which follows the casting out of the element of selfishness as the root of action ; but it is peace, observe, only, that is promised to you, not at all necessarily, or at least primarily, *joy*. You shall find rest unto your souls when first you take on you the yoke of Christ ; but joy only when you have borne it as long as He wills, and are called to enter into the joy of your Lord.

That such promises should have become all but incredible to most of you, is the necessary punishment of the disobedience to the plainest orders of God, in which you have been taught by your prophets, and permitted by your priests, to live for the last quarter of a century. But that this incredibility should be felt as no calamity,—but rather benefit and emancipation ; and that the voluble announcement of vile birth and eternal death as the origin and inheritance of man, should be exulted over as a new light of the eyes and strength of the limbs ; *this* sometimes, after all that I have resolved, is like to paralyse me into silence—mere horror and inert winter of life.

I am going presently to quote to you, with reference to the accounts of what I have been last doing for your Museum, (Article I. of Correspondence,)

some sentences of an admirable letter which has been just put into my hands, though it appeared on the 27th of February last, in the 'Manchester Guardian.' An admirable letter, I repeat, in its general aim; and in much of its text;—closing, nevertheless, with the sorrowful admission in the sentence italicized in following extract,—its writer appearing wholly unconscious of the sorrowfulness of it.

"That art had, as we believe, great popularity in Greece—that it had, as we know, such popularity in Italy—was in great measure owing to its representing personages and events known to all classes. Statue and picture were the illustration of tales, the text of which was in every memory. *For our working men no such tales exist*, though it may be hoped that to the children now in our schools a few heroic actions of great Englishmen will be as well known, when, a few years hence, the children are men and women, as the lives of the saints were to Italian workmen of the fifteenth century, or the hunting in Calydon and the labours of Hercules to Athenians, twenty-three hundred years ago."

"For our working men, no such tales exist." Is that, then, admittedly and conclusively true? Are Englishmen, by order of our school-board, never more to hear of Hercules,—of Theseus,—of Atrides—or the tale of Troy? Nor of the lives of the saints neither? They are to pass their years now as a tale that is

*not* told—are they? The tale of St. Mary and St. Magdalen—the tale of St. John and his first and last mother\*—the tale of St. John's Master, on whose breast he leant? Are all forgotten then? *and* for the English workman, is it to be assumed in the outset of benevolent designs for 'improving his character' that "no such tales exist"?

And those other tales, which *do* exist—good Manchester friend,—tales *not* of the saints? Of the Magdalens who love—*not* much; and the Marys, who never waste anything; and the "heroic Englishmen" who feel the "interests of England" to be—their own?—You will have pictures of these, you think, for improvement of our working mind. Alas, good friend, but where is your painter to come from? You have forgotten, in the quaintest way, to ask *that*! When you recognize as our inevitable fate that we shall no more "learn in our childhood, as the Italians did, at once grateful reverence for the love of Christ, the sufferings of the Virgin, or the patient courage of the saints," and yet would endeavour to comfort us in the loss of these learnings by surrounding us with "beautiful things"—you have not told us who shall make them! You tell us that the Greeks were surrounded with beautiful objects. True; but the Greeks must have *made* them

\* "Then came unto him the mother of the two sons of Zebedee, beseeching him."

"Then saith he to that disciple, Behold, thy mother."



before they could be surrounded by them. How did they so? The Romans stole them, in the spirit of conquest; and we buy them—in the spirit of trade. But the Greek and the Italian *created* them. By what spirit?—they?

Although attempting no answer to this ultimate question, the immediate propositions in the paper are, as I have said, admirable; and in the comments with which I must accompany what I now quote of it, please understand that I am not opposing the writer, but endeavouring to lead him on the traces of his hitherto right thoughts, into their true consequences.

The sentences quoted above are part of a description of England, in which I leave them now to take their proper place.

“What are the conditions under which art is now studied? We meet in no temples adorned with statues of gods, whose forms are at the same time symbols of divine power and types of earthly beauty. (*a*) Our eyes are not trained to judge sculpture by watching the lithe

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(*a*) In his presently following proposals for “a better system,” the writer leaves many of these calamitous conditions unspoken of, assuming them, presumably, to be irretrievable. And *this* first one, that we do not meet in temples, etc., he passes in such silence.

May I at least suggest that if we cannot have any graven images of gods, at least, since the first of the

strong limbs of athletes. (*b*) We do not learn in our childhood, as the Italians did, at once grateful reverence for the love of Christ, the sufferings of the Virgin, the patient courage of the saints, and admiration of the art that shadowed them forth. But we have the Royal Institution in Mosley Street, and its annual exhibition of pictures and sculpture. We have far less leisure than the contemporaries of Raphael or of Praxiteles. (*c*) Our eyes rest patiently on the unmeaning and ugly forms of

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Latter-day pamphlets, we might have demolished those of our various Hudsons.

(*b*) The writer feels instinctively, but his readers might not gather the implied inference, that locomotives, however swift, as substitutes for legs, and rifles or torpedoes, however effective and far-reaching as substitutes for arms, cannot,—by some extraordinary appointments of Providence in the matter of taste,—be made subjects of heroic sculpture.

(*c*) Why, my friend? Does not Mr. Goldwin Smith declare (see last *Fors*, p. 172) that “there has been nothing in the commercial history of any country, of either ancient or modern times, that would compare with the mass of opulence of England of the present day”?—and cannot opulence purchase leisure? It is true that Mr. Goldwin Smith is a goose; and his inquiries into the commercial history of ancient and modern times have never reached so far as the origin even of adulteration

modern furniture, on soot-begrimed and hideous houses, on a stratum of smoke-laden air that usurps the name of sky. (*d*) The modern system of landscape painting,

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of butter; (Look back, by the way, to my former notes on Isaiah vii. 15; and just take these farther little contributions on the subject. The other day, in the Hotel de la Poste at Brieg, I had a nice girl-waitress from the upper Valais; to whom, having uttered complaint of the breakfast honey being watery and brown, instead of sugary and white, "What!" she said, in self-reproachful tone, "have I brought you 'du clair'?" and running briskly away, returned presently with a clod of splendid saccharine snow. "Well, but tell me then, good Louise, what do they put in their honey to make this mess of it, that they gave you first for me?" "Carrots, I believe, sir," she answered, bravely; and I was glad to hear it was no worse;) but, though Mr. Goldwin Smith *be* a goose, and though, instead of an opulent nation, we are indeed too poor to buy fresh butter, or eat fresh meat,—is even that any reason why we should have no leisure? What are all our machines for, then? Can we do in ten minutes, without man or horse, what a Greek could not have done in a year, with all the king's horses and all the king's men?—and is the result of all this magnificent mechanism, only that we have "far less leisure"?

(*d*) One of the most grotesque consequences of this

the modern use of water-colour, alone suffice to make an intelligent knowledge of art far more difficult than it was two hundred years ago. (*e*) Yet we act as if we believed that by strolling for a few hours a day, on a few days in the year, through a collection of pictures most of which are bad, and by carelessly looking at a few pictures of our own, we can learn to understand and be interested in more forms of art than Da Vinci or Michael Angelo would have tried to master, at a time when art still confined itself to familiar and noble subjects, and had not yet taken the whole universe for its province. (*f*)

“Is no better system possible? It is, I believe, as

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total concealment of the sky, with respect to art, is the hatred of the modern landscape painter for blue colour! I walked through the Royal Academy yesterday; and found that, in all the landscapes, the sky was painted like a piece of white wall plaster.

(*e*) Probably the modern use of landscape painting, and the modern use of water-colour, are wrong, then. The use of good landscape painting is to make the knowledge of nature easier,—not the knowledge of art more difficult,—than it was in earlier days.

(*f*) I do not myself observe any petulant claims on the part of modern art to take the universe for its province. It appears to me, on the contrary, to be principally occupied in its own dining-room, dressing-room, and drawing-room.

certain that in the last twenty years we have learnt to better understand good music, and to love it more, as that in the same time our knowledge and love of pictures have not increased. *The reason is easily found. Our music has been chosen for us by masters, and our pictures have been chosen by ourselves.* (g) If we can imagine exhibitions where good, bad, and indifferent symphonies, quartets, and songs could be heard, not more imperfectly

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(g) I have italicized this sentence, a wonderful admission from an Englishman ; and indeed the gist of the whole matter. But the statement that our pictures have been chosen by ourselves is not wholly true. It was so, in the days when English amateurs filled their houses with Teniers, Rubens, and Guido, and might more cheaply have bought Angelico and Titian. But we have not been masterless of late years ; far from it. The suddenly luminous idea that Art might possibly be a lucrative occupation, secured the submission of England to such instruction as, with that object, she could procure : and the Professorship of Sir Henry Cole at Kensington has corrupted the system of art-teaching all over England into a state of abortion and falsehood from which it will take twenty years to recover. The Professorships also of Messrs. Agnew at Manchester have covered the walls of that metropolis with "exchangeable property" on the exchanges of which the dealer always made his commission, and of which perhaps one canvas in a hundred



than pictures good, bad, and indifferent are seen at the Academy, and works to which at a concert we must listen for twenty minutes were to be listened through in as many seconds or indeed by an ear glance at a few bars, can we doubt that pretty tunes would be more popular than the finest symphonies of Beethoven, or the loveliest of Schubert's songs?

"It is surely possible (*h*) to find a man or men who will

is of some intrinsic value, and may be hereafter put to good and permanent use. But the first of all conditions, for this object, is that the Manchester men *should*, for a little while, 'choose for themselves'! That they should buy nothing with intent to sell it again; and that they should buy it of the artist only, face to face with him; or from the exhibition wall by direct correspondence with him.\*

(*h*) Perfectly possible; if first you will take the pains to ascertain that the person who is to guide you in painting, can paint, as you ascertained of Mr. Hallé that he could play. You did not go to the man at

\* The existence of the modern picture dealer is impossible in any city or country where art is to prosper; but some day I hope to arrange a 'bottega' for the St. George's Company, in which water-colour drawings shall be sold, none being received at higher price than fifty guineas, nor at less than six,—(Prout's old fixed standard for country dealers,)—and at the commission of one guinea to the shopkeeper, paid by the buyer; on the understanding that the work is, by said shopkeeper, known to be good, and warranted as such; just as simply as a dealer in cheese or meat answers for the quality of those articles.

guide us in our study of pictures as Mr. Hallé has guided us in our study of music,—who will place before us good pictures, and carefully guard us from seeing bad. A collection of a dozen pictures in oil and water colour, each excellent of its kind, each with an explanation of what its painter most wished to show, of his method of work, of his reasons for choosing his point of view, and for each departure from the strictest possible accuracy in imitation, written by men of fit nature and training—such a collection would be of far greater help to those people who desire to study art than any number of ordinary exhibitions of pictures. Men who by often looking at these few works, knew them well, would have learnt more of painting, and would have a safer standard by which to

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the music shop, and pay him fifty guineas commission for recommending you a new tune, did you? But what else than that have you ever done, with respect to painting? I once, for instance, myself, took the trouble to recommend the burghers of Liverpool to buy a Raphael. As nobody had paid, or was to pay me, any commission for my recommendation, they looked on it as an impertinence; printed it—though written as a private letter to a personal friend,—made what jest they could out of it, declared the picture was cracked, left it to crack farther, bought more David Coxes, and got an amateur lecturer next year to lecture to them on the beauties of Raphael.

judge other pictures, than is often learnt and gained by those who are not painters. Such a collection would not need a costly building for its reception, so that in each of our parks a small gallery of the kind might be formed, which might, of course, also contain a few good engravings, good vases, and good casts, each with a carefully written explanation of our reasons for thinking it good. Then, perhaps, in a few years, authority would do for these forms of art what it has done for music. But many other lessons could at the same time be taught. None is of greater importance than that beautiful form in the things that surround us can give us as much, if not as high, pleasure, as that in pictures and statues ;—that our sensibility for higher forms of beauty is fostered by everything beautiful that gives us pleasure ;—and that the culti-

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But if you will get once quit of your precious British idea that your security is in the dealer's commission on the cost, you may get help and authority easily enough. If you look at Number VI. of my 'Mornings in Florence,' you will see that I speak with somewhat mortified respect of my friend Mr. Charles F. Murray, as knowing more, in many ways, of Italian pictures than I do myself. You may give *him* any sum you like to spend in Italian pictures,—you will find that none of it sticks to his fingers: that every picture he buys for you is a good one; and that he will charge you simply for his time.

vation of a sense of beauty is not necessarily costly, but is as possible for people of moderate incomes as for the rich. Why should not the rooms in which pictures are shown be furnished as the rooms are furnished in which the few English people of cultivated love of art live, so that we may learn from them that the difference between beautiful and ugly wall papers, carpets, curtains, vases, chairs, and tables is as real as the difference between good and bad pictures? In hundreds of people there is dormant a sensibility to beauty that this would be enough to awaken.

“Of our working classes, comparatively few ever enter a gallery of pictures, and unless a sense of beauty can be awakened by other means, the teaching of the School of Art is not likely to be sought by many people of that class. In our climate, home, and not gallery or piazza, is the place where the influence of art must be felt. To carry any forms of art into the homes of working people would a few years ago have been impossible. Happily we have seen lately the creation of schools and workmen’s clubs, destined, we may hope, to be as truly parts of their homes as public-houses have been, and as their cramped houses are. Our schools are already so well managed that probably many children pass in them the happiest hours they know. In those large, airy rooms let us place a few beautiful casts, a few drawings of subjects, if possible, that the elder children read of in their lessons, a few vases or pretty screens. By gifts of a

few simple things of this kind, of a few beautiful flowers beautifully arranged, the love and the study of art will be more helped than by the gift of twenty times their cost to the building fund of an art gallery."

From the point where my last note interrupted it, the preceding letter is all admirable; and the passage respecting choice and explanation of pictures, the most valuable I have ever seen printed in a public journal on the subject of the Arts. But let me strongly recommend the writer to put out of his thoughts, for the time, all questions of beautiful furniture and surroundings. Perfectly simple shelter, under the roughest stones and timber that will keep out the weather, is at present the only wholesome condition of private life. Let there be no assumptions of anything, or attempts at anything, but cleanliness, health, and honesty, both in person and possession. Then, whatever you can afford to spend for education in art, give to good masters, and leave them to do the best they can for you: and what you can afford to spend for the splendour of your city, buy grass, flowers, sea, and sky with. No art of man is possible without those primal Treasures of the art of God.

I must not close this letter without noting some of the deeper causes which may influence the success of an effort made this year in London, and in many respects on sound principles, for the promulgation of



Art-knowledge ; the opening, namely, of the Grosvenor Gallery.

In the first place, it has been planned and is directed by a gentleman\* in the true desire to help the artists and better the art of his country :—not as a commercial speculation. Since in this main condition it is right, I hope success for it ; but in very many secondary matters it must be set on different footing before its success can be sure.

Sir Coutts Lindsay is at present an amateur both in art and shopkeeping. He must take up either one or the other business, if he would prosper in either. If he intends to manage the Grosvenor Gallery rightly, he must not put his own works in it until he can answer for their quality : if he means to be a painter, he must not at present superintend the erection of public buildings, or amuse himself with their decoration by china and upholstery. The upholstery of the Grosvenor Gallery is poor in itself ; and very grievously injurious to the best pictures it contains, while its glitter as unjustly veils the vulgarity of the worst.

In the second place, it is unadvisable to group the works of each artist together. The most original of painters repeat themselves in favourite dexterities,—the most excellent of painters forget themselves in habitual errors : and it is unwise to exhibit in too

\* As also, by the way, the Fine-art gallery by my friend Mr. Huish, who means no less well.

close sequence the monotony of their virtues, and the obstinacy of their faults. In some cases, of course, the pieces of intended series illustrate and enhance each other's beauty,—as notably the Gainsborough Royal Portraits last year; and the really beautiful ones of the three sisters, by Millais, in this gallery. But in general it is better that each painter should, in fitting places, take his occasional part in the pleasantness of the picture-concert, than at once run through all his pieces, and retire.

In the third place, the pictures of scholars ought not to be exhibited together with those of their masters; more especially in cases where a school is so distinct as that founded by Mr. Burne Jones, and contains many elements definitely antagonistic to the general tendencies of public feeling. Much that is noble in the expression of an individual mind, becomes contemptible as the badge of a party; and although nothing is more beautiful or necessary in the youth of a painter than his affection and submission to his teacher, his own work, during the stage of subservience, should never be exhibited where the master's may be either confused by the frequency, or disgraced by the fallacy, of its echo.

Of the estimate which should be formed of Mr. Jones's own work, I have never, until now, felt it my duty to speak; partly because I knew that the persons who disliked it were incapable of being taught better; and partly because I could not myself wholly determine how

far the qualities which are to many persons so repulsive, were indeed reprehensible.

His work, first, is simply the only art-work at present produced in England which will be received by the future as 'classic' in its kind,—the best that has been, or could be. I think those portraits by Millais may be immortal, (if the colour is firm,) but only in such subordinate relation to Gainsborough and Velasquez, as Bonifazio, for instance, to Titian. But the action of imagination of the highest power in Burne Jones, under the conditions of scholarship, of social beauty, and of social distress, which necessarily aid, thwart, and colour it, in the nineteenth century, are alone in art,—unrivalled in their kind; and I *know* that these will be immortal, as the best things the mid-nineteenth century in England could do, in such true relations as it had, through all confusion, retained with the paternal and everlasting Art of the world.

Secondly. Their faults are, so far as I can see, inherent in them as the shadow of their virtues;—not consequent on any error which we should be wise in regretting, or just in reproving. With men of consummately powerful imagination, the question is always, between finishing one conception, or partly seizing and suggesting three or four: and among all the great inventors, Botticelli is the only one who never allowed conception to interfere with completion. All the others, —Giotto, Masaccio, Luini, Tintoret, and Turner, permit

themselves continually in slightness ; and the resulting conditions of execution ought, I think, in every case to be received as the best possible, under the given conditions of imaginative force. To require that any one of these Days of Creation should have been finished as Bellini or Carpaccio would have finished it, is simply to require that the other Days should not have been begun.

Lastly, the mannerisms and errors of these pictures, whatever may be their extent, are never affected or indolent. The work is natural to the painter, however strange to us ; and it is wrought with utmost conscience of care, however far, to his own or our desire, the result may yet be incomplete. Scarcely so much can be said for any other pictures of the modern schools : their eccentricities are almost always in some degree forced ; and their imperfections gratuitously, if not impertinently, indulged. For Mr. Whistler's own sake, no less than for the protection of the purchaser, Sir Coutts Lindsay ought not to have admitted works into the gallery in which the ill-educated conceit of the artist so nearly approached the aspect of wilful imposture. I have seen, and heard, much of Cockney impudence before now ; but never expected to hear a coxcomb ask two hundred guineas for flinging a pot of paint in the public's face.

Among the minor works carefully and honourably finished in this gallery, M. Heilbuth's are far the best,

but I think M. Tissot's require especial notice, because their dexterity and brilliancy are apt to make the spectator forget their conscientiousness. Most of them are, unhappily, mere coloured photographs of vulgar society; but the 'Strength of Will,' though sorely injured by the two subordinate figures, makes me think the painter capable, if he would obey his graver thoughts, of doing much that would, with real benefit, occupy the attention of that part of the French and English public whose fancy is at present caught only by Gustave Doré. The rock landscape by Millais has also been carefully wrought, but with exaggeration of the ligneous look of the rocks. Its colour as a picture, and the sense it conveys of the real beauty of the scene, are both grievously weakened by the white sky; already noticed as one of the characteristic errors of recent landscape. But the spectator may still gather from them some conception of what this great painter might have done, had he remained faithful to the principles of his school when he first led its onset. Time was, he could have painted every herb of the rock, and every wave of the stream, with the precision of Van-Eyck, and the lustre of Titian.

And such animals as he drew,—for perfectness and ease of action, and expression of whatever in them had part in the power or the peace of humanity! He could have painted the red deer of the moor, and the lamb of the fold, as never man did yet in this world. You will



never know what you have lost in him. But landscape, and living creature, and the soul of man,—you are like to lose them all, soon. I had many things to say to you in this Fors;—of the little lake of Thirlmere, and stream of St. John's Vale, which Manchester, in its zeal for art, is about to drain from their mountain-fields into its water-closets (make pictures of those, will you then, my Manchester friends?); so also for educational purposes, here in the fine West of London, the decent burghers place their middle-class girls' school at the end of Old Burlington Street, and put a brutal head, to make mouths at them, over its door. *There*, if you will think of it, you may see the complete issue of Sir Henry Cole's professorship at Kensington. This is the best your Modern Art can write—of divine inscription over the strait gate—for its girl-youth! But I have no more time, nor any words bitter enough, to speak rightly of the evil of these things; and here have Fors and St. Theodore been finding, for me, a little happy picture of sacred animal life, to end with for this time. It is from a lovely story of a country village and its good squire and gentle priest—told by one of my dear friends, and every word of it true,—in 'Baily's Magazine' for this month.\* It is mostly concerning a Derby Favourite, and is a strait lesson in chivalry throughout;—but this is St. Theodore's bit of it. The horse had been sent down to Doncaster to run for the

\* Magazine—or Miscellany. I forget which.

St. Leger, and there went off his feed, and became restless and cheerless,—so that every one thought he had been ‘got at.’ One of the stable-boys, watching him, at last said, “He’s a-looking for his kitten.” The kitten was telegraphed for, and sent down, two hundred miles. “The moment it was taken out of its basket and saw the horse, it jumped on his back, ran over his head, and was in the manger in a moment, and began patting his nose.” And the horse took to his feed again, and was as well as ever—and won the race.

## NOTES AND CORRESPONDENCE.

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### I. Affairs of the Company.

I have obtained the kind consent of Mr. George Baker (at present the Mayor of Birmingham), to accept Trusteeship for us, such Trusteeship being always understood as not implying any general consent in the principles of the Company, but only favourable sympathy in its main objects. Our second Trustee will be Mr. Q. Talbot, virtually the donor, together with his mother, who has so zealously helped us in all ways, of our little rock-estate at Barmouth. I am just going down to see the twenty acres which Mr. Baker has also given us in Worcestershire. It is woodland, of which I have ordered the immediate clearing of about the fourth part; this is being done under Mr. Baker's kind superintendence: the cheque for £100 under date 5th May in the subjoined accounts is for this work.

At last our legal position is, I think, also secure. Our solicitors have been instructed by Mr. Barber to apply to the Board of Trade for a licence under sec. 23 of the "Companies Act, 1867." The conditions of licence stated in that section appear to have been drawn up precisely for the convenience of the St. George's Company, and the terms of it are clearer than any I have yet been able to draw up myself, as follows:—

"The income and property of the Association, whencesoever derived, shall be applied solely towards the promotion of the objects of the Association as set forth in this memorandum of association; and no portion thereof shall be paid or transferred

directly or indirectly, by way of dividend, or bonus, or otherwise howsoever by way of profit, to the persons who at any time are or have been members of the Association, or to any of them, or to any person claiming through any of them.

“Provided that nothing herein shall prevent the payment, in good faith, of remuneration to any officers or servants of the Association, or to any member of the Association, or other person, in return for any services actually rendered to the Association.”

There will not, in the opinion of our lawyers, be any difficulty in obtaining the sanction of the Board of Trade under this Act ; but I remain myself prepared for the occurrence of new points of formal difficulty ; and must still and always pray the Companions to remember that the real strength of the Society is in its resolved and vital unity ; not in the limits of its external form.

I must enter into more particulars than I have space for, to-day, respecting the position of some of our poorer Companions, before explaining some of the smaller items of wages in the subjoined account. The principal sums have been paid to Mr. Swan for the gradual furnishing of the Museum ; and to artists at Venice for drawings made for its art gallery. But for £100 of the £150 last paid to Mr. Murray, I have also secured, with his assistance, a picture of extreme value that has been hitherto overlooked in the Manfrini gallery ; and clearly kept for us by Fors, as the exactly right picture on the possession of which to found our Sheffield school of art. It is a Madonna by Verrocchio, the master of Lionardo da Vinci, of Lorenzo di Credi, and of Perugino, and the grandest metal-worker of Italy.

And it is entirely pure and safe for us ; but will need carefullest securing of the tempera colour on its panel before it can be moved : it cannot, therefore, reach Sheffield till the autumn. The other works bought for the Museum will be there in the course of this month.

THE UNION BANK OF LONDON (CHANCERY LANE BRANCH) IN ACCOUNT WITH THE  
ST. GEORGE'S FUND.

*Notes and Correspondence.*

207

<i>Dr.</i>	<i>£ s. d.</i>	<i>Cr.</i>	<i>£ s. d.</i>
1877.		1877.	
April 15. To Balance . . . .	657 16 8	April 23. By Power of attorney for sale of	
20. „ Per J. P. Stilwell . . . .	25 0 0	Consols . . . .	0 11 6
May 7. „ Per a Sheffield Silversmith, from		May 11. „ Postage of pass-book . . . .	0 0 3
Mr. H. Swan . . . .	0 4 0	„ „ Power of attorney for sale of	
11. „ Per Mr. Rydings, draft at Wol-		Consols . . . .	0 11 6
verhampton (Wilkins) . . . .	50 0 0	26. „ Mr. John Ruskin . . . .	400 0 0
18. „ Per Mr. Rydings, draft at Douglas		June 5. „ Deposit account . . . .	500 0 0
(less 10 <i>d.</i> , charges) . . . .	17 13 2	„ „ Mr. B. Bagshawe . . . .	2287 16 6
26. „ Proceeds of sale of Consols . . . .	2700 0 0		
June 8. „ Per Mr. Rydings, draft at Douglas		June 15. By Balance . . . .	298 12 3
(less 1 <i>s.</i> 10 <i>d.</i> , charges) . . . .	36 18 2		
	<u>£3487 12 0</u>		<u>£3487 12 0</u>

June 15. To Balance . . . . £298 12*s.* 3*d.*



JOHN RUSKIN, ESQ., IN ACCOUNT WITH ST. GEORGE'S FUND,  
FROM 1ST JANUARY TO 30TH JUNE, 1877.

<i>Dr.</i>		<i>Cr.</i>	
	£ s. d.		£ s. d.
1877.			
Jan. 6. To Dividend on £8000 Consols	118 10 0	Jan. 1. By Balance (see February Fors)	108 8 0
" " Subscriptions received from 1st		" Paid to Bankers as per contra (see	
January to 28th February (see		March Fors)	
March Fors) as per contra	430 4 7	" By Cheque to Bunney	430 4 7
May 26. " Cash per Trustees	400 0 0	Feb. 2. " Do. to Mrs. Talbot	25 0 0
	948 14 7	7. " Do. to Swan	80 12 0
		12. " Do. to Bunney	50 0 0
		18. " Do. to Bagshawe	40 0 0
		25. " Do. to Geddes	180 0 0
		March 5. " Do. to Graham	10 0 0
		" " Do. to Burdon	5 0 0
		April 18. " Do. to Bunney	5 0 0
		20. " Do. to Murray	25 0 0
		28. " Do. to Swan	25 0 0
		May 5. " Do. to Baker	50 0 0
		22. " Do. to Murray	100 0 0
June 30. To Balance	335 10 0		150 0 0
	£1284 4 7		£1284 4 7

June 30. By Balance due to Mr. Ruskin . £335 10s.

II. I have received several kind letters from correspondents, under the impression of my having definitely announced the discontinuance of *Fors* at the close of the year, encouraging me still to proceed with it. But I never said that it was to be discontinued;—only that it was to be completed at least into a well-abstracted and indexed first series of seven volumes. I cannot tell from day to day what I shall be able or shall be ordered to do or write: *Fors* will herself show me, when the time comes.

In the meantime, I have to thank my readers for the help given me by their assurance that the book is of use, in many ways which are little manifest to me.

III. The following portions of two letters from a kind and practised schoolmistress, now one of our Companions, are of extreme value :—

“BRISTOL, 19th April, 1877.

“Mothers indeed need first to understand and value their own children—strange as it seems to say so. Whether rich or poor, they seem to have no notion of what they are, or could be,—nor, certainly, of what they could *do*.

“Delighting much in all you say about goodness of work, generally, I rejoice in it especially, looking to what might be done by children, and what *will*, I trust, be done by them when rightly taught and trained.

“Those active energies which now so often show themselves in ‘naughtiness,’ and cause teachers such terrible trouble, might be turned to account for the best and highest purposes. Children are perfectly capable of excellent work, of many kinds,—and, as you say, of finding ‘play’ in it,—perhaps all that they would need, (though I am not quite prepared to say that).

“They could be made to understand the need of help, and

could give very real help indeed, in ways which I shall be only too happy to suggest, and make a beginning in, when a little less tied than at present. The difficulty is not at all with children, but with their parents, who never seem to think of, or care for, general needs, as in any way affecting educational work—at least, in its progress. And meanwhile, for lack of such training as can only come through the earnest following up of a worthy aim, the educational work itself suffers miserably.

“I find myself speaking of children and parents, rather than girls and mothers,—which may be partly accounted for from the fact that both boys and girls come under us in village schools, such as I have had most to do with. And this leads me also (following your direction) to suggest, first, that ‘mammās’ should teach their little girls to *care for their humbler brothers and sisters*,—which they would naturally do if not warned against them, as is, I fear, the rule. There are indeed obvious dangers in such contact as would seem right and natural; but here, again, your Oxford Lectures give sufficient direction—if it were but applied, (I mean where you speak of the danger of travelling on certain parts of the Continent).<sup>\*</sup> Kindly intercourse, even if somewhat imperfect and scanty, would soon lead to the discovery of ways of helping, besides the sympathy implied in it, far more valuable, if genuine, than the upper classes seem to have any idea of. But I am sure I am not saying too much when I repeat that, so far from being encouraged to care for ‘poor’ children, girls are studiously kept away from them, excepting for superficial kindnesses—mere gifts, etc. But many things might be given, too, with the greatest advantage to both parties, and at the smallest cost, if any, (pecuniary, at least,) to the giver. Are you aware of the shameful waste that goes on, quite as a rule, in the houses of those who leave domestic management largely to housekeepers and upper servants?—and

<sup>\*</sup> I forget, and don’t understand.

I fear that this is an increasing number. I have not entered far into this matter, but I know quite enough to make me miserable whenever I think of it. If 'young ladies' were instructed in the barest elements of 'domestic economy' rightly understood, they would soon lessen this evil, without being, necessarily, either very wise or very good. And if they were at all good and kind, they would at once think of ways of benefiting 'poor' people through their own economy.

"But nothing will stand in the place of free personal intercourse, for the securing of the full blessing; and this is the very thing that mammas shrink from entirely, for both themselves and their daughters.

"P.S.—I had meant to spare you a further infliction, but wish much to add a word about the true relations of young gentlefolks to servants, as nearest to them of the humbler class. Even nice girls are in the habit of behaving most unbecomingly towards them, and speak of them in a way which shows they are entirely at sea as to their real position and duty towards these 'neighbours.' And yet their power for good might be very great indeed in this direction, if but known and used; for, as you know, genuine sympathy will win its way at once with so-called inferiors. But is it not so throughout? 'Middle-class' people will never be won as long as there is such a barrier placed in their way of pride and exclusiveness.\* The *greater* and truer bond seems entirely sacrificed to the lesser distinction. See Oxford alone in evidence, which should teach in everything."

"Easter Monday.

"Education (and I will dare to use the word in writing to yourself) is no hopeless drudgery, but full of life and brightness, if at all properly understood. Some few of those who have to

\* Again, I don't quite understand. Does my correspondent mean servants by "Middle-class people"? and what has Oxford to do with it?

do with children would be able to follow me thus far. But even these few do not seem to see the connection there is between their work and the more general one—that which St. George is taking in hand.

“Everybody agrees that the people are to be helped upwards by ‘education’ (whatever may be meant by the word), and we are supposed to be doing something in England to forward that cause. We know too well that the work is not being done, all the time—looking to elementary schools, at least; but even supposing it were, it takes years for each child to be taught and trained, and the need of help is pressing. Children cannot be educated in a shorter time than they can grow up to be men and women; but meanwhile, even in a single year, teaching of the right sort would speak for itself as to general bettering. And its effects would extend at once in a way which ‘educators’ have no idea of at present, simply because they do not understand their craft. I know less than I thought I did a few years ago, but hope that this humble-looking admission will gain credence for me when I say that—though groping along with the rest—I have felt my way to facts enough to make me far more than hopeful about what may be done when free scope for right work is once secured.

“There is no need of extraordinary outlay, or even special ability in the teacher; all that is required is that the children should be handled wisely and kindly, and turned to account at once as *helpers in the work* with themselves.

“I really cannot feel happy in taking up your time with going into detail, at present, but am most thankful to be allowed to bear witness in this matter—so entirely misunderstood, as it seems to me. Through neglect of the grand rule given in St. Matt. vi. 33,\* so entirely applicable to aims with children,

\* “Seek ye first the kingdom of God.” My correspondent, in fear of being diffuse, has not enough explained her following meaning, namely, that the



we come short of success as regards the humblest attainments, the highest 'standard' in which, as set by Government, could be reached with the greatest ease, if any right way were taken."

IV. The following fragment of a letter I have been just writing to an old farmer-friend who is always lecturing me on the impossibility of reclaiming land on a small scale, may be perhaps of use to some other people :—

"You have never got it clearly into your head that the St. George's Company reclaims land, as it would build an hospital or erect a monument, for the public good ; and no more asks whether its work is to 'pay,' in reclaiming a rock into a field, than in quarrying one into a cathedral."

My friend tells me of some tremendous work with steam, in the Highlands, by the Duke of Sutherland, of which I must hear more before I speak.

parents' first effort in their child's education should be to make it a 'child of the kingdom.' I heard the other day of a little boy for whom good and affectionate parents had ordered that there should be a box of sweetmeats on the table of every room in the house, and a parcel of them under his pillow. They are now obliged to send him away for 'change of air,'—which might not have been necessary had they sought for him first the kingdom of God, and observed that it consisted not in meat and drink, nor in 'goodies,' but in 'joy in the Holy Ghost.'



# FORS CLAVIGERA.

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## LETTER LXXX.

BELLEFIELD, BIRMINGHAM, 16th July, 1877.

I NEVER yet sate down to write my Fors, or indeed to write anything, in so broken and puzzled a state of mind as that in which, this morning, I have been for the last ten minutes idly listening to the plash of the rain; and watching the workmen on the new Gothic school, which is fast blocking out the once pretty country view from my window.

I have been staying for two days with the good Mayor of Birmingham: and he has shown me St. George's land, his gift, in the midst of a sweet space of English hill and dale and orchard, yet unhurt by hand of man: and he has brought a representative group of the best men of Birmingham to talk to me; and they have been very kind to me, and have taught me much: and I feel just as I can fancy a poor Frenchman of some gentleness and sagacity might have felt, in Nelson's time,—taken prisoner by his mortal enemies, and

beginning to apprehend that there was indeed some humanity in Englishmen, and some providential and inscrutable reason for their existence.

You may think it strange that a two days' visit should produce such an effect on me; and say, (which indeed will be partly true,) that I ought to have made this visit before now. But, all things considered, I believe it has been with exactness, timely; and you will please remember that just in proportion to the quantity of work and thought we have spent on any subject, is the quantity we can farther learn about it in a little while, and the power with which new facts, or new light cast on those already known, will modify past conclusions. And when the facts are wholly trustworthy, and the lights thrown precisely where one asks for them, a day's talk may sometimes do as much as a year's work.

The one great fact which I have been most clearly impressed by, here, is the right-mindedness of these men, so far as they see what they are doing. There is no equivocation with their consciences,—no silencing of their thoughts in any wilful manner; nor, under the conditions apparent to them, do I believe it possible for them to act more wisely or faithfully. That some conditions, non-apparent to them, may give unexpectedly harmful consequences to their action, is wholly the fault of others.

Meantime, recovering myself as a good ship tries to do after she has been struck by a heavy sea, I must say to my Birmingham friends a few things which I could not,

while I was bent on listening and learning ;—could not, also, in courtesy, but after deliberation had : so that, in all our debate, I was under this disadvantage, that they could say to me, with full pleasure and frankness, all that was in their minds ; but I could not say, without much fear and pause, what was in mine. Of which unspoken regrets this is the quite initial and final one ; that all they showed me, and told me, of good, involved yet the main British modern idea that the master and his men should belong to two entirely different classes ; perhaps loyally related to and assisting each other ; but yet,—the one, on the whole, living in hardship—the other in ease ;—the one uncomfortable—the other in comfort ; —the one supported in its dishonourable condition by the hope of labouring through it to the higher one,—the other honourably distinguished by their success, and rejoicing in their escape from a life which must nevertheless be always (as they suppose,) led by a thousand to one\* of the British people. Whereas St. George, whether in Agriculture, Architecture, or Manufacture, concerns himself only with the life of the workman,—refers all to that,—measures all by that,—holds the Master, Lord, and King, only as an instrument for the ordering of that ; requires of Master, Lord, and King,

\* I do not use this as a rhetorical expression. Take the lower shopkeepers with the operatives, and add the great army of the merely helpless and miserable ; and I believe “a thousand to one” of the disgraced and unhappy poor to the honoured rich will be found a quite temperately expressed proportion.



the entire sharing and understanding of the hardship of that,—and his fellowship with it as the only foundation of his authority over it.

‘But we *have* been in it, some of us,—and know it, and have, by our patience——’

‘Won your escape from it.’ I am rude—but I know what you would say. Does then the Physician—the Artist—the Soldier—the good Priest—labour only for escape from his profession? Is not this manufacturing toil, as compared with all these, a despised one, and a miserable,—by the confession of all your efforts, and the proclamation of all your pride; and will you yet go on, if it may be, to fill England, from sea to sea, with this unhappy race, out of which you have risen?

‘But we cannot all be physicians, artists, or soldiers. How are we to live?’

Assuredly not in multitudinous misery. Do you think that the Maker of the world intended all but one in a thousand of His creatures to live in these dark streets; and the one, triumphant over the rest, to go forth alone into the green fields?

This was what I was thinking, and more than ever thinking, all the while my good host was driving me by Shenstone’s home, the Leasowes, into the vale of Severn; and telling me how happily far away St. George’s ground was, from all that is our present England’s life, and—pretended—glory. As we drove down the hill a little farther towards Bewdley, (Worcestershire

for 'Beaulieu,' I find ;—Fors undertakes for pretty names to us, it seems,—Abbey-dale, Beau-lieu, and if I remember, or translate, rightly, the House by the Fountain — our three Saxon, Norman, and Celtic beginnings of abode,) my host asked me if I would like to see 'nailing.' "Yes, truly." So he took me into a little cottage where were two women at work,—one about seventeen or eighteen, the other perhaps four or five and thirty ; this last intelligent of feature as well could be ; and both, gentle and kind,—each with hammer in right hand, pincers in left, (heavier hammer poised over her anvil, and let fall at need by the touch of her foot on a treadle like that of a common grindstone). Between them, a small forge, fed to constant brightness by the draught through the cottage, above whose roof its chimney rose:—in front of it, on a little ledge, the glowing lengths of cut iron rod, to be dealt with at speed. Within easy reach of this, looking up at us in quietly silent question,—stood, each in my sight an ominous Fors, the two Clavigeræ.

At a word, they laboured, with ancient Vulcanian skill. Foot and hand in perfect time: no dance of Muses on Parnassian mead in truer measure;—no sea fairies upon yellow sands more featly footed. Four strokes with the hammer in the hand: one ponderous and momentary blow ordered of the balanced mass by the touch of the foot ; and the forged nail fell aside, finished, on its

proper heap ;—level-headed, wedge-pointed,\* a thousand lives soon to depend daily on its driven grip of the iron way.

So wrought they,—the English Matron and Maid ;—so was it their darg to labour from morning to evening, —seven to seven,—by the furnace side,—the winds of summer fanning the blast of it. The wages of the Matron Fors, I found, were eight shillings a week ;†—her husband, otherwise and variously employed, could make sixteen. Three shillings a week for rent and taxes, left, as I count, for the guerdon of their united labour, if constant, and its product providently saved, fifty-five pounds a year, on which they had to feed and clothe themselves and their six children ; eight souls in their little Worcestershire ark.

Nevertheless, I hear of all my friends pitying the distress I propose to reduce myself to, in living, all alone, upon three hundred and sixty, and doing nothing for it but contemplate the beauties of nature ; while these two poor women, with other such, pay what portion of their three shillings a week goes to provide me with my annual dividend.

Yet it was not chiefly their labour in which I pitied

\* Flattened on two sides, I mean : they were nails for fastening the railroad metals to the sleepers, and made out of three-inch (or thereabouts) lengths of iron rod, which I was surprised and pleased to find, in spite of all our fine machines, the women still preferred to cut by hand.

† Sixteen-pence a day, or, for four days' work, the price of a lawyer's letter. Compare Fors LXIV., p. 114.

them, but rather in that their forge-dress did not well set off their English beauty ; nay, that the beauty itself was marred by the labour ; so that to most persons, who could not have looked through such veil and shadow, they were as their Master, and had no form nor comeliness. And all the while, as I watched them, I was thinking of two other Englishwomen, of about the same relative ages, with whom, in planning last Fors, I had been standing a little while before Edward Burne Jones's picture of Venus's Mirror, and mourning in my heart for its dullness, that it, with all its Forget-me-nots, would not forget the images it bore, and take the fairer and nobler reflection of their instant life. Were these then, here,—their sisters ; who had only, for Venus' mirror, a heap of ashes ; compassed about with no Forget-me-nots, but with the Forgetfulness of all the world ?

I said just now that the evil to which the activities of my Birmingham friends tended was in nowise their own fault.

Shall I say now whose fault it is ?

I am blamed by my prudent acquaintances for being too personal ; but truly, I find vaguely objurgatory language generally a mere form of what Plato calls *σκιαμαχία*, or shadow-fight : and that unless one can plainly say, Thou art the man, (or woman, which is more probable,) one might as well say nothing at all. So I will frankly tell, without wandering into wider circles, among my own particular friends, whose fault it is. First, those two

lovely ladies who were studying the *Myosotis palustris* with me;—yes, and by the way, a little beauty from Cheshire who came in afterwards;—and then, that charming—(I didn't say she was charming, but she was, and is)—lady whom I had charge of at Furness Abbey, (Fors XI., p. 3,) and her two daughters; and those three beautiful girls who tormented me so on the 23rd of May, 1875, (Fors LIV., p. 169,) and another one who greatly disturbed my mind at church, only a Sunday or two ago, with the sweetest little white straw bonnet I had ever seen, only letting a lock or two escape of the curliest hair,—so that I was fain to make her a present of a Prayer-book afterwards, advising her that her tiny ivory one was too coquettish,—and my own pet cousin; and—I might name more, but leave their accusation to their consciences.

These, and the like of them, (not that there are very many their like,) are the very head and front of mischief;—first, because, as I told them in Queen's Gardens—ages ago, they have it in their power to do whatever they like with men and things, and yet do so little with either; and secondly, because by very reason of their beauty and virtue, they have become the excuse for all the iniquity of our days: it seems so impossible that the social order which produces such creatures should be a wrong one.\* Read, for instance, this letter

\* 'Would you have us less fair and pure then?' No; but I would have you resolve that your beauty should no more be bought with the disgrace of others, nor your safety with their temptation. Read again Fors XLV., p. 212.



concerning them from a man both wise and good,—(though thus deceived!) sent me in comment on Fors for April, 1876, referring especially to pp. 114, 115:—

“My dear Ruskin,—Thank you for Fors, which I have read eagerly, but without being quite able to make out what you are at. You are hard on Mr. Keble and the poor lady who ‘dresses herself and her children becomingly.’ If ever your genuine brickmaker gets hold of her and her little ones—as he very likely may some day,—he will surely tear them to pieces, and say that he has your authority for thinking that he is doing God a service. Poor lady!—and yet dressing becomingly and looking pleasant are a deal harder, and better worth doing, than brickmaking. You make no allowance for the many little labours and trials (the harder to do and bear, perhaps, because they are so little), which she must meet with, and have to perform in that ‘trivial round’ of visiting and dressing. As it is, she is at least no worse than a flower of the field. But what prigs would she and her husband become if they did actually take to dilettante (*i.e.*, non-compulsory) brickmaking! In their own way, almost all ‘rich’ people, as well as the so-called ‘poor’—who, man, woman, and child, pay £5 each per annum in *taxes* on intoxicating drinks—*do* eat their bread in the sweat of their faces: for the word you quote ‘is very broad,’ and more kinds of bread than one, and more sorts of sweat than one, are meant therein.”

A letter this which, every time I read it, overwhelms me with deeper amazement: but I had rather, if it may be, hear from some of my fair friends what *they* think of it, before I farther tell them thoughts of mine; only, lest they should hold anything I have in this Fors said, or am, in the next, likely to say, disloyal to their queen-ship, or their order, here are two more little pieces of Plato, expressing his eternal fidelity to Conservatism, which, like the words of his in last Fors, I again pray to be permitted, reverently, to take also for mine.

“For at that time” (of the battle of Marathon, Mr. Lowe may perhaps be interested in observing,) “there was an ancient polity among us, and *ancient divisions of rank, founded on possession*; and the queen\* over us all was a noble shame, for cause of which we chose to live in bondage to the existing laws. By which shame, as often before now said, all men who are ever to be brave and good must be bound; but the base and cowardly are free from it, and have no fear of it.

\* \* \* \* \*

“And these laws which we have now told through, are what most men call unwritten laws: and what besides they call laws of the Fatherland, are but the sum and complete force of these. Of which we have said justly that we must neither call them laws, nor yet

\* ‘Despotis,’ the feminine of Despot.

leave them unspoken,—for these lie in the very heart of all that has been written, and that is written now, or can be written for evermore: being simply and questionlessly father-laws from the beginning, which, once well founded and practised, encompass\* with eternal security whatever following laws are established within these; but if once the limits of these be overpassed,† and their melody broken, it is as when the secretest foundations of a building fail, and all that has been built on them, however beautiful, collapses together,—stone ruining against stone.”

The unwritten and constant Law of which Plato is here speaking, is that which my readers will now find enough defined for them in the preface to the second volume of ‘*Bibliotheca Pastorum*,’ p. xxvi., as being the *Guardian* Law of Life, in the perception of which, and obedience to which, all the life of States for ever consists. And if now the reader will compare the sentence at the bottom of that page, respecting the more gross violations of such law by Adultery and

\* More strictly, ‘cover,’ or ‘hide’ with security; a lovely word—having in it almost the fulness of the verse,—“in the secret of the tabernacle shall he hide me.” Compare the beginning of Part III. of ‘*St. Mark’s Rest*.’

† The apparent confusion of thought between ‘enclosing’ and ‘supporting’ is entirely accurate in this metaphor. The foundation of a great building is always wider than the superstructure; and if it is on loose ground, the outer stones must grasp it like a chain, embedded themselves in the earth, motionlessly. The embedded cannon-balls at the foundation of any of the heaps at Woolwich will show you what Plato means by these Earth, or Fatherland, laws; you may compare them with the first tiers of the Pyramids, if you can refer to a section of these.

Usury, with the farther notes on Usury in page 17, and then, read, connectedly, the 14th and 15th Psalms in Sidney's translation,\* he will begin to understand the mingled weariness and indignation with which I continue to receive letters in defence of Usury, from men who are quite scholars enough to ascertain the facts of Heaven's Law and Revelation for themselves, but will not,—partly in self-deceived respect to their own interests; and partly in mere smug conceit, and shallow notion that they can discern in ten minutes objections enough to confound statements of mine that are founded on the labour of as many years.

The portion of a letter from a clergyman to Mr. Sillar, which I have printed for the third article of our Correspondence, deserves a moment's more attention than other such forms of the 'Dixit Insipiens,' because it expresses with precision the dullest of all excuses for usury, that some kind of good is done by the usurer.

Nobody denies the good done; but the principle of Righteous dealing is, that if the good costs you nothing, you must not be paid for doing it. Your friend passes your door on an unexpectedly wet day, unprovided for the occasion. You have the choice of three bene-

\* 'Rock Honeycomb' cost me and my printers' best reader more than usual pains to get into form; some errata have, nevertheless, escaped us both; of which 'fully' for 'full,' in line 114, as spoiling a pretty stanza, and '106' for '166,' in page 62, as causing some inconvenience, had better be at once corrected. It is also the hundred and first, not the fifty-first psalm whose rhythm is analyzed at page xliii. of the Preface.

volences to him,—lending him your umbrella,—lending him eighteenpence to pay for a cab,—or letting him stay in your parlour till the rain is over. If you charge him interest on the umbrella, it is profit on capital—if you charge him interest on the eighteenpence, it is ordinary usury—if you charge him interest on the parlour, it is rent. All three are equally forbidden by Christian law, being actually worse, because more plausible and hypocritical sins, than if you at once plainly refused your friend shelter, umbrella, or pence. You feel yourself to be a brute, in the one case, and may some day repent into grace; in the other you imagine yourself an honest and amiable person, rewarded by Heaven for your charity: and the whole frame of society becomes rotten to its core. Only be clear about what is finally right, whether you can do it or not; and every day you will be more and more able to do it if you try.

For the rest, touching the minor distinctions of less and greater evil in such matters, you will find some farther discourse in the fourth article of our Correspondence: and for my own compromises, past or future, with the practices I condemn, in receiving interest, whether on St. George's part or my own, I hold my former answer consistently sufficient, that if any of my readers will first follow me in all that I have done, I will undertake in full thereafter to satisfy their curiosity as to my reasons for doing no more.





## NOTES AND CORRESPONDENCE.

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### I. Affairs of the Company.

The first of the formal points of difficulty which, last month, I said I should be prepared to meet, turns out to be one of nomenclature. Since we take no dividend, we cannot be registered as a 'Company,' but only a 'Society'—'Institute'—'Chamber,' or the like.

I accept this legal difficulty as one appointed by Fors herself; and submit to the measures necessitated by it even with satisfaction; having for some time felt that the title of 'Company' was becoming every day more and more disgraceful, and could not much longer be attached to any association of honourable Englishmen.

For instance, here is a little notification which has just been sent me,—charmingly printed, with old English letters at the top of the page, as follows:—(on next page); respecting which I beg Mr. Ashley, being a friend whom I can venture a word to, to observe, that if he would take a leaf out of Fors's books, and insist on all accounts being made public monthly, he would find in future that the mismanagement could be 'arrested,' instead of the mismanager; which would be pleasanter for all concerned.

The Artizans', Labourers' & General Dwellings  
Company, Limited.

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INVESTIGATION COMMITTEE.

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OFFICES—27, GREAT GEORGE STREET,  
WESTMINSTER, S.W.,

*July 4th, 1877.*

MY LORDS, LADIES, AND GENTLEMEN,

We are desired by the Committee to address you briefly at the present stage with respect to the aspect of the Company's affairs.

The discoveries already made have proved the importance of the investigation, and led to the arrest of the Company's Manager.

Although waste, extravagance, and possibly fraud, have been discovered, the Committee would advise the Shareholders not to sacrifice their Shares under the influence of groundless panic, as there is good reason to believe that the property is of such intrinsic value that it may yet be placed upon a solid and satisfactory footing.

We are, &c.,

EVELYN A. ASHLEY,

*Chairman.*

JOHN KEMPSTER,

*Hon. Sec.*

Now, as I never mean any of the members of St. George's 'Company' (so called at present) to be put to such exercise of their faith respecting the intrinsic value of their property as the Committee of the General Dwellings Company here recommend, I am of opinion that the sooner we quit ourselves of this much-

dishonoured title the better ; and I have written to our solicitors that they may register us under the title of St. George's Guild : and that the members of the Guild shall be called St. George's Guildsmen and Guildswomen.

I have a farther and more important reason for making this change. I have tried my method of Companionship for six years and a half, and find that the demand of the tenth part of the income is a practical veto on the entrance of rich persons through the needle's eye of our Constitution. Among whom, nevertheless, I believe I may find some serviceable Guildsmen and Guildswomen, of whom no more will be required than such moderately creditable subscription as the hitherto unheard-of affluence described by Professor Goldwin Smith may enable them to spare ; while I retain my old 'Companions' as a superior order, among whom from time to time I may perhaps enroll some absurdly enthusiastic Zaccheus or Mary,—who, though undistinguished in the eye of the law from the members of our general Guild, will be recognized by St. George for the vital strength of the whole Society.

The subjoined accounts will, I hope, be satisfactory : but I am too practically busy in pushing forward the arrangement of our Museum, and co-operative work, at Sheffield, to spare time, this month, for giving any statement about them.

Please note with respect to Mr. Bagshawe's subjoined account for the cheque of June 5th (see last Fors), that the amount of stock sold to produce the £2700 out of which this cheque was paid, was £2853 7s. 5d.

“ 3, HIGH STREET, SHEFFIELD, 8th June, 1877.

“ My dear Sir,—Yourself from Badger.

“ This purchase has been long delayed in completion for various reasons, the last being some little delay in remitting the cheque for the purchase-money and valuation, which I received

only on Tuesday last. However, I have paid over the purchase-money and amount of valuation this morning, and the conveyance to yourself has been executed by Mrs. Badger and her husband, and is in my possession. The title-deeds relate to other property as well as to that purchased by you, and therefore the vendor retains them, and has entered into a covenant to produce them in the usual form. The certificate of Mrs. Badger's acknowledgment of the conveyance before commissioners has to be filed, and upon receiving an office copy of it to attach to the conveyance, the latter shall be forwarded to Messrs. Tarrant and Co., as you requested, together with the deeds of the property lately purchased from Mr. Wright at Walkley, which are still in my safe.

"On the other side I give a short cash statement of the transaction for your guidance.

"Believe me,

"Yours very sincerely,

"PROFESSOR RUSKIN."

"BENJAMIN BAGSHAWE."

	£	s.	d.
To amount of cheque received, 5th June, 1877, from Mr. Cowper Temple, signed by himself and Sir T. D. Acland . . .	22	87	16 6
By purchase-money of Mickley property paid over to Mrs. Badger, 8th June, 1877 . . .	£2200	0	0
By amount of valuation for tillage and fixtures . . .	74	6	6
By stamps, law stationers' charges, and railway fare to Totley, on my attending to take possession of the property on your behalf . . .	12	11	4
By balance remitted to you by cheque herewith . . .	0	18	8
	—————£2287 16 8		

## II. Affairs of the Master.

I am being very much tormented just now by my friends; and to make them understand how, I will print a short letter from one of the least wise among them, by which I think the rest



EGBERT RYDINGS IN ACCOUNT WITH ST. GEORGE'S COMPANY.

FROM 16TH JANUARY TO 30TH JUNE, 1877.

1877.	Dr.	£	s.	d.	Cr.	£	s.	d.
Jan. 16.	To Balance cash in hand (see Fors,				Feb. 7.	By cash sent Union Bank, London	29	0 0
	No. 74)	.	.	26 3 0	May 5.	Ditto ditto	.	50 0 0
26.	" Miss L. Kennedy	.	.	5 0 0	9.	Ditto ditto	.	17 14 0
Feb. 15.	" Robert Somervell	.	.	2 0 0	31.	Ditto ditto	.	37 0 0
March 13.	" Mrs. Joseph Fry	.	.	5 0 0	June 25.	Ditto ditto	.	2 2 0
April 18.	" A tithe of gifts, E. B.	.	.	1 11 0				
21.	" G. D.	.	.	7 0 0				
May 1.	" Companion No. 29	.	.	50 0 0				
12.	" G., No. 50	.	.	10 0 0				
19.	" G. D.	.	.	7 0 0				
25.	" G. D.	.	.	20 0 0				
June 4.	" Miss Sargood	.	.	2 2 0				
				£135 16 0				£135 16 0

may perceive, beyond the possibility of mistake, what measure of absurdity may be more or less involved in their own treatment of me.

“Dear Mr. Ruskin,—You have never answered my latter letters, so I suppose you are inexorably angry with me for something or other. Nevertheless I should like to see you, and show you my own pretty little girl. Won’t you see me just five minutes?

“Yours ever truly.”

Now this letter exhibits in the simplest possible form the error which I find most of my friends at present falling into; namely, thinking that they show their regard for me by asking me for sympathy, instead of giving it. They are sincere enough in the regard itself, but are always asking me to do what, in consequence of it, they should like themselves, instead of considering what *they* can do, which *I* should like. Which briefly, for the most part at present, is to keep out of my way, and let me alone. I am never angry with anybody unless they deserve it; and least of all angry with my friends:—but I simply at present can’t answer their letters, having, I find, nine books in the press, besides various other business; and much as I delight in pretty little girls, I only like seeing them like clouds or flowers, as they chance to come, and not when I have to compliment their mothers upon them. Moreover, I don’t much value any of my general range of friends now, but those who will help me in what my heart is set on: so that, excepting always the old and tried ones, Henry Acland, and George Richmond, and John Simon, and Charles Norton, and William Kingsley, and Rawdon Brown, and Osborne Gordon, and Burne Jones, and ‘Grannie’ and ‘Mammie,’ and Miss Ingelow, with their respective belongings of family circle; and my pets—who all know well enough how much I depend on them; and one or two newly made ones besides, but who can only yet be as pictures or dreams to

me,—with such, I hope enough comprehensive exception,—I don't care any more about my friends, unless they are doing their best to help my work; which, I repeat, if they can't, let them at least not hinder; but keep themselves quiet, and not be troublesome.

III. The following letter, expressing a modern clergyman's sense of his privileges in being “a Gentile, and no Jew,” in that so long as he abstains from things strangled, and from fornication, he may fatten at his ease on the manna of Usury,—I cannot but rejoice in preserving, as an elect stone, and precious, in the monumental theology of the Nineteenth Century:—

“Dear Mr. Sillar,—Thanks for calling my notice again to the Jewish law against usury. When we last talked and wrote about this subject, I told you the Hebrew word for usury means *biting*, and our own word *usury* commonly means *unlawful profit*.

“But our conversation this morning has led to this thought, ‘I am a Gentile, and not a Jew.’ And Gentile Christians are living under the rules laid down with respect to the peculiar laws of Judaism in Acts xv., where there is no mention made of the Jewish usury law. I refer you to verses 10, 28, and 29. This, to my mind, quite settles the matter.

“You want me to preach against bankers, and lenders of money at interest. Upon my conscience, I cannot preach against the benefactors of their fellow-men.

“Let me give you a case in point. I have myself received great benefit from lenders of money at interest. A year or two ago I bought a new block of chambers near the new Law Courts. I gladly borrowed £8000 to help me to pay for them. Without that assistance I could not have made the purchase, which is a very advantageous one to me already; and will be much more so when the Law Courts are completed.

“How can the trustees of the settlement under which the money was put out, or the person who ultimately receives the interest, be condemned in the day of judgment, according to your theory?

“They have not wronged, nor oppressed, nor bit me; but have really conferred a great benefit upon me. And I hope I am not to be condemned for paying them a reasonable interest, which I very willingly do.

“Yours very sincerely.”

IV. Though somewhat intimately connected with the ‘affairs of the Master,’ the following letters are so important in their relation to the subject of usury in general, that I think it well to arrange them in a separate article.

I received, about three months ago, in Venice, a well-considered and well-written letter, asking me how, if I felt it wrong to remain any longer a holder of Bank stock, I yet could consent to hold Consols, and take interest on those, which was surely no less usury than the acceptance of my Bank dividend. To this letter I replied as follows, begging my correspondent to copy the letter, that it might be inserted in *Fors* :—

“My dear Sir,—I am much pleased by your intelligent question, which you would have seen at any rate answered at length, as soon as I got out of Venice, where I must keep my time for Venetian work—also I did not wish to confuse my statement of facts with theoretical principles.

“*All* interest is usury; but there is a vital difference between exacting the interest of an already contracted debt, and taking part in a business which consists in enabling new ones to be contracted. As a banker, I derange and corrupt the entire system of the commerce of the country; but as a stock-holder I merely buy the right to tax it annually—which, under present circumstances, I am entirely content to do, just as, if I were a born Highlander, I should contentedly levy black-mail, as long as there was no

other way for Highlanders to live, unless I thought that my death would put an end to the system ;—always admitting myself a thief, but an outspoken, wholesome, or brave thief;\* so also, as a stockholder, I am an outspoken and wholesome usurer ;—as a soldier is an outspoken and wholesome murderer. Suppose I had been living as a hired bravo, stabbing for hire, and had written,—‘I must quit myself of this murderous business,—I shall go into the army,’—you might ask me, What—are you not still paid an annual income, to kill anybody Mr. Disraeli orders you to? ‘Yes,’ I should answer ; ‘but *now* outspokenly, and, as I think soldiering is managed, without demoralizing the nature of other people. But, as a bravo, I demoralized both myself and the people I served.’

“It is quite true that my *phrase* ‘to quit myself of usury and the Bank of England,’ implied that stock interest was not usury at all. But I could not modify the sentence intelligibly, and left it for after explanation.

“All national debts, you must have seen in Fors abused enough. But the debt existing, and on such terms, the value of all money payments depends on it in ways which I cannot explain to you by letter, but will as Fors goes on.

“Very truly yours.”

To this letter I received last month the following reply :—

“My dear Sir,—I am very grateful to you for your courteous and candid letter in reply to mine of the 11th ult. It is with pleasure that I have made, in accordance with your request, the copy of it enclosed herein.

“May I again trespass on your kindness and ask you still further to meet the difficulties into which your teaching on usury has plunged me.

“If a national debt be wrong on principle, is it right of you

\* Compare Fors, Letter XLV., p. 206, and note.



to encourage its prolongation by lending the country money? Or is the fact of its being 'already contracted' a sufficient reason for your taxing the people annually, and thereby receiving money without working for it?

"Again, is the case of the Highlander quite analogous? *You have* another 'way to live' apart from taking any 'interest' or 'usury'; and should you not, to be quite consistent with your teaching, rather live on your principal as long as it lasts? (Fors LXX., pp. 312-13.) You speak of yourself as 'an outspoken and wholesome usurer';—if I read aright, you taught in Fors LXVIII. pp. 251-52, that the law enunciated in Leviticus xxv. 35—37, 'is the simple law for all of us—one of those which Christ assuredly came not to destroy but to fulfil.' If '*all* interest is usury,' is not the acceptance of it—even when derived from Consols—contrary to the law of Christ, and therefore sinful? Can there be any 'wholesome' sin, however outspoken?

"Pardon my thus trespassing on your time, and believe me,  
"Gratefully and faithfully yours."

The questions put by my correspondent in this second letter have all been answered in Fors already, (had he read carefully,) and that several times over; but lest he should think such answer evasive, I will go over the ground once more with him.

First, in reply to his general question, 'Can there be *any* wholesome sin?' No; but the violation of a general law is not always sin. 'Thou shalt not kill' is a general law. But Phinehas is blessed for slaying, and Saul rejected for sparing.

Secondly. Of acts which under certain conditions would be sin, there is every degree of wholesomeness and unwholesomeness, according to the absence or presence of those conditions. For the most part, open sin is wholesomer than secret; yet some iniquity is fouler for being drawn with cords of vanity, and some blasphemy baser for being deliberate and insolent, like that of

our modern men of science. So again, all sin that is fraudulent is viler than that which is violent; but the venal fraud of Dalilah is not to be confused with the heroic treachery of Judith. So, again, all robbery is sin, but the frank pillage of France by the Germans is not to be degraded into any parallel with the vampire lotteries of the modern Italian Government. So, again, all rent is usury, but it may often be wise and right to receive rent for a field,—never, to receive it for a gambling table. And for application to St. George's business, finally,—so long as our National debt exists, it is well that the good Saint should buy as much stock of it as he can; and far better that he should take the interest already agreed for, and spend it in ways helpful to the nation, than at once remit it, so as to give more encouragement to the contraction of debt.

V. Part of a letter from a young lady Companion, which will be seen, without comment of mine, to be of extreme value:—

“Last Sunday morning my father and brothers went to the funeral of an old workman who had been in my father's service for forty years. The story of his life is rather an unusual one in these days. The outside of his life, as I know it, is just this. He was a boy in the works to which my father was apprenticed to learn ——; and when my father bought ——, Tom went with him, and had been foreman for many years when he died. He spent his whole life in honest, faithful labour, chiefly, it seems to me, for other people's benefit, but certainly to his own entire satisfaction. When my brothers grew up and went into the business, they often complained, half in joke, that Tom considered himself of much more importance there than they; and even after they were made partners, he would insist upon doing things his way, and in his own time. His only interest was their interest; and they knew that, in spite of his occasional stubbornness, they could rely without hesitation on his absolute

faithfulness to them. They say, 'One of the old sort, whom we can never replace.'

"But the leisure side of Tom's life is to me grievous,—so pleasureless, narrow, dull. He came from Wales, and has lived ever since in the street where the —— is,—a dirty, wretched, close street in one of the worst neighbourhoods in ——, peopled by the lowest class,—a street where he can never have seen one green leaf in spring or flower in summer, where the air is poisoned with bad smells, and the very sunlight only shines on ugliness, filth, and poverty. And here Tom lived—not even taking a country walk, or going to breathe fresher air in the wider streets. He was once offered a ticket for an entertainment of some sort at —— Hall, only a few minutes' walk from the ——, and was not sure of the way there! He never went away but once, to the funeral of a relative in Wales; and once, twenty-four years ago, to take charge of a house out of town for my father, and then of course came to his work every day. He was never known to be drunk, and never away from work for a day's illness in his life—until the very end. Tom was a great reader and politician, I believe, and in reading found his sole recreation from the monotony of daily toil. Ought one to pity most the man who was content (apparently) with such a poor, bare life, unconscious of the pleasures that lay outside it, waiting to be enjoyed, or the crowds of restless, discontented people who ramble yearly all over the world, in vain search for new excitements, 'change of air' and scene?" (Does my correspondent really doubt?)

"Tom's illness seemed to become alarming all at once. His wife could not persuade him to stay away from work until the last few days, and he would not take a real holiday. My father wanted him to go to Wales, and try his native air, but Tom said it would kill him. The only indulgence he would take, when quite unable to work, was a *ride in the omnibuses once or*

*twice* with his wife, and a sail across the river. But it was too late, and he died after a very short illness, almost in harness. His wife's words to my brother are very touching: 'I ran away with him, and my friends were very angry, but I've never regretted it. It's thirty-nine years ago, but my heart has never changed to him. He was very kind to me always; he couldn't have been kinder if he had been a gentleman!' I suppose she thinks gentlemen are always kind to their wives.

"Poor Tom! I wonder if he has had said to him, 'Well done, good and faithful servant!' But I can't help wishing his life had not been so colourless and pleasureless here. I do not like to think that a steady, honest, industrious working man should either be obliged, or should ever be *content*, to live like a machine, letting the best faculties of a man for enjoyment and improvement" (I should have been very much puzzled to 'improve' Tom, my dear, if you had sent him to me with that view) "be ignored; and die knowing nothing of the infinite loveliness of God's world, though he may know much of the beauty of faithfulness, and the blessedness of honest work. It seems such a needless sacrifice and waste; for surely these conditions of life *are* needless, or else our civilization and Christianity are utter failures."

Possibly not quite, my dear,—in so far as they have produced Tom, to begin with; and are even beginning to make you yourself perceive the value of that 'production.'

VI. The following letter, from another Companion, says, in more gentle terms, nearly all I wish to say, myself, concerning church service in modern days:—

"My dear Master,—I want to tell you, if you've no objection, how tiresome, and like a dull pantomime, Christmas grows to me—in its religious sense. The Bethlehem story is revived, with



music and picturing, simply to mock and cheat one's heart, I think; for people can't live for ever on other people's visions and messages. If we want to see fine things, and hear high and gracious ones, such as the shepherds did, we must live under the same conditions. We, too, *must* have the simple, healthy lives,—the fields near, the skies pure,—and then we shall understand, for ourselves, nativity mysteries, belonging to our own immediate time, directly sent from heaven. But it would be troublesome to give us those things, while it is profitable to get up a mimic scene of past glories. Well, I cannot care for it, and so instead of going painfully to Bethlehem, I come to Venice—or wherever the master is; for you would not cheat nor mock, but give the real good. That people don't care for the good, is a sad thing for them, but there were not many who cared for the actual, simple truth in the Bethlehem days. It is a very different thing the caring for things called after them. We are so prone to be apish, somehow or other; for ever mimicking, acting,—never thinking or feeling for ourselves. If you are quite faithful to the truth, you cannot fail; and it is so priceless a blessing that one amongst us is true.

“I have a little incident of *my* splendid Christmas Day to tell you,—a mere straw, but showing which way the wind blows.

“We went to church on Christmas morning—my sister and I. All was in orthodox fashion. There were the illuminated Scriptures, and the choir sang about ‘Unto you is born this day,’ etc. The sermon wandered from the point a little, but it kept returning to the manger and its mystery.

“Well, on leaving, a violent storm of sleet and hail came on, and we were glad to take shelter in a tramway car close by, along with quite a little company of church-leavers. While the car waited its time for starting, three ragged little lads were swept up, like birds drifted by a storm-gust; and they too scrambled into the car, one of them saying to the most miserable



of the three, 'Come in, Jim ; I'll pay a penny for you.' They looked like dissipated little Christmas-boxers, who had been larking in the streets all night, waiting for the dingy dawn to go begging in. Huddled up shivering in a corner, and talking about their money in hoarse tones—like young ravens, they were the 'pictures of birds of prey. As they muttered hoarsely among themselves, they contrasted so much with the little treble singers in the choir, that they hardly seemed to be children. I heard them propose buying penny pies ; and after twisting about like eels, they suddenly became still!—spell-bound, I imagine, with the thoughts of penny pies. 'Jim,' the very ragged one with no money, looked anxious about his fare. Presently, as if at a signal, the other two got up and went out softly,—like little Judases—without a word to their companion! On reaching the pavement, they called to the conductor, 'Hi, you'll have to turn that lad out,—he's no money ;' then they scampered off at full speed. Jim gathered his rents and rags together for a descent into the storm and slush of the street. I was just opposite, so gave him the fare, and bid him sit still. And just then some more very wet church folks came in—so full of thoughts about the child of Bethlehem, I imagine, for whom there was such scant room, that they were utterly oblivious of poor Jim, and the little room he might want. Two of them squeezed him, without looking at him, into merely nothing ; and a third, also without looking, fairly sat upon him, it seemed to me, but he got himself behind cleverly. These were grandly dressed people. Next came, as we had started, the conductor, for fares, and I felt rather glad our ragged companion was so smothered up. But when his little thin, dirty arm came forth with his penny, there was a shameful scene. The conductor ordered him roughly out on to the steps at the back, but took his fare, saying there was no room for him. Not one of us said anything. I was very angry, but I suppose didn't like to make a little scene by asking the man to

let him come in. I am remorseful yet about it. So the poor bairn went out. However (this is nicer), a minute after came in a young workman—quiet and delicate looking. As he glanced round, he spied the child, and inquired immediately about him. ‘There must be *made* room,’ he replied to the conductor’s shamefaced excuse. And the man looked round with such reproach and severity that master Jim was asked in, in less than no time, and invited to ‘Take a seat, my boy.’ It was rather funny too; but I was pleased exceedingly, and I tell it to you for the sake of the young workman. *He* had *not* been to church,—*we* had. That puzzles me—or rather it makes it clear to me.”

VII. Fragment of note from another Companion, with a nice little illustration of ‘Rent’ in it:—

“I wonder if St. George would listen to a very sad little petition, and give me anything out of his fund for a poor old woman who is bedridden, and her hands so crippled she can’t do any work with them. All she has to depend on is 3*s.* a week from the parish, out of which she has to pay 2*s.* 9*d.* weekly (‘to whom?’ asks St. George) for the rent of her room; so that all *she* has to support her is 3*d.* a week, and a loaf from the parish (Kensington) every week. She has an idiot daughter who sometimes earns a few halfpence for mangling.

“Mrs. E. (the old woman) is so devoted to flowers; and she has a few pots in the window beside her bed, and she wriggles herself to them with difficulty, but can just manage to pick off a fading leaf; and after a long sleepless night of pain, spoke of it as a great reward that she had actually *seen a bud opening!* Do speak to St. George!—I know he’ll listen to you; and if he gave even a shilling a week, or half-a-crown, with certainty, this poor old woman’s heart would indeed rejoice. I can give more particulars if wanted.”

I read all this to St. George; who grumbled a little, saying it was all the same as asking *him* to pay the rent to the —— (here he checked himself)—landlord; but gave his half-crown at last, under protest.

VIII. Two pleasant little scraps about useful industry, which will refresh us after our various studies of modern theology and charity.

“The swarm of bees came down, by passenger train *from London*, a week before we came home, and Mrs. Allen and Grace managed to put them in their place without being stung. The people at the station were much tickled at the notion of a swarm of bees coming by train. The little things have been very busy ever since. Hugh and I looked into their little house, and saw that they had built the best part of eight rows of comb in ten days. They are very kind and quiet. We can sit down by the side of the hive for any length of time, without harm, and watch them come in loaded. It is funny to see a certain number of them at the entrance, whose duty it is to keep their wings going as fans, to drive cool air into the hive (people say), but I don’t know: anyhow, there were lines of them fanning last night; and the others, as they came in loaded, passed up between them.

\*                      \*                      \*                      \*                      \*

“A lady asks if you couldn’t write on domestic servants. A smith at Orpington, on being canvassed by a gentleman to give his vote in favour of having a School Board here, replied, ‘We don’t want none of your School Boards here. As it is, if you want clerks, you can get as many as you like at your own price; but if I want a good smith to-morrow, I couldn’t get one at any price.’

“G. ALLEN.”

IX. I must needs print the last words of a delicious letter from a young lady, which I dearly want to answer, and which I

think she expected me to answer,—yet gave me only her name, without her address. If she sends it—will she also tell me what sort of ‘unkind or wicked’ things everybody says?

“I did not mean to write all this, but I could not help it—you have been like a personal friend to me ever since I was sixteen. It *is* good of you to keep on writing your beautiful thoughts when everybody is so ungrateful, and says such unkind, wicked things about you.”

## FORS CLAVIGERA.

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### LETTER LXXXI.

BRANTWOOD, 13<sup>th</sup> August, 1877.

THE Thirteenth,—and not a word yet from any of my lady-friends in defence of themselves! Are they going to be as mute as the Bishops?

But I have a delightful little note from the young lady whose praise of my goodness I permitted myself to quote in the last article of my August correspondence,—delightful in several ways, but chiefly because she has done, like a good girl, what she was asked to do, and told me the “wicked things that people say.”

“They say you are ‘unreasoning,’ ‘intolerably conceited,’ ‘self-asserting;’ that you write about what you have no knowledge of (Politic. Econ.); and two or three have positively asserted, and tried to persuade me, that you are mad—really mad!! They make me so angry, I don’t know what to do with myself.”

The first thing to be done with yourself, I should say,



my dear, is to find out *why* you are angry. You would not be so, unless you clearly saw that all these sayings were malignant sayings, and come from people who would be very thankful if I *were* mad, or if they could find any other excuse for not doing as I bid, and as they are determined not to do. But suppose, instead of letting them make you angry, you serenely ask them what I have said that is wrong; and make them, if they are persons with any pretence to education, specify any article of my teaching, on any subject, which they think false, and give you their reason for thinking it so. Then if you cannot answer their objection yourself, send it to *me*.

You will not, however, find many of the objectors able, and it may be long before you find *one* willing, to do anything of this kind. For indeed, my dear, it is precisely because I am not self-asserting, and because the message that I have brought is not mine, that they are thus malignant against me for bringing it. "For this is the message that ye have heard from the beginning, that we should love one another." Take your first epistle of St. John, and read on from that eleventh verse to the end of the third chapter: and do not wonder, or be angry any more, that "if they have called the Master of the house, Baalzebub, they call also those of his household."

I do not know what Christians generally make of that first epistle of John. As far as I notice, they

usually read only from the eighth verse of the first chapter to the second of the second; and remain convinced that they may do whatever they like all their lives long, and have everything made smooth by Christ. And even of the poor fragment they choose to read, they miss out always the first words of the second chapter, "My little children, these things write I unto you that ye sin *not*:" still less do they ever set against their favourite verse of absolution—"If any man sin, he hath an Advocate,"—the tremendous eighth verse of the third chapter, "He that committeth sin is of the Devil, for the Devil sinneth from the beginning," with its before and after context—"Little children, let no man deceive you: he that *doeth* righteousness is righteous;" and "whosoever *doeth* not righteousness is not of God, neither he that loveth not his brother."

But whatever modern Christians and their clergy choose to make of this epistle, there is no excuse for any rational person, who reads it carefully from beginning to end, and yet pretends to misunderstand its words. However originally confused, however afterwards interpolated or miscopied, the message of it remains clear in its three divisions: (1) That the Son of God is come in the flesh, (chap. iv. 2, v. 20, and so throughout); (2) That He hath given us understanding, that we may know Him that is true, (iii. 19, iv. 13, v. 19, 20); and (3) that in this understanding we know that we have passed from death to life, because we love the

brethren, (iii. 14). All which teachings have so passed from deed and truth into mere monotony of unbelieved phrase, that no English now is literal enough to bring the force of them home to my readers' minds. 'Are these, then, your sisters?' I asked of our fair English-women concerning those two furnace-labourers. They do not answer,—or would answer, I suppose, 'Our sisters in God, certainly,' meaning thereby that they were not at all sisters in Humanity; and denying wholly that Christ, and the Sisterhood of Christendom, had "come in the Flesh."

Nay, the farthest advanced of the believers in Him are yet so misguided as to separate themselves into costumed 'Sisterhoods,' as if these were less their sisters who had forge-aprons only for costume, and no crosses hung round their necks.

But the fact is assuredly this,—that if any part or word of Christianity be true, the literal Brotherhood in Christ is true, in the Flesh as in the Spirit; and that we are bound, every one of us, by the same laws of kindness to every Christian man and woman, as to the immediate members of our own households.

And, therefore, we are bound to know who are Christians, and who are not,—and the test of such division having been made verbal, in defiance of Christ's plainest orders, the entire body of Christ has been corrupted into such disease, that there is no soundness in it, but only wounds and bruises and putrefying sores.

Look back to Fors for January 1876, pp. 7—9. How is it that no human being has answered me a word to the charge closing the ninth page? “You who never sowed a grain of corn, never spun a yard of thread, devour and waste to your fill, and think yourselves better creatures of God, doubtless, than this poor starved wretch.” No one has sent me answer; but see what terrific confirmation came to me, in that letter from a good, wise, and Christian man, which I printed in last Fors, who nevertheless is so deceived by the fiends concerning the whole method of division between his own class and the poor brethren, that he looks on all his rich brethren as seed of Abel, and on all his poor brethren as seed of Cain, and conceives nothing better of the labourer but that he is in his nature a murderer. “He will tear your pretty lady in pieces, and think he is doing God service.” When was there ever before, in the human world, such fearful Despising of the Poor? \*

These things are too hard for me; but at least, as now the days shorten to the close of the seventh year, I will make this message, so far as I have yet been able to deliver it, clearly gatherable. Only, perhaps, to do so, I must deliver it again in other and gentler terms. It cannot be fully given but in the

\* Compare Fors LXI., page 36: “Here, the sneer of ‘those low shoe-makers’ is for ever on the lip,” and the answer of the sweet lady at Furness, November 1871, page 4.

complete life and sifted writings of St. John, promised for the end of our code of foundational Scripture, (Fors, January 1876, p. 2, and compare July, pp. 215, 216,)—nevertheless it may be that the rough or brief words in which it has already been given, (January 1876, pp. 11 and 24; February, pp. 43 and 49; March, p. 85; April, p. 113; and, of chief importance, July, pp. 211 and 222,) have been too rough, or too strange, to be patiently received, or in their right bearing understood: and that it may be now needful for me to cease from such manner of speaking, and try to win men to this total service of Love by praise of their partial service. Which change I have for some time thought upon, and this following letter,\*—which, being a model of gentleness, has exemplary weight with me myself,—expresses better than I could without its help, what I suppose may be the lesson I have to learn.

“MANCHESTER, *July 25th*, 1877.

“My dear Sir,—I have long felt that I ought to write to you about ‘Fors Clavigera,’ and others of your later books. I hesitated to write, but all that I have heard from people who love you, and who are wise enough and true enough to be helped by you, and all that I have thought in the last few years about your books,—

\* This letter is by the author of the excellent notes on Art-Education in the July number of *Fors*, of which a continuation will be found in the correspondence of this month.



and I have thought much about them,—convinces me that my wish is right, and my hesitation wrong. For I cannot doubt that there are not very many men who try harder to be helped by you than I do. I should not wish to write if I did not know that most of the work which you are striving to get done, ought to be done, and if I did not see that many of the means which you say ought to be used for doing it, are right means. My dulness of mind, because I am not altogether stupid, and my illness, because I do not let it weaken my will to do right, have taught me some things which you cannot know, just because you have genius and mental vigour which give you knowledge and wisdom which I cannot hope to share.

“May I not try to make my humble knowledge of the people, through whom alone you can act,\* aid your high knowledge of what has to be done?

“Since, eight or nine years ago, I read ‘Sesame and Lilies,’ I have had the reverence and love for you which one feels only for the men who speak in clear words the commands which one’s own nature has before spoken less clearly. And I say without self-conceit that I am trying to do the best work that I know of. It could not then be quite useless that you should know why I often put down ‘Fors’ and your other books in despair, and

\* Herein lies my correspondent’s chief mistake. I have neither intention, nor hope, of acting through any of the people of whom he speaks; but, it at all, with others of whom I suppose myself to know more,—not less,—than he.

why I often feel that, in being so impatient with men whose training has been so different from yours, and who are what they are only partly by their own fault;—in forgetting that still it is true of most sinners that ‘they know not what they do;’ and in choosing some of the means which you do choose for gaining a good object, you are making a ‘refusal’ almost greater than can be made by any other man, in choosing to work for evil rather than for good.

“May I show you that sometimes ‘Fors’ wounds me, not because I am sinful, but because I know that the men whom you are scourging for sin, are so, only because they have not had the training, the help, which has freed you and me from that sin?

“If I were a soldier in [a small army led by you against a powerful foe, would it not be my duty to tell you if words or acts of yours weakened our courage and prevented other men from joining your standard? I ask you to let me tell you, in the same spirit, of the effect of your words in ‘Fors.’

“You do not know, dear Mr. Ruskin, what power for good you would have, if you would see that to you much light has been given in order that through you other men may see. You speak in anger and despair because they show that they greatly need that which it is your highest duty to patiently give them.

“Pardon me if all that I have written seems to you to be only weak.

"I have written it because I know, from the strong effect of the praise which you gave my letter in the July 'Fors,' and of the kind words in your note, that in no other way can I hope to do so much good as I should do, if anything I could say should lead you to try to be, not the leader of men entirely good and wise, free from all human weakness, but the leader, for every man and woman in England, of the goodness and wisdom which are in them, in the hard fight they have to wage against what in them is bad and foolish.

"I am, dear Mr. Ruskin, yours very truly."

This letter, I repeat, seems to me deserving of my most grave respect and consideration ;\* but its writer has entirely ignored the first fact respecting myself, stated in Fors at its outset—that I do not, and cannot, set myself up for a political leader ; but that *my* business is to teach art, in Oxford and elsewhere ;—that if any persons trust me enough to *obey* me without scruple or debate, I can securely tell them what to do, up to a certain point, and be their 'makeshift Master' till they can find a better ; but that I

\* The following passage in a more recent note adds to this feeling on my part, and necessitates the fulness of my reply :—

"I feel so sure that what I said in my first letter very many people who love you would say,—have said inaudibly,—that the words hardly seem any longer to be mine. It was given to me to speak for many. So if you think the words printed can be of any use, they are of course entirely at your service."

entirely decline any manner of political action which shall hinder me from drawing leaves and flowers.

And there is another condition, relative to this first one, in the writing of *Fors*, which my friend and those others who love me, for whom he speaks, have never enough observed : namely, that *Fors* is a letter, and written as a letter should be written, frankly, and as the mood, or topic, chances ; so far as I finish and retouch it, which of late I have done more and more, it ceases to be what it should be, and becomes a serious treatise, which I never meant to undertake. True, the play of it, (and much of it is a kind of bitter play,) has always, as I told you before, as stern final purpose as Morgiana's dance ; but the gesture of the moment must be as the humour takes me.

But this farther answer I must make, to my wounded friends, more gravely. Though, in *Fors*, I write what first comes into my head or heart, so long as it is true, I write no syllable, even at the hottest, without weighing the truth of it in balance accurate to the estimation of a hair. The language which seems to you exaggerated, and which it may be, therefore, inexpedient that I should continue, nevertheless expresses, in its earnestness, facts which you will find to be irrefragably true, and which no other than such forceful expression could truly reach, whether you will hear, or whether you will forbear.

Therefore *Fors Clavigera* is not, in any wise, intended as counsel adapted to the present state of the public mind,

but it is the assertion of the code of Eternal Laws which the public mind *must* eventually submit itself to, or die ; and I have really no more to do with the manners, customs, feelings, or modified conditions of piety in the modern England which I have to warn of the accelerated approach either of Revolution or Destruction, than poor Jonah had with the qualifying amiabilities which might have been found in the Nineveh whose overthrow he was ordered to foretell in forty days. That I should rejoice, instead of mourning, over the falseness of such prophecy, does not at all make it at present less passionate in tone.

For instance, you have been telling me what a beloved Bishop you have got in Manchester ; and so, when it was said, in page 45 of Fors for 1876, that “it is merely *through the quite bestial ignorance of the Moral Law* in which the English Bishops have contentedly allowed their flocks to be brought up, that any of the modern conditions of trade are possible,”\* you thought perhaps the word ‘bestial’ inconsiderate ! But it was the most carefully considered and accurately true epithet I could use. If you will look back to the 208th page of Fors of 1874, you will find the following sentence quoted from the Secretary’s speech at the meeting of the Social Science Association in Glasgow in that year. It was unadvisably allowed by me to remain in small print : it shall have large type now, being a sentence which, in the monumental vileness of it, ought to be blazoned, in letters



of stinking gas-fire, over the condemned cells of every felon's prison in Europe:—

“MAN HAS THEREFORE BEEN DEFINED AS AN ANIMAL THAT EXCHANGES. IT WILL BE SEEN, HOWEVER, THAT HE NOT ONLY EXCHANGES, BUT FROM THE FACT OF HIS BELONGING, IN PART, TO THE ORDER CARNIVORA, THAT HE ALSO INHERITS TO A CONSIDERABLE DEGREE THE DESIRE TO POSSESS WITHOUT EXCHANGING ; OR, IN OTHER WORDS, BY FRAUD OR VIOLENCE, WHEN SUCH CAN BE USED FOR HIS OWN ADVANTAGE, WITHOUT DANGER TO HIMSELF.”

Now, it is not at all my business, nor my gift, to ‘lead’ the people who utter, or listen to, this kind of talk, to better things. I have no hope for them,—any quantity of pity you please, as I have also for wasps, and puff-adders :—but not the least expectation of ever being able to do them any good. My business is simply to state in accurate, not violent, terms, the nature of their minds, which they themselves (“out of thine own mouth will I judge thee, thou wicked servant”) assert to be ‘bestial,’—to show the fulfilment, in them, of the words of prophecy: “What they know naturally, as brute-beasts, in those things they corrupt themselves,”—and to fasten down their sayings in a sure place, for eternal scorn, driving them into the earth they are born of, as with Jael's hammer. And this I have held for an entirely stern duty, and if it seems to have been ever done in uncharitable contempt, my friends should remember how much, in the doing of it,

I have been forced to read the writings of men whose natural stupidity is enhanced always by their settled purpose of maintaining the interests of Fraud and Force,\* (see Fors of January 1877, page 5, line 18), into such frightful conditions of cretinism, that having any business with them and their talk is to me exactly as if all the slavering Swiss populace of the high-air-cure establishment at Interlaken had been let loose into my study at once. The piece of Bastiat, for instance, with analysis of which I began Fors seven years ago,—what can you put beside it of modern trade-literature, for stupidity, set off with dull cunning?—or this, which in good time has been sent me by Fors, (perhaps for a coping-stone of all that I need quote from these men, that so I may end the work of nailing down scarecrows of idiotic soul, and be left free to drive home the fastenings of sacred law)—what can you put beside *this*, for blasphemy, among all the outcries of the low-foreheaded and long-tongued races of demented men?—

“HAD MANKIND GIVEN OBEDIENCE TO THAT PROHIBITION,† THE RACE WOULD LONG SINCE HAVE DISAPPEARED FROM THE FACE OF THE EARTH. FOR WITHOUT INTEREST THE ACCUMULATION OF CAPITAL IS IMPOSSIBLE, WITHOUT CAPITAL THERE CAN BE NO

\* That is to say, the “framework of Society.” It is a perfectly conscientious feeling on their part. “We will reason as far as we can, without saying anything that shall involve any danger to “property.”

† The Prohibition of Usury.

CO-OPERATION OF ANTERIOR AND PRESENT LABOUR, WITHOUT THIS CO-OPERATION THERE CAN BE NO SOCIETY, AND WITHOUT SOCIETY MAN CANNOT EXIST.” (Bastiat, “*Harmonies of Political Economy*,” vol. ii., page 165. English edition.)

With this passage, and some farther and final pushing home of my challenge to the Bishops of England, which must be done, assuredly, in no unseemly temper or haste,—it seems probable to me that the accusing work of *Fors* may close. Yet I have to think of others of its readers, before so determining, of whom one writes to me this month, in good time, as follows :—

“In reading the last (June) ‘*Fors*,’ I see—oh, so sorrowfully!—that you have been pained by hearing ‘complaints’ that should never have been felt—much less spoken, and least of all for you to hear. It is bad enough for those who love every word of your teaching to find ‘*Fors*’ mis-read. But I for one feel it to be just unpardonable that anything so mistaken should reach you as to lead you to think you are ‘multiplying words in vain.’

“‘In vain’?—Dearest Master, surely, surely you know that far and near, many true hearts (who—known or unknown to you—call you by that sacred name) watch hungrily for the coming of your monthly letter, and find it Bread, and Light.

“Believe me, if the ‘well-to-do’—who have never felt the consequences of the evils you seek to cure—

‘can’t understand’ you, there are those who can, and do.

“Perhaps, for instance, your ‘well-to-do friends,’ who can get any fruit they wish for, in season or out of season, from their own garden or hothouse, may think the ‘Mother Law’ of Venice about Fruit only beautiful and interesting from an antiquarian point of view, and not as having any practical value for English people to-day: but suppose that one of them could step so far down as to *be* one of ‘the *poor*’ (not ‘the working’ classes) in our own large towns—and so living, to suffer a fever, when fruit is a necessity, and find, as I have done, that the price of even the commonest kinds made it just impossible for the very poor to buy it—would not he or she, after such an experience, look on the matter as one, not only of personal but of wide importance? I begin to think it is only through their own need, that ordinary people know the needs of others. Thus, if a man and his wife living, with no family, on say ten shillings per week, find that in a town they can’t afford to buy, and can get no garden in which to grow fruit—they will know at once that their neighbours who on the same sum must bring up half a dozen children, will have to do without vegetables as well as fruit; and having felt the consequences of their own privation, they will know that the children will soon—probably—suffer with skin and other diseases, so serious as to make them ask, *why* are fruit and vege-

tables so much scarcer and dearer than they were when we were children? And once any one begins to honestly puzzle out that, and similar questions (as I tried to do before 'Fors' was given us), they will be, I know, beyond all telling, thankful for the guidance of 'Fors,' and quite ready to 'understand' it.

"Ah me! if only the 'well-to-do' would *really* try to find an answer, only to the seemingly simple question asked above, I would have more hope than now for the next generation of 'the lower classes.' For they would find that dear vegetables means semi-starvation to countless poor families. One of the first facts I learnt when I came here was,—'Poor folks' children don't get much to eat all winter but bread and potatoes.' Yet, last October, I one day gave twopence for three ordinary potatoes; and, all winter, could buy no really good ones. Under such conditions, many children, and infirm and sick people, could be but half fed; and half-fed children mean feeble, undersized, diseased men and women, who will become fathers and mothers of sickly children,—and where will the calamity end? Surely the 'food supply' of the people *is* every one's business. ('That can't concern you, my dear,' is the putting down we women get, you know, if we ask the 'why?' of a wrong to other people.) I can't, when I hear of sickly children, but ask, very sadly, what kind of workmen and soldiers and sailors will they and their children be in another century?



"You will think I am looking a long way forward; yet if one begins only to puzzle out this question (the scarcity of fruit and vegetables), they will find it takes them back, far away from towns, far off the 'very poor,' until they come to the beginning of the mischief, as you show us; and then the well-to-do will find they *have* had much to do with the question, and find too a meaning in the oft-read words, 'We are every one members one of another.'

"There, I fear I'm very rude, but I'm not a little angry when people who are blind say there is no light to see by. I've written so much, that I'm now afraid I shall tire you too much; but I do so want to tell you what I feel now, even more than when I began—no words *can* tell you—*how* close, and true, and tried a friend 'Fors' is.

"Last winter there was great distress in this town. Many persons were thrown out of employment because there was 'great depression in the shoe trade:' of course among some classes there was great suffering. Yet, with children literally starving because their fathers could get no work to do, all the winter through, and up to the present time, a 'traction engine' (I think they call it) was at work levelling, etc., the streets, and a machine brush swept them,—past the very door of a house where there was a family of little children starving. 'They have pawned about everything in the house but the few clothes they have on, and have had no food since

yesterday morning,' I was told on *Christmas Day*. All the winter through I could not get one person who talked to me of 'the distress in the shoe trade' to see that it was only like applying a plaster to a broken limb, instead of setting the bone, to give coal and bread tickets to these poor starving people, and was not really 'feeding the hungry.' People are, as far as *I* know, *never* half fed by such means, but over-fed one day in the week, and left foodless the other six.\*

"I talked earnestly to a 'Board' schoolmistress who is 'educating' near three hundred children; but, alas! she persisted in saying, 'It would be a disgraceful thing if we had not the engine and brush, when other towns have got them long ago.' Will you not believe that in such a winter it was good to get 'Fors'? People do listen to you.

"John Grey's letter is glorious. I am so thankful for it. I would like to tell him so, but fear he may not read the name 'Companion' as I do."

I should not have given this letter large type for the portions referring to myself; but I wish its statement of the distress for food among the poorer classes—distress which is the final measure of decrease of National wealth—to be compared with the triumphant words of Mr. Goldwin Smith in contemplation of the increased number of chimneys at Reading, (and I

\* Compare Letter LXI., page 2.

suppose also of the model gaol which conceals from the passing traveller the ruins of its Abbey). And I will pray my first correspondent to believe me, that if once he thoroughly comprehends the quantity of fallacy and of mischief involved in these thoughtless expressions of vulgar triumph, and sets himself to contradict and expose them, he will no longer be sensitive to the less or more of severity in the epithets given to their utterers. The following passage from another of his letters on this subject, with my following general answer, may, I think, sufficiently conclude what is needful to be said on this subject.

“To quite free my mind from the burden which it has long carried, I will speak, too, of what you have said of Goldwin Smith, and Mill. I know that men who fail to see that political change is purely mischievous\* are so far ‘geese’; but I know, too, that it is wrong to call them geese. They are not entirely so; and of the geese or half-geese who follow them in flocks, about the noblest quality is that they are loyal to and admire their leaders, and are hurt and made angry when names which they do not like are used of those leaders.”

Well, my dear sir, I solemnly believe that the less they like it, the better my work has been done. For you will find, if you think deeply of it, that the chief of all the

\* I had not the slightest intention of alluding to *this* failure of theirs, which happens to be my own also.

curses of this unhappy age is the universal gabble of its fools, and of the flocks that follow them, rendering the quiet voices of the wise men of all past time inaudible. This is, first, the result of the invention of printing, and of the easy power and extreme pleasure to vain persons of seeing themselves in print. When it took a twelve-month's hard work to make a single volume legible, men considered a little the difference between one book and another; but now, when not only anybody can get themselves made legible through any quantity of volumes, in a week, but the doing so becomes a means of living to them, and they can fill their stomachs with the foolish foam of their lips,\* the universal pestilence of falsehood fills the mind of the world as cicadas do olive-leaves, and the first necessity for our mental government is to extricate from among the insectile noise, the few books and words that are Divine. And this has been my main work from my youth up,—not caring to speak my own words, but to discern, whether in painting or scripture, what is eternally good and vital, and to strike away from it pitilessly what is worthless and venomous. So that now, being old, and thoroughly practised in this trade, I know either of a picture—a book—or a speech, quite

\* Just think what a horrible condition of life it is that any man of common vulgar wit, who knows English grammar, can get, for a couple of sheets of chatter in a magazine, two-thirds of what Milton got altogether for 'Paradise Lost!' all this revenue being of course stolen from the labouring poor, who are the producers of all wealth. (Compare the central passage of *Fors XI.*, page 6.)

securely whether it is good or not, as a cheesemonger knows cheese ;—and I have not the least mind to try to make wise men out of fools, or silk purses out of sows' ears ; but my one swift business is to brand them of base quality, and get them out of the way, and I do not care a cobweb's weight whether I hurt the followers of these men or not,—totally ignoring them, and caring only to get the facts concerning the men themselves fairly and roundly stated for the people whom I have real power to teach. And for qualification of statement, there is neither time nor need. Of course there are few writers capable of obtaining any public attention who have not some day or other said something rational ; and many of the foolishhest of them are the amiablest, and have all sorts of minor qualities of a most recommendable character,—propriety of diction, suavity of temper, benevolence of disposition, wide acquaintance with literature, and what not. But the one thing I have to assert concerning them is that they are men of eternally worthless intellectual quality, who never ought to have spoken a word in this world, or to have been heard in it, out of their family circles ; and whose books are merely so much floating fogbank, which the first breath of sound public health and sense will blow back into its native ditches for ever.



## NOTES AND CORRESPONDENCE.

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(Before entering on general business, I must pray the reader's attention to the following letter, addressed by me to the Editor of the Standard on the 24th of August:—

*"To the Editor of the Standard.*

BRANTWOOD, CONISTON, LANCASHIRE,

*"24th August, 1877.*

"Sir,—My attention has been directed to an article in your columns of the 22nd inst. referring to a supposed correspondence between Mr. Lowe and me. Permit me to state that the letter in question is not Mr. Lowe's. The general value of your article as a review of my work and methods of writing, will I trust be rather enhanced than diminished by the correction, due to Mr. Lowe, of this original error; and the more that your critic in the course of his review expresses his not unjustifiable conviction that no correspondence between Mr. Lowe and me is possible on any intellectual subject whatever.

"I am, Sir,

"Your obedient servant,

"JOHN RUSKIN.")

I. Affairs of the Company.

I shall retain the word 'Company' to the close of the seventh volume of Fors, and then substitute whatever name our associa-

tion may have been registered under, if such registration can be effected. Supposing it cannot, the name which we shall afterwards use will be 'Guild,' as above stated.

I regret that the Abbey Dale property still stands in my name ; but our solicitors have not yet replied to my letter requesting them to appoint new Trustees ; and I hope that the registration of the Guild may soon enable me to transfer the property at once to the society as a body.

I ought, by rights, as the Guild's *master*, to be at present in Abbey Dale itself ; but as the Guild's *founder*, I have quite other duties. See the subsequent note on my own affairs.

Our accounts follow, (see next five pages,) which I can only hope will be satisfactory, as, in these stately forms, I don't understand them myself. The practical outcome of them is, that we have now of entire property, five thousand Consols, (and something over) ;—eight hundred pounds balance in cash ; thirteen acres freehold at Abbey Dale,—twenty at Bewdley, two at Barmouth, and the Walkley Museum building, ground, and contents.

I must personally acknowledge a kind gift of three guineas, to enable St. George, with no detriment to his own pocket, to meet the appeal in the Correspondence of Fors LXXX., page 244.

## II. Affairs of the Master.

I said just now that I ought to be at Abbey Dale ; and truly I would not fail to be there, if I had only the Guild's *business* to think of. But I have the Guild's schools to think of, and while I know there are thousands of men in England able to conduct our business affairs better than I, when once they see it their duty to do so, I do not believe there is another man in England able to organize our elementary lessons in Natural History and Art. And I am therefore wholly occupied in examining the growth of *Anagallis tenella*, and completing some notes on St.

*Dr.*

## SHEFFIELD MUSEUM ACCOUNT, FROM

1877.				£ s. d.		
Jan.	1.	To Cash in hand	.	£16	3	1
	8.	„ Mrs. Hannah Grant	.	0	1	0
Feb.	10.	„ J. Ruskin (cheque)	.	50	0	0
May	1.	„ Ditto ditto	.	50	0	0
June	30.	„ Ditto ditto	.	50	0	0
				<hr/>		
				166	4	1

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£166 4 1

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JANUARY 1 TO JUNE 30, 1877.

Cr.

1877.		CURRENT EXPENSES.			£ s. d.		
Jan.	1.	By Curator's salary . . . . .	£25	0	0		
	3.	„ Fire insurance . . . . .	0	4	6		
	31.	„ Gas . . . . .	1	14	3		
Feb.	7.	„ Water rate . . . . .	0	5	7		
March	31.	„ Property tax . . . . .	0	7	2		
April	1.	„ Curator's salary . . . . .	25	0	0		
	9.	„ District rate . . . . .	1	19	0		
May	2.	„ Gas (temporarily employed in heating; will not be used during ensuing winter) . . . . .	6	6	9		
June	11.	„ Water . . . . .	0	5	8		
	14.	„ Poor rate . . . . .	0	13	5		
	25.	„ Ditto in addition of land . . . . .	0	1	9		
						61	18 1

		BUILDING AND GROUNDS.					
Jon.	11.	By J. Tunnard (wooden gate and joinery) . . . . .	2	14	9		
Feb.	13.	„ W. Webster (gateway and wallwork) . . . . .	5	4	7		
March	10.	„ B. Bagshawe (transfer of fresh land) . . . . .	1	16	2		
	22.	„ J. C. and J. S. Ellis (on account) . . . . .	10	0	0		
April	20.	„ J. Swift (wood and zinc) . . . . .	0	8	0		
May	1.	„ J. C. and J. S. Ellis (balance, hot water apparatus) . . . . .	10	14	0		
	5.	„ J. Smith (drains) . . . . .	0	12	0		
	14.	„ Fisher, Holmes and Co. (grass seed) . . . . .	0	8	0		
	„	„ E. Richardson (tree planting) . . . . .	2	0	0		
	19.	„ Geo. Creswick (gravel) . . . . .	1	17	6		
	„	„ C. Ellis and J. S. Smith (labour on path and road) . . . . .	9	13	2		
						45	8 2

		CASES AND FITTINGS.					
March	3.	By W. Chaloner (on account) . . . . .	5	0	0		
	16.	„ Ditto (balance, table and fittings) . . . . .	6	4	6		
May	1.	„ Leaf and Co. (velvets) . . . . .	4	12	6		
	14.	„ B. Dixon (silk) . . . . .	0	5	0		
	21.	„ B. Dixon (silk) . . . . .	0	12	3		
	„	„ Brooks and Son (silk) . . . . .	0	12	0		
						17	6 3
June	30.	Carriage of goods and postage . . . . .	5	2	5		
	„	Petty expenses . . . . .	1	5	7		
	„	Cash in hand . . . . .	35	3	7		
						£166	4 1

Examined and found correct, Aug. 22, 1877.

WM. WALKER.

THE UNION BANK OF LONDON (CHANCERY LANE BRANCH), IN ACCOUNT WITH THE ST. GEORGE'S FUND.

Dr.

Cr.

	1877.	£	s.	d.		1877.	£	s.	d.
Jan. 1.	To Balance	191	9	1	April 23.	By Power of attorney for sale of Consols	0	11	6
23.	" Per Mr. J. Ruskin, draft at Bridge-water (Talbot)				May 11.	" Postage of pass-book	0	0	3
"	" Ditto				" 26.	" Power of attorney for sale of Consols	0	11	6
"	" Ditto, Sheffield (Fowler)				June	" Mr. J. Ruskin	4	0	0
25.	" Ditto, Brighton (Moss)				5.	To Deposit Account	5	0	0
26.	" Per Mrs. Bradley				11.	Mr. B. Pagshawe	22	87	16
29.	" Per Mr. J. Ruskin, Mr. Rydings' draft, less 1s. 8d. charges				30.	Balance	3	01	14
Feb. 15.	" Per Mr. J. Ruskin draft at Bridge-water, (Browne)	100	0	0					
19.	" Per Mr. Rydings' draft at Douglas, less 1s. 6d. charges	28	18	6					
April 3.	" Per Mr. Swan, left at Museum by "A Sheffield Working Man"	0	2	0					
9.	" Per ditto, from a "Sheffielder"	0	2	6					
20.	" Per J. P. Stilwell	25	0	0					
May 7.	" Per Mr. Swan, from "A Sheffield silversmith"	0	4	0					
11.	" Per Mr. Rydings' draft at Wolverhampton.	50	0	0					
18.	" Per ditto, draft at Douglas, less 10d. charges	17	13	2					
26.	" Proceeds of sale of £2853 7s. 5d. Consols	27	00	0					
June 8.	" Per Mr. Rydings' draft at Douglas, less 1s. 10d. charges	36	18	2					
22.	" Per Mr. J. Ruskin, Post Office Order	1	0	0					
30.	" Draft at Croydon, per Mr. Rydings	2	2	0					
		£3490	14	0					£3490 14 0

July 1. To Balance . . . . £301 14 3



# CASH STATEMENT OF ST. GEORGE'S FUND, FROM JANUARY 1 TO JUNE 30, 1877.

## Notes and Correspondence.

273

RECEIPTS.		PAYMENTS.	
£	s. d.	£	s. d.
Total from last account	2310 0 11	Total from last account	2177 1 9
Subscriptions and donations—		Powers of attorney for sale of Consols.	1 3 0
See March Fors	£403 11 3	Postage of pass-book	0 0 3
See May ditto	0 4 6	Commission of local banker on cheque	0 1 8
See July ditto	25 4 0	Purchase of land at Abbey Vale, Sheffield	2287 16 6
Post Office Order by Mr. Ruskin	1 0 0	Fittings, salary, taxes, etc., at Museum, to June 30, less 1s. received from Mrs. H.	
Subscriptions sent to Mr. Rydings as per his account in August	429 19 9	Grant, as per separate account	130 19 6
Fors	135 16 0	Mr. Bunney, for drawings	90 0 0
Less local banker's charges	0 4 2	Mrs. Tallot, for repairs at Barmouth	80 12 0
	135 11 10	Mr. Bagshawe, for land at Sheffield	180 0 0
Sale of £2853 7s. 5d. Consols	2700 0 0	Mr. Geddes	10 0 0
Dividend on £8000 Consols, placed to Mr. Ruskin's account, to meet payments made by him for St. George	118 10 0	Mr. Graham	5 0 0
Balance due to Mr. Ruskin for payments made for ditto (inclusive of £50 sent to Mr. Swan on the 30th June, and not accounted for in July Fors).	385 10 0	Mr. Burdon	5 0 0
		Mr. Murray, for painting and drawings	175 0 0
		Mr. Baker, for clearing land on Worcestershire estate	100 0 0
		Cash at banker's—	
		On deposit account	£500 0 0
		On current account	301 14 3
		At Museum	35 3 7
			836 17 10
	£6079 12 6		£6079 12 6

N.B. The above will be made more intelligible if readers will kindly refer to the account on page 208 of July Fors.

THE UNION BANK OF LONDON (CHANCERY LANE BRANCH), IN ACCOUNT WITH THE  
ST. GEORGE'S FUND.

Dr.

Cr.

1877.		£	s.	d.	1877.		£	s.	d.
July 1.	To Balance . . . . .	301	14	3	July 18.	By Cheque to John Ruskin, Esq.	355	10	0
"	" Stamp allowed on power of attorney for sale of Consols . . . . .	0	10	0					
14.	" Per John Ruskin, Esq., sale of Japanese books . . . . .	25	0	0					
16.	" Per ditto, drafts at Bridgwater: Gift (Mrs. Talbot) £10 0 0								
	Rents of Barmouth land . . . . .	26	16	9					
19.	" Per Mr. Swan, from "Manchester Friends of St. George" . . . . .	36	16	9					
Aug. 13.	" Per John Ruskin, Esq., from Rev. R. St. J. Tyrwhitt, July 1 . £20 0 0	2	0	0					
	E. T. Russell, Esq., July 12 . . . . .	5	0	0					
	Miss Susan Reeves, July 20 . . . . .	7	6	0					
	Charles W. Smith, Aug. 11 . . . . .	50	0	0	Aug. 15.	By Balance . . . . .	92	17	0
		82	6	0					
							£448	7	0

Aug. 15. To Balance . . . . . 92 17 0

George's Chapel at Venice ; and the Dalesmen must take care of themselves for the present.

Respecting my own money matters, I have only to report that things are proceeding, and likely to proceed to the end of this year, as I intended, and anticipated : that is to say, I am spending at my usual rate, (with an extravagance or two beyond it,) and earning nothing.

III. The following notes on the existing distress in India, by correspondents of the 'Monetary Gazette,' are of profound import. Their slightly predicatorial character must be pardoned, as long as our Bishops have no time to attend to these trifling affairs of the profane world.

"Afflictions spring not out of the ground, nor is this dire famine an accident that might not have been averted. David in the numbering of Israel sinned in the pride and haughtiness of his heart, and the retribution of Heaven was a pestilence that from Dan to Beersheba slew in one day seventy thousand men. The case of India is exactly parallel. This rich country has been devastated by bad government, and the sins of the rulers are now visited on the heads of the unoffending and helpless people. These poor sheep, what have they done? It cannot be denied that, taking the good years and the bad together, India is capable of supplying much more corn than she can possibly consume ; and besides, she can have abundant stores left for exportation. But the agricultural resources of the land are paralyzed by a vile system of finance, the crops remain insufficient, the teeming population is never properly fed, but is sustained, even in the best of times, at the lowest point of vitality. So that, when drought comes, the food supplies fall short at once, and the wretched hungry people are weak and prostrate in four-and-twenty hours. The ancient rulers of India by their wise forethought did much, by the storage of water and by irrigation, to avoid these frightful famines ; and the

*ruins of their reservoirs and canals, which exist to this day, testify alike to their wisdom, and to the supreme folly of India's modern rulers.* Diverse principles of statesmanship underlie these different policies, and the germ of the whole case is hidden in these first principles. The ancients reserved from the 'fat' years some part of their produce against the inevitable 'lean' years which they knew would overtake them. When, therefore, the 'lean' years came, their granaries were comparatively full. You, with your boasted wisdom *of the nineteenth century*, in reality degenerate into the madness of blind improvidence. You do even worse. You draw on the future, by loans and kindred devices, in order to repair the errors and shortcomings of the present. The past was once the present, and you drew on what was then the future; that future is now the present, the bill is at maturity, there are no resources either in the storehouse or in the till, and famine comes of consequence. Nor is this all—the greater part of the folly and crime remains to be told. You have desolated the fairest portion of the land by the iniquities of usury. The cultivating classes are in hopeless indebtedness, the hereditary money-lender holds them firmly in his grasp, and the impoverished villagers have neither the means nor the heart properly to cultivate the soil. The rulers sit quietly by, while the normal state of things is that agriculture—the primitive industry of the land—is carried on under the vilest system of 'high finance'; where loans are regularly contracted even for the purchase of cattle, and of implements of husbandry, *and the rates of usury run from thirty to eighty per cent.* Agriculture is thus stunted and paralyzed by usury, and not by droughts; and as links in a natural chain of sequences, the earth refuses her increase, and the people perish. The blight and curse of India is usury. You and all your subordinates know it is so, and you do not, and dare not, interpose with dignity or effect. Your fathers planted that tree, so fair to behold, and so seemingly desirable to make the partakers thereof rich; but it is *forbidden*,

as was the tree in the early Paradise of man. Every great statesman who has written his fame in the history and in the laws of the world, has denounced and forbidden it. Are you wiser than they? Was Lycurgus a fool when he forbade it? Was Solon a fanatic when he poured his bitterest denunciations on it? Were Cato, Plato, and Aristotle mad when with burning words they taught its iniquities? Were the Councils of the Church of Rome drunk with insane prejudices, when one after another they condemned it as a mortal sin? Was the Protestant Church of England in deadly error, or in petty warfare against the science of political economy, against truth or against morality, when she declared it to be the revenue of Satan? Was Mahomet wrong when he strictly forbade it? or the Jewish Church when it poured its loudest anathemas on it as a crime of the first magnitude? They all with one accord, in all ages, under the influences of every form of civilization and religion, denounced and forbade it even in the smallest degree; and it has destroyed every nation where it has been established. In India it is not one per cent. which is inherently wrong, and insidiously destructive. It is *eighty per cent.*, with the present penalty of a deadly famine, and a sharp and complete destruction imminent.

“But this wisdom of Joseph in Egypt was not so rare in ancient times. The rulers of these epochs had not been indoctrinated with Adam Smith and the other political economists, whose fundamental maxim is, ‘Every man for himself, and the devil for the rest.’ Here is another illustration, and as it belongs to Indian history, it is peculiarly pertinent here. The Sultan, Ala-ud-din, fixed the price of grain, and received it as tribute; by these means so much royal grain came in Delhi, that there never was a time when there were not two or three royal granaries full of grain in the city. When there was a deficiency of rain, the royal stores were opened; corn was never deficient in the market, *and never rose above the fixed price.* If the rains had fallen regularly,



and the seasons had always been favourable, there would have been nothing so wonderful in grain remaining at one price; but the extraordinary fact was, that though during the reign of Ala-ud-din there were years in which the rain was deficient, yet, instead of the usual scarcity, there was no want of corn in Delhi, and there was no rise in the price, either of the grain brought out of the royal granaries or of that imported by the dealers. Once or twice when the rains failed to some extent, a market overseer reported that the price had risen half a jital, *and he received twenty blows with a stick.* That was an admirable administration for the people; our own is supreme folly in comparison. Perhaps if every time there were an Indian famine we were to administer twenty blows with a stick to a finance minister and a political economist, and were to hang up in every village the principal usurer, the nations might, by aid of these crude methods, arrive at a perception of the wisdom of ancient rule. We certainly would do much to prevent the recurrence of Indian famines after the establishment of that stern but salutary discipline.

“Talking of usury in India, the ‘Globe’ has just published for public edification another illustration of this rampant iniquity. ‘In a case which lately came before the Calcutta Small Cause Court, it was proved that during two years the debtor had paid 1,450 rupees for the interest and amortization of an original debt of 600 rupees. Yet the creditor had so arranged the account that he was able to make a final claim of 450 rupees on account of principal, and 26 rupees as overdue interest. Thus, in the course of only two years, the loan of 600 rupees had swallowed up 1,926 rupees, or at the rate of .963 rupees per annum. After deducting the amount of the original advance, the interest charges came to 681 rupees 8 annas a year, so that the creditor really recovered the debt, with  $13\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. interest, in the course of twelve months, and yet held as large a claim as ever against his victim. Owing to the non-existence of usury laws in India, the judge was

compelled to give judgment against the defendant for the full sum claimed ; but he marked his sense of the transaction by allowing the balance to be paid off in small monthly instalments. At the same time he expressed a regret, in which we heartily agree, that the Indian Civil Code contains no restrictions on the practice of usury.'

"I would 'heartily agree' also, if the regret were intended to fructify in a measure to put down usury altogether, and abolish the money-lender with all his functions. There will be no hope for India till that shall be done ; and what is more, we shall have a famine of bread in England very shortly, if we do not deal effectually with that obnoxious gentleman at home."

IV. The following more detailed exposition of my Manchester correspondent's designs for the founding of a museum for working men in that city, should be read with care. My own comments, as before, are meant only to extend, not to invalidate, his proposals.

"It is many years since the brightest sunshine in Italy and Switzerland began to make me see chiefly the gloom and foulness of Manchester ; since the purest music has been mingled for my ear with notes of the obscene songs which are all the music known to thousands of our workpeople ; since the Tale of Troy and all other tales have been spoiled for me by the knowledge that 'for our working classes no such tales exist.' Do not doubt that I know that those words are sorrowful,—that I know that while they are true, gladness cannot often be felt except by fools and knaves. We are so much accustomed to allow conditions of life to exist which make health impossible, and to build infirmaries and hospitals for a few of the victims of those conditions ;—to allow people to be drawn into crime by irresistible temptations, which we might have removed, and to provide prison chaplains for the most troublesome criminals ;—our beneficent activity is so

apt to take the form of what, in Mrs. Fry's case, Hood so finely 'called 'nugatory teaching,' that it is quite useless to urge people of our class to take up the work of making healthy activity of body and mind possible for the working classes of our towns, and a life less petty than that which we are now living, possible too for the rich. They prefer to work in hospitals and prisons. (a) The most hospital-like and therefore inviting name which I can find for the work which I have mentioned—a work to which I shall give what strength I have—is the 'cure of drunkenness.' Under the 'scientific treatment of drunkenness' I can find a place for every change that seems to me to be most urgently needed in Manchester and all manufacturing towns. Pray do not think that I am jesting, or that I would choose a name for the sake of deception. The name I have chosen quite accurately describes one aspect of the work to be done. I must write an explanation of the work, as I am not rich enough to do more than a small part by myself.

"There is, I believe, no doubt that in the last seventy or eighty years the higher and middle classes of English people, formerly as remarkable for drunkenness as our workmen now are, (b) have become much more temperate. I try to show what are the causes of the change, and how these causes, which do not yet affect the

(a) Most true. This morbid satisfaction of consciences by physicking people on their deathbeds, and preaching to them under the gallows, may be ranked among the most insidious mischiefs of modern society. My correspondent must pardon St. George for taking little interest in any work which proposes to itself, even in the most expanded sense, merely curative results. Is it wholly impossible for him to substitute, as a scope of energy, for the "cure of drunkenness," the "distribution of food?" I heard only yesterday of an entirely well-conducted young married woman fainting in the street for hunger. If my correspondent would address himself to find everybody enough of Meat, he would incidentally, but radically, provide against anybody's having a superabundance of Drink.

(b) Compare 'The Crown of Wild Olive,' §§ 148, 149.

poor, may be made to reach them. I must tell you very briefly what we are already doing in Manchester, and what I shall try to get done. The work of smoke prevention goes on very slowly. The Noxious Vapours Association will have to enforce the law, which, if strictly enforced, would make all mill chimneys almost smokeless. But the 'nuisance sub-committees' will not enforce the law. We shall show as clearly and effectively as possible how grossly they neglect their duty. I believe that in a year or two all that the law can help us to do will be done, and the air will then be much purer. (c)

\* \* \* \* \*

"Music is one of the things most needed. The mood, which I know well, must be very well known by workpeople—the mood in which one does not wish to improve one's mind, or to talk, but only to rest. All men must know that temptation is never harder to resist than then. *We* have music to protect us, which calls up our best thoughts and feeling and memories. The poor have—the public-house,—where their thoughts and feelings are at the mercy of any one who chooses to talk or sing obscenely; and they are ordered to leave even that poor refuge if they don't order beer as often as the landlord thinks they ought to do. In every large English town there are scores of rich people who know what Austrian beer-gardens are,—how much better than anything in England; and yet nowhere has one been started. I am trying now to get a few men to join me in opening one. I should prefer to have tea and coffee and cocoa instead of beer, as our beer is much more stupifying than that which is drunk in Austria. All that is needed is a large, well-lighted, well-ventilated room; (d)

(c) I omit part of the letter here; because to St. George's work it is irrelevant. St. George forbids, not the smoke only, but much more—the fire.

(d) Alas, my kindly friend—do you think there is no difference between a 'room' and a 'garden,' then? The *Garden* is the essential matter; and the Daylight. Not the music, nor the beer, nor even the coffee.



where every evening three or four good musicians shall play such music as one hears in Austria,—music of course chosen by us, and not, as it is in music-halls, virtually by the lowest blackguards. (e) A penny or twopence will be paid at the door, to quite cover the cost of the music; and tea, etc., will be sold to people who want it; but no one will have to order anything for ‘the good of the house.’ Then there will be a place where a decent workman can take his wife or daughter, without having to pay more than he can well afford, and where he will be perfectly sure that they will hear no foul talk or songs. I don’t know of any place of which that can now be said.

“Mr. Ward probably told you of my plans for a museum. I shall be very grateful to you if you will tell me whether or not they are good. (f) I want to make art again a teacher. I know

(e) I will take up this subject at length, with Plato’s help, in next Fors. Meantime, may I briefly ask if it would not be possible, instead of keeping merely the bad *music* out of the hall, to keep the bad *men* out of it? Suppose the music, instead of being charged twopence for, were given of pure grace;—suppose, for instance, that rich people, who now endeavour to preserve memory of their respected relations, by shutting the light out of their church windows with the worst glass that ever good sand was spoiled into,—would bequeath an annual sum to play a memorial tune of a celestial character?—or in any other pious way share some of their own operatic and other musical luxury with the poor; or even appoint a Christian lady-visitor, with a voice, to sing to them, instead of preach?—and then, as aforesaid, instead of permitting seats to be obtained for twopence, make the entry to such entertainments a matter of compliment, sending tickets of admission, as for Almack’s, to persons who, though moneyless, might yet be perceived to belong to a penurious type of good society,—and so exclude ‘blackguards,’ whether lowest or highest, altogether. Would not the selection of the pieces become easier under such conditions?

(f) *Very* good;—but the main difficulty which we have to overcome is, not to form plans for a museum, but to find the men leisure to muse. My correspondent has not yet answered my question, why we, and they, have less than the Greeks had.



that while our town children are allowed to live in filthy houses, to wear filthy clothes, to play in filthy streets, look up to a filthy sky, and love filthy parents, there can be very little in them—compared, at least, with what under other conditions there would be—that books, or art, or after-life can ‘educate.’ But still there is something,—far more than we have any right to expect. How very many of these children, when they grow up, do not become drunkards, do not beat their wives! When I see how good those already grown up are, how kind, as a rule, to each other, how tender to their children, I feel not only shame that we have left them unhelped so long; but, too, hope, belief, that in our day we can get as many people with common kindness and common sense, to work together, as will enable us to give them effective help.

“After all, town children sometimes see brightness. To-day the sky was radiantly blue: looking straight up, it was hardly possible to see that there was smoke in the air, though my eyes were full of ‘blacks’ when I left off watching the clouds drift.

“So long as people are helpful to each other and tender to their children, is there not something in them that art can strengthen and ennoble? Can we not find pictures, old or new, that will bring before them in beautiful forms their best feelings and thoughts? I speak of pictures with great diffidence. For what in them directly reveals noble human feeling I care deeply; but my eyes and brain are dull for both form and colour. I venture to speak of them at all to you only because I have thought much of the possibility of using them as means for teaching people who can barely read. Surely pictures must be able to tell tales, (*g*) even to people whose eyes have been trained

(*g*.) Yes, provided the tales be true, and the art honest. Is my correspondent wholly convinced that the tales he means to tell are true? For if they are not, he will find no good whatever result from an endeavour to amuse the

in a Manchester back street. The plan which I wish to try is, to take, with the help of other men, a warehouse with some well-lighted walls. On these I would hang first the tale of the life of Christ, told by the copies published by the Arundel Society, as far as they can be made to tell it; and with the gaps, left by them, filled by copies made specially for us. Under the whole series the same history would be told in words, and under each picture there would be a full explanation. There are hundreds of English people who have never heard this tale; but it is the tale that is better known than any other. Other tales told by pictures, I hope, can be found.

“You speak hopelessly of the chance of finding painters for the actions of great Englishmen, but could we not find painters for English hills and woods? (*h*) I should like to make other people, and myself, look with their brains, eventually even with their hearts, at what they now see only with their eyes. So I would have drawings made of the prettiest places near Manchester to which people go on holidays. They should be so grown-up working men of England with mediæval fiction, however elegant. And if they are true, perhaps there is other business to be done before painting them.

Respecting the real position of the modern English mind with respect to its former religion, I beg my readers' accuratest attention to Mr. Mallock's aultlessly logical article in the 'Nineteenth Century' for this month, "Is life worth living?"

(*h*) Possibly; but as things are going we shall soon have our people incredulous of the existence of these also. If we cannot keep the fields and woods themselves, the paintings of them will be useless. If you can, they are your best museum. It is true that I am arranging a museum in Sheffield, but not in the least with any hope of regenerating Sheffield by means of it;—only that it may be ready for Sheffield, otherwise regenerated, to use. Nor should I trouble myself even so far, but that I know my own gifts lie more in the way of cataloguing minerals than of managing men.

The rest of my correspondent's letter, to its close, is of extreme value and interest.

painted that, if rocks are seen, it may be easy to know what kind of rocks they are; if trees, what kind of trees. Under or near these pictures, there should be sketches in outline giving the names of all the principal things—‘clump of oaks,’ ‘new red sandstone.’ On the opposite wall I would have cases of specimens—large-scale drawings of leaves of trees, of their blossom and seeds. For pictures of hills there should be such plates, showing the leading lines of the hills, as you give in the ‘Mountain’ volume of ‘Modern Painters.’ It might help to make us think of the wonderfulness of the earth if we had drawings—say of a valley in the coal measure district as it now is, and another of what it probably was when the coal plants were still growing. If each town had such a series of pictures and explanatory drawings, they might be copied by chromolithography, and exchanged.

“We would have the photographs which you have described in ‘Fors,’ or, better, coloured copies of the pictures, with all that you have written about them. Might we not have also good chromo-lithographs of good drawings, so that we might learn what to buy for our houses?

“I speak as if I thought that one museum could do measurable good in a huge city. I speak so because I hope that there are rich people enough, sick at heart of the misery which they now helplessly watch, to open other museums, if the first were seen to do good; or enough such people to lead the poor in forcing the authorities of the city to pay for museums from the rates.

“I would have good music in the museum every evening, and I would have it open on Sunday afternoons, and let fine music be played then too. I would do this for the same reason which makes me think little of ‘temples.’ How can churches help us much now? I have *heard no preacher tell us, in calmness or in anger, that it is the duty of our class—still the ruling class—to give the people light and pure air, and all that light and pure air, and*

*only they, would bring with them.* (i) Until preachers have the wisdom to see, and the courage to say, that if, while the people are being stifled, in body and mind, for air now, and only *may* want more water seven years hence, and probably will not want a Gothic town-hall even seventy years hence, we spend half a million pounds sterling on a town-hall, and I don't know how many millions for your Thirlmere water, we are guilty of grievous sin,—until they see and say this, how can the religion of which they are the priests help us? The poor and the rich are one people. If we can prevent the poor from being brutes, and do not, we are brutes too, though we be rich and educated brutes. Where two or three, or two or three hundred such, are gathered together—it matters not in what name—God is *not* in the midst of them. Some day I hope we shall be able again to meet in churches and to thank God—the poor for giving them good rulers, and we for giving us the peace which we shall not find until we have taken up our duty of ruling. At present many workmen, after drinking on Saturday till public-houses close, lie in bed on Sunday until public-houses open. Then they rise, and begin to drink again. Till churches will help many, I want museums to help a few. Till Sunday be a day which brings to us all a livelier sense that we are bound to God and man with bonds of love and duty, I would have it be at least a day when working men may see that there are some things in the world very good. The first day will do as well as the seventh for that. How can people, trained as our working classes now are, rest on Sunday? To me it seems that *our* Sunday rest, which finds us with stores of knowledge and wisdom that we could not have, had not hundreds of people worked for us, is as much out of the reach of workmen as the daintily cooked cold meats which we eat on Sunday when we wish to be very good to our servants.”

(i) Italics mine..



V. Perhaps, after giving due attention to these greater designs, my readers may have pleasure in hearing of the progress of little Harriet's botanical museum; see Fors LXI., page 35.

"I have told Harriet of the blue 'Flag flowers' that grew in our garden at home, on the bank by the river, and I was as pleased as she, when among the roots given us, I found a Flag flower. One morning, when Harriet found a bud on it, she went half wild with delight. 'Now *I* shall see one of the flowers you tell about.' She watched it grow day by day, and said, 'It *will* be a grand *birthday* when it bursts open.' She begged me to let her fetch her 'father and little brother' up to look at the wonderfully beautiful (to her) flower, on its 'birthday.' Of course I agreed; but, alas! almost as soon as it was open, a cat broke it off. Poor little Harriet!—it was a real grief to her: said flower was, like all our flowers, (the soil is so *very* bad,) a most pitiable, colourless thing, hardly to be known as a relative of country flowers; but they are all 'most lovely' to Harriet: she tells me, 'We shall have such a garden as never was known,' which is perhaps very true.

"Harriet's plants don't ever live long, but she is learning to garden by degrees,—learning even by her mistakes. Her first daisy and buttercup roots, which you heard of, died, to *her* surprise, in their first winter. 'And I took ever such care of them,' she said; 'for when the snow came I scraped it all off, and covered them up nice and warm with *soot and ashes*, and *then* they died!'"

VI. Finally, and for hopefulest piece of this month's Fors, I commend to my readers every word of the proposals which, in the following report of the "Bread-winners' League," are beginning to take form in America; and the evidence at last beginning to be collected respecting the real value of railroads, which I print in capitals.



“‘The Bread-winners’ League’—an organization of workmen and politicians extending throughout the State of New York—publishes the following proclamation:—

“‘Riots are the consequence of vicious laws, enacted for the benefit of the powerful few to the injury of the powerless many.

“‘Labour, having no voice in our law-making bodies, will, of necessity, continue to strike.

“‘Riot and bloodshed will spasmodically re-occur until these questions are squarely put before the American people for popular vote and legislative action.

“‘It is an iniquity and absurdity that half a dozen railroad magnates can hold the very existence of the nation in their hands, and that we shall continue to be robbed by national banks and other moneyed corporations. That “resumption of labour” must be had is self-evident; and if the industrial and labouring classes desire to protect their just interests and independence, they must first emancipate themselves from party vassalage and secure direct and honest representation in the councils of the nation, state, and municipality.

“‘The directors that by negligence or crime steal the earnings of the poor from savings banks, and render life insurance companies bankrupt, invariably escape punishment. And under existing laws there is no adequate protection for the depositors or the insured.’

“Justus Schwab, the most prominent Communistic leader in the country, lays it down as part of the platform of his party that—

“‘The Government must immediately take, control, own, and operate the railroads and work the mines. The only monopoly must be the Government.’

“At the Communistic meeting held in Tompkins Square a few nights ago, it was resolved that—

“‘To secure the greatest advantages of economy and con-

venience resulting from the improvements of the age, and to guard against the cupidity of contractors, the fraudulent principle of interest on money, the impositions of the banking system, and the extortions practised by railroads, gas companies, and other organized monopolies, the system of contracting public work should be abolished, and all public improvements, such as postroads, railroads, gasworks, waterworks, mining operations, canals, post-offices, telegraphs, expresses, etc., should be public property, and *be conducted by Government* at reasonable rates, for the interest of society.'

"Thus, you observe, the Ohio Republicans, in their official declarations, are at one with the Communists.

"Judge West, the candidate of the Ohio Republicans for the office of Governor, in a speech upon receiving the nomination, said:—

"‘I desire to say, my fellow-citizens, to you a word only upon a subject which I know is uppermost in the minds and in the hearts of most of you. It is that the industry of our country shall be so rewarded as that labour shall at least receive that compensation which shall be the support and sustenance of the labourer. I do not know how it may certainly be brought about. But if I had the power, I would try one experiment at least. I would prohibit the great railroad corporations, the great thoroughfares of business and trade, from so reducing their rates by ruinous competition as to disable themselves from paying a just compensation to their operators.

"‘I would go further, and would arrange and fix a minimum of prices for all who labour in the mines and upon the railroads, and then require that from all the net receipts and the proceeds of the capital invested the labourer at the end of the year should, in addition to his fixed compensation, receive a certain per cent. of the profits.

"‘Then, if the profits were insufficient to compensate you as

liberally as you might otherwise desire, you would bear with your employers a portion of the loss. But if these receipts be sufficient to make a division, we would in God's name let the labourer, who is worthy of his hire, share a portion of the profits.'

"Three other facts are worthy of attention :—

"1. THERE ARE 811 RAILROADS IN THE UNITED STATES, AND OF THESE ONLY 196 THAT PAID A DIVIDEND WITHIN THE LAST FISCAL YEAR. IN SIXTEEN STATES AND TERRITORIES NOT A SINGLE RAILROAD HAS PAID A DIVIDEND. THERE ARE 71 RAILROADS IN NEW YORK, AND ONLY 20 OF THEM PAID A DIVIDEND; 52 IN ILLINOIS, AND ONLY 7 PAID A DIVIDEND; 18 IN WISCONSIN, AND ONLY 1 PAID A DIVIDEND; AND SO ON.

"2. THE NUMBER OF COMMERCIAL FAILURES THROUGHOUT THE WHOLE COUNTRY DURING THE FIRST HALF OF THIS YEAR WAS 4,749; DURING THE FIRST HALF OF 1876 IT WAS 4,600; DURING THE FIRST HALF OF 1875 IT WAS 3,563. BUSINESS GROWS WORSE INSTEAD OF BETTER.

"3. CONGRESS, AT ITS COMING SESSION, WILL BE ASKED TO VOTE A SUBSIDY OF \$91,085,000, IN THE SHAPE OF A GUARANTEE OF INTEREST ON BONDS, TO BUILD 2,431 MILES OF THE TEXAS AND PACIFIC RAILROAD, AND THE JOB WILL PROBABLY BE SUCCESSFUL."

# FORS CLAVIGERA.

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## LETTER LXXXII.

BRANTWOOD, 13<sup>th</sup> September, 1877.

I REALLY thought Fors would have been true to its day, this month; but just as it was going to press, here is something sent me by my much-honoured friend Frederic Gale, (who told me of the race-horse and kitten,) which compels me to stop press to speak of it.

It is the revise of a paper which will be, I believe, in 'Baily's Magazine' by the time this Fors is printed;—a sketch of English manners and customs in the days of Fielding; (whom Mr. Gale and I agree in holding to be a truly moral novelist, and worth any quantity of modern ones since Scott's death,—be they who they may).

But my friend, though an old Conservative, seems himself doubtful whether things may not have been a little worse managed, in some respects, then, than they are now: and whether some improvements may

not really have taken place in the roads,—postage, and the like: and chiefly his faith in the olden time seems to have been troubled by some reminiscences he has gathered of the manner of inflicting capital punishment in the early Georgian epochs. Which manner, and the views held concerning such punishment, which dictate the manner, are indeed among the surest tests of the nobility or vileness of men: therefore I will ask my friend, and my readers, to go with me a little farther back than the days of Fielding, if indeed they would judge of the progress, or development, of human thought on this question;—and hear what, both in least and in utmost punishment, was ordained by *literally* ‘Rhadamanthine’ law, and remained in force over that noblest nation who were the real Institutors of Judgment,\* some eight hundred years, from the twelfth to the fourth century before Christ.

I take from Müller’s ‘Dorians,’ Book III., chap. ii., the following essential passages, (*italics always mine*):—

“*Property* was, according to the Spartan notions, to be *looked upon as a matter of indifference*; in the decrees and institutions attributed to Lycurgus, no mention was made of this point, and the ephors were permitted to judge according to their own notions of equity. The ancient legislators had an evident repugnance to any strict regulations on this subject; thus Zaleucus—who however first made particular enactments concerning

\* The Mosaic law never having been observed by the Jews in literalness.



the right of property—*expressly interdicted certificates of debt.*

“The ephors decided all disputes concerning money and property, as well as in accusations against responsible officers, provided they were not of a criminal nature; the kings decided in cases of heiresses and adoptions. Public offences, *particularly of the kings and other authorities*, were decided by an extreme course of judicature. The popular assembly had probably no judicial” (meaning only elective) “functions: disputes concerning the succession to the throne were referred to it only after ineffectual attempts to settle them, and it then passed a decree.

“Among the various punishments which occur, the fines levied on property would appear ridiculous in any other state than Sparta, on account of their extreme lowness. Perseus, in his treatise on the Lacedæmonian government, says that ‘the judge immediately condemns the rich man to the loss of a *dessert* (ἐπαῖκλον); the poor he orders to bring a reed, or a rush, or laurel leaves for a public banquet.’ Nicocles the Lacedæmonian says upon the same subject, ‘when the ephor has heard all the witnesses, he either acquits the defendant or condemns him; and the successful plaintiff slightly fines him in a cake, or some laurel leaves,’ which were used to give a relish to the cakes.

“Banishment was probably never a regular punishment in Sparta, for the law could hardly compel a

person to do that which, if he had done it voluntarily, would have been punished with death. On the other hand, banishment exempted a person from the most severe punishments, and, according to the principles of the Greeks, preserved him from every persecution; so that even a person who was declared an outlaw by the Amphictyons was thought secure when out of the country. There is no instance in the history of Sparta of any individual being banished for political reasons, so long as the ancient constitution continued.

“The laws respecting the penalty of death which prevailed in the Grecian, and especially in the Doric, states, were derived from Delphi. They were entirely founded upon the ancient rite of expiation, by which a limit was first set to the fury of revenge, and a fixed mode of procedure in such cases was established.

“The Delphian institutions were, however, doubtless connected with those of Crete, where Rhadamanthus was reported by ancient tradition to have first established courts of justice, and a system of law, (the larger and more important part of which, in early times, is always the criminal law).<sup>\*</sup> Now as Rhadamanthus is said to have made exact retaliation the fundamental principle of his code, it cannot be doubted, after what has been

<sup>\*</sup> I have enclosed this sentence in brackets, because it is the German writer's parenthesis, from his own general knowledge; and it shows how curiously unconscious he had remained of the real meaning of the ‘retaliation’ of Rhadamanthus, which was of good for good, not of evil for evil. See the following note.

said in the second book on the connexion of the worship of Apollo, and its expiatory rites, with Crete, that in this island the harshness of that principle was early softened by religious ceremonies, in which victims and libations took the place of the punishment which should have fallen on the head of the offender himself.

“The punishment of death was inflicted either by strangulation, in a room of the public prison, or by throwing the criminal into the Cæadas,\* a ceremony which was always performed by night. It was also in ancient times the law of Athens that no execution should take place in the daytime. So also the senate of the Eolic Cume (whose antiquated institutions have been already mentioned) decided criminal cases during the night, and voted with covered balls, nearly in the same manner as the kings of the people of Atlantis, in the Critias of Plato. These must not be considered as oligarchical contrivances for the undisturbed execution of severe sentences, but they must be attributed to the dread of pronouncing and putting into execution the sentence of death, and to an unwillingness to bring the terrors of that penalty before the eye of day. A similar repugnance is expressed in the practice of Spartan Gerusia, which never passed

\* I did not know myself what the Cæadas was; so wrote to my dear old friend, Osborne Gordon, who tells me it was probably a chasm in the limestone rock; but his letter is so interesting that I keep it for ‘Deucalion.’

sentence of death without several days' deliberation, nor ever without the most conclusive testimony."

These being pre-Christian views of the duty and awfulness of capital punishment—(we all know the noblest instance of that waiting till the sun was behind the mountains)—here is the English eighteenth century view of it, as a picturesque and entertaining ceremony.

"As another instance of the matter-of-course way of doing business in the olden time, an old Wiltshire shepherd pointed out to a brother of mine a place on the Downs where a highwayman was hung, on the borders of Wilts and Hants. 'It was quite a pretty sight,' said the old man; 'for the sheriffs and javelin-men came a-horseback, and they all stopped at the Everleigh Arms for refreshment, as they had travelled a long way.' 'Did the man who was going to be hanged have anything?' 'Lord, yes, as much strong beer as he liked; and we drank to his health; and then they hung he, and buried him under the gallows.'"

Now I think the juxtaposition of these passages may enough show my readers how vain it is to attempt to reason from any single test, however weighty in itself,—to general conclusions respecting national progress. It would be as absurd to conclude, from the passages quoted, that the English people in the days of George the Third were in all respects brutalized, and in all respects inferior to the Dorians in the days of Rhadamanthus, as it is in the modern philanthropist

of the Newgatory\* school to conclude that we are now entering on the true Millennium, because we can't bear the idea of hanging a rascal for his crimes, though we are quite ready to drown any quantity of honest men, for the sake of turning a penny on our insurance; and though (as I am securely informed) from ten to twelve public executions of entirely innocent persons take place in Sheffield, annually, by crushing the persons condemned under large pieces of sandstone thrown at them by steam-engines; in order that the moral improvement of the public may be secured, by furnishing them with carving-knives sixpence a dozen cheaper than, without these executions, would be possible.

All evidences of progress or decline have therefore to be collected in mass,—then analyzed with extreme care,—then weighed in the balance of the Ages, before we can judge of the meaning of any one:—and I am glad to have been forced by Fors to the notice of my friend's paper, that I may farther answer a complaint of my Manchester correspondent, of which I have hitherto taken no notice, that I under-estimate the elements of progress in Manchester. My answer is, in very few words, that I am quite aware there are many amiable persons in Manchester—and much general

\* As a literary study, this exquisite pun of Hood's, (quoted by my correspondent in last Fors,) and intensely characteristic of the man, deserves the most careful memory, as showing what a noble and instructive lesson even a pun may become, when it is deep in its purpose, and founded on a truth which is perfectly illustrated by the seeming equivocation.



intelligence. But, taken as a whole, I perceive that Manchester can produce no good art, and no good literature; it is falling off even in the quality of its cotton; it has reversed, and vilified in loud lies, every essential principle of political economy; it is cowardly in war, predatory in peace; and as a corporate body, plotting at last to steal, and sell, for a profit,\* the waters of Thirlmere and clouds of Helvellyn.

And therefore I have no serious doubt that the Rhadamanthine verdict† on that society, being distinctly retributive, would be, not that the Lake of Thirlmere

\* The reader must note—though I cannot interrupt the text to explain, that the Manchester (or typically commercial,—compare Fors, Letter LXX., p. 315,) heresy in political economy is twofold,—first, what may specifically be called the Judasian heresy,—that the value of a thing is what it will fetch in the market: “This ointment might have been sold for much,—this lake may be sold for much;—this England may be sold for much,—this Christ may be sold for—little; but yet, let us have what we can get,” etc.; and, secondly, what may specifically be called the ‘heresy of the tables’—*i.e.* of the money-changers—that money begets money, and that exchange is the root of profit. Whereas only labour is the root of profit, and exchange merely causes loss to the producer by tithe to the pedlar.

Whereupon I may also note, for future comparison of old and new times, the discovery made by another of my good and much-regarded friends, Mr. Alfred Tylor, who is always helping me, one way or other; and while lately examining some documents of the old Guilds, for I forget what purpose of his own, it suddenly flashed out upon him, as a general fact concerning them, that they never looked for ‘profit’—(and, practically, never got it,)—but only cared that their work should be good, and only expected for it, and got surely, day by day, their daily bread.

† More properly, in this case, the *Minoan* verdict. Though I do not care for ‘discoveries,’ and never plume myself on them, but only on clear perception of long-known facts; yet, as I leave my work behind me, I

should be brought to the top of the town of Manchester, but that the town of Manchester, or at least the Corporation thereof, should be put at the bottom of the Lake of Thirlmere.

You think I jest, do you? as you did when I said I should like to destroy the New Town of Edinburgh,—(see notes in Correspondence, on the article in the ‘Scotsman,’) and the city of New York?

My friends, I did not jest then, and do not, now. I am no Roman Catholic,—yet I would not willingly steal holy water out of a font, to sell;—and being no Roman Catholic, I hold the hills and vales of my native land to be true temples of God, and their waves and clouds holier than the dew of the baptistery, and the incense of the altar.

And to these Manchester robbers, I would solemnly speak again the words which Plato wrote for prelude to the laws forbidding crimes against the Gods,—though crimes to him inconceivable as taking place among educated men. “Oh, thou wonderful,” (meaning wonderful in wretchedness,) “this is no human evil that is upon thee, neither one sent by the Gods, but a mortal pestilence and œstrus\* begotten among men from old

think it right to note of new things in it what seem to me worthy,—and the analysis of the powers of the three Judges,—Minos, the Punisher of Evil; Rhadamanthus, the Rewarder of Good; and Æacus, the Divider of Possession, is, I believe, mine exclusively.

\* There is no English word for this Greek one, symbolical of the forms of stinging fury which men must be transformed to beasts, before they can feel.

and uncleansed iniquities : wherefore, when such dogmas and desires come into thy soul, that thou desirest to steal sacred things, seek first to the shrines for purification, and then for the society of good men ; and hear of them what they say, and with no turning or looking back, fly out of the fellowship of evil men :—and if, in doing this, thy evil should be lightened, well ; but if not, then holding death the fairer state for thee, depart thou out of this life.”

For indeed\* “the legislator knows quite well that to such men there is ‘no profit’ in the continuance of their lives ; and that they would do a double good to the rest of men, if they would take their departure, inasmuch as they would be an example to other men not to offend, and they would relieve the city of bad citizens.”

I return now to what I began a week ago, thinking then, as I said, to be in the best of time. And truly the lateness of *Fors* during the last four or five months has not been owing to neglect of it, but to my taking more pains with it, and spending, I am grieved to say, some ten or twelve days out of the month in the writing of it, or finishing sentences, when press correction and all should never take more than a week, else it gets more than its due share of my shortening life. And this has been partly in duty, partly in vanity, not remembering enough my often-announced purpose

\* The closing sentence from this point is farther on in the book. I give Jowett’s translation, p. 373.—The inverted commas only are mine.

to give more extracts from classical authors, in statement of necessary truth; and trust less to myself; therefore to-day, instead of merely using Plato's help, in talking of music, I shall give little more than his own words, only adding such notes as are necessary for their application to modern needs. But what he has said is so scattered up and down the two great treatises of the Republic and the Laws, and so involved, for the force and basis of it, with matter of still deeper import, that, arrange it how best I may, the reader must still be somewhat embarrassed by abruptness of transition from fragment to fragment, and must be content to take out of each what it brings. And indeed this arrangement is more difficult because, for my present purposes, I have to begin with what Plato concludes in,—for *his* dialogues are all excavatory work, throwing aside loose earth, and digging to rock foundation; but *my* work is edificatory, and I have to lay the foundation first. So that to-day I must begin with his summary of conclusions in the twelfth book of the Laws,\* namely, that “the Ruler must know the principle of good which is common to the four cardinal virtues,

\* My own edition of Plato is Bekker's, printed by Valpy, 1826; and my own references, made during the last fifteen years, are all to page and line of this octavo edition, and will be given here,—after naming the book of each series; thus, in the present case, Laws, XII. 632. 9, meaning the twelfth book of the Laws, 9th line of 632nd page in Bekker's 8th volume; but with this reference I will also give always, in brackets, that to the chapter in Stephanus, so that the full reference here is,—Laws, XII. 632. 9 (966).

Prudence, Justice, Fortitude, and Temperance ; and which makes each and all of them virtue : and he must know, of what is beautiful and good, the principle that makes it beautiful, and makes it good ; and knowing this, he must be able to set it forth first in words, and follow it out in action. Therefore, since of all beautiful things one of the most beautiful is the fact of the existence and power of the Gods ; although it may be pardoned to the common people of the city that they know these things only by fame, no man may be a governor who has not laboured to acquire every faith concerning the existence of the Gods : and there should be no permission to choose, as a guardian of the laws, any one who is not a divine man, and one who has wholly gone through the sum of labour in such things,"—(meaning, having laboured until he has fought his way into true faith).

"And there are two lines of knowledge by which we arrive at belief in the Gods : the first, the right understanding of the nature of the soul, that it is the oldest and divinest of all the things to which motion, taking to itself the power of birth, gives perpetual being ; and the other, the perception of order in the movements of matter, in the stars, and in all other things which an authoritatively ruling mind orders and makes fair. For of those who contemplate these things neither imperfectly nor idiotically, no one of men has been born so atheist as not to receive the absolutely contrary



impression to that which the vulgar suppose. For to the vulgar it seems that people dealing with astronomy and the other arts that are concerned with necessary law, must become atheists, in seeing that things come of necessity, and not of the conception formed by a will desiring accomplishment of good. But that has been so only when they looked at them" (in the imperfect and idiotic way) "thinking that the soul was newer than matter, instead of older than matter, and after it, instead of before it,—thinking which, they turned all things upside-down, and themselves also: so that they could not see in the heavenly bodies anything but lifeless stones and dirt; and filled themselves with atheism and hardness of heart, against which the reproaches of the poets were true enough, likening the philosophers to dogs uttering vain yelpings. But indeed, as I have said, the contrary of all this is the fact. For of mortal men he only can be rightly wise and reverent to the Gods, who knows these two things—the Priority of the Spirit, and the Masterhood of Mind over the things in Heaven, and who knowing these things first, adding then to them those necessary parts of introductory learning of which we have often before spoken, and also those relating to the Muse, shall harmonize them all into the system of the practices and laws of states." \*

\* The Greek sentence is so confused, and the real meaning of it so entirely dependent on the reader's knowledge of what has long preceded it, that I am obliged slightly to modify and complete it, to make it clear. Lest the reader

The word 'necessary' in the above sentence, refers to a most important passage in the seventh book, to understand which, I must now state, in summary, Plato's general plan of education.

It is founded primarily on the distinction between masters and servants; the education of servants and

should suspect any misrepresentation, here is Mr. Jowett's more literal rendering of it, which however, in carelessly omitting one word (*ἀναγκαῖα*), and writing "acquired the previous knowledge," instead of "acquired the previous *necessary* knowledge," has lost the clue to the bearing of the sentence on former teaching:—

"No man can be a true worshipper of the Gods who does not know these two principles—that the soul is the eldest of all things which are born, and is immortal, and rules over all bodies; moreover, as I have now said several times, he who has not contemplated the mind of nature which is said to exist in the stars, and acquired the previous knowledge, and seen the connection of them with music, and harmonized them all with laws and institutions, is not able to give a reason for such things as have a reason." Compare the Wisdom of Solomon, xiii. 1—9:—"Surely vain are all men by nature, who are ignorant of God, and could not out of the good things that are seen, know him that is: neither by considering the works did they acknowledge the workmaster; but deemed either fire, or wind, or the swift air, or the circle of the stars, or the violent water, or the lights of heaven, to be the gods which govern the world. With whose beauty if they being delighted took them to be gods; let them know how much better the Lord of them is: for the first author of beauty hath created them. But if they were astonished at their power and virtue, let them understand by them how much mightier he is that made them. For by the greatness and beauty of the creatures proportionably the maker of them is seen. But yet for this they are the less to be blamed: for they peradventure err, seeking God, and desirous to find him. For being conversant in his works they search him diligently, and believe their sight: because the things are beautiful that are seen. Howbeit neither are they to be pardoned. For if they were able to know so much, that they could aim at the world, how did they not sooner find out the Lord thereof?"

artizans being not considered in the Laws, but supposed to be determined by the nature of the work they have to do. The education he describes is only for the persons whom we call 'gentlemen'—that is to say, landholders, living in idleness on the labour of slaves. (The Greek word for slave and servant is the same; our word slave being merely a modern provincialism contracted from 'Sclavonian.' See 'St. Mark's Rest,' Supplement I.)

Our manufacturers, tradesmen, and artizans, would therefore be left out of question, and our domestic servants and agricultural labourers all summed by Plato simply under the word 'slaves'\*—a word which the equivocation of vulgar historians and theologians always translates exactly as it suits their own views: 'slave,' when they want to depreciate Greek politics; and servant, when they are translating the words of Christ or St. Paul, lest either Christ or St. Paul should be recognized as speaking of the same persons as Plato.

Now, therefore, the reader is to observe that the teaching of St. George differs by *extension* from that of Plato, in so far as the Greek never imagined that the blessings of education could be extended to servants as well as to masters: but it differs by absolute contradiction from that of Mr. Wilberforce and Mrs. Beecher Stowe, in *their* imagination that there should

\* Laws, VII. 303, 17 (806).

be no servants and no masters at all. Nor, except in a very modified degree, does even its extended charity differ from Plato's severity. For if you collect what I have said about education hitherto, you will find it always spoken of as a means of discrimination between what is worthless and worthy in men ; that the rough and worthless may be set to the roughest and foulest work, and the finest to the finest ; the rough and rude work being, you will in time perceive, the best of charities to the rough and rude people. There is probably, for instance, no collier's or pitman's work so rough or dirty, but that—if you set and kept Mr. Ayrton to it,—his general character and intelligence would in course of time be improved to the utmost point of which they are capable.

A Greek gentleman's education then, which, in some modified degree, St. George proposes to make universal for Englishmen who really deserve to have it, consisted essentially in perfect discipline in music, poetry, and military exercises ; but with these, if he were to be a perfect person, fit for public duties, he had also to learn three ' necessary ' sciences : those of number, space, and motion, (arithmetic, geometry, astronomy,) which are called ' necessary,' not merely as being instrumental to complete human usefulness, but also as being knowledges of things existing by Divine Fate, which the Gods themselves cannot alter, against which they cannot contend, and "without the knowledge of which no one can become

a God, an angel, or a hero capable of taking true care of men.”\*

None of these sciences, however, were to be learned either with painful toil, or to any extent liable to make men lose sight of practical duty. “For,” he says, “though partly I fear indeed the unwillingness to learn at all, much more do I fear the laying hold of any of these sciences in an evil way. For it is not a terrible thing, nor by any means the greatest of evils, nor even a great evil at all, to have no experience of any of these things. But to have much experience and much learning, with evil leading, is a far greater loss than that.” This noble and evermore to be attended sentence is (at least in the fulness of it) untranslatable but by expansion. I give, therefore, Mr. Jowett’s and the French translations, with my own, to show the various ways in which different readers take it; and then I shall be able to explain the full bearing of it.

(I) “For entire ignorance is not so terrible or extreme an evil, and is far from being the greatest of all; too much cleverness, and too much learning, accompanied with ill bringing up, are far more fatal.”

The word which Plato uses for ‘much experience’ does literally mean *that*, and has nothing whatever to

\* This most singular sentence, (VII. 818), having reference to the rank in immortality attainable by great human spirits, (“*hac arte Pollux et vagus Hercules,*” etc.,) will be much subject of future inquiry. See, however, the note farther on.



do with 'cleverness' in the ordinary sense; but it involves the idea of dexterity gained by practice, which was what Mr. Jowett thought of. "Ill bringing up" is again too narrow a rendering. The word I translate literally 'leading'\* is technically used for a complete scheme of education; but in this place it means the tendency which is given to the thoughts and aim of the person, whatever the scheme of education may be. Thus we might put a boy through all the exercises required in this passage—(through music, arithmetic, geometry, and astronomy,) and yet throughout give him an evil 'leading,' making all these studies conducive to the gratification of ambition, or the acquirement of wealth. Plato means that we had better leave him in total ignorance than do this.

(French) "L'ignorance absolue n'est pas le plus grand des maux, ni le plus à redouter : une vaste étendue de connaissances mal digérées est quelque chose de bien pire."

The Frenchman avoids, you see, the snare of the technical meaning; but yet his phrase, 'ill digested,' gives no idea of Plato's real thought, which goes to the *cause* of indigestion, and is, that knowledge becomes evil if the aim be not virtuous: nor does he mean at all that the knowledge *itself* is imperfect or 'ill digested,' but that the most accurate and consummate science,

\* It is virtually the *end* of the word pedagogue—the person who *led* children to their school.

and the most splendid dexterity in art, and experience in politics, are worse evils, and that by far, than total ignorance, if the aim and tone of the spirit are false.

“Therefore,”—he now goes on, returning to his practical point, which was that no toilsome work should be spent on the sciences, such as to enslave the soul in them, or make them become an end of life—“Therefore, children who are to be educated as gentlemen should only learn, of each science, so much as the Egyptian children learn with their reading and writing, for from their early infancy their masters introduce the practice of arithmetic, giving them fruits and garlands of flowers,” (cowslip-balls and daisy-chains), “to fit together, fewer or more out of equal numbers ; and little vessels of gold, silver, and bronze, sometimes to be mingled with each other, sometimes kept separate ;” (with estimate of relative value probably in the game, leading to easy command of the notion of pounds, shillings, and pence,) “and so making every operation of arithmetic of practical use to them, they lead them on into understanding of the numbering and arranging of camps, and leadings\* of regiments, and at last of household economy, making them in all more serviceable and shrewd than others.” Such, with geometry and astronomy, (into the detail of which I cannot enter to-day,) being Plato’s ‘necessary’ science, the higher conditions of education, which alone, in his

\* The same word again—the end of pedagogue, applied to soldiers instead of children.

mind, deserve the name, are those above named as relating to the Muse.

To which the vital introduction is a passage most curiously contrary to Longfellow's much-sung line, "Life is real, life is earnest,"—Plato declaring out of the very deep of his heart, that it is *unreal* and *unearnest*. I cannot give space to translate the whole of the passage, though I shall return for a piece presently ; but the gist of it is that the Gods alone are great, and have great things to do ; but man is a poor little puppet, made to be their plaything ; and the virtue of him is to play merrily in the little raree-show of his life, so as to please the Gods. Analyzed, the passage contains three phases of most solemn thought ; the first, an amplification of the "What is man that thou art mindful of him?" the second, of the "He walketh in a vain shadow, and disquieteth himself in vain ;" the third, that his real duty is to quiet himself, and live in happy peace and play, all his measure of days. "The lambs play always, they know no better ;" and they ought to know no better, he thinks, if they are truly lambs of God : the practical outcome of all being that religious service is to be entirely with rejoicing,—that only brightness of heart can please the Gods ; and that asceticism and self-discipline are to be practised only that we may be made capable of such sacred joy.

The extreme importance of this teaching is in its opposition to the general Greek instinct, that 'Tragedy,'

or song in honour of the Gods, should be sad. An instinct which, in spite of Plato, has lasted to this day, in the degree in which men disbelieve in the Gods themselves, and in their love. Accepting cheerfulness, therefore, as the fulfilment of sanctity, we shall understand in their order the practical pieces both about music\* and about higher education, of which take this first (VI. 766).

“For every sprout of things born, once *started* fairly towards the virtue of its nature, fulfils it in prosperous end; this being true of all plants, and of animals wild or gentle, and of man; and man, as we have said, is indeed gentle, if only he receive right education, together

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\* I thought to have collected into this place the passages about the demoralizing effect of sad music, (Verdi's, for instance, the most corrupting type hitherto known,) from the Republic as well as the Laws: but that must be for next month; meantime, here is a little bit about tragedy which *must* be read now, though I'm terribly sorry to give it only in small print. It must not have small print, so I separate it only by a line from the text.

“Concerning comedy, then, enough said; but for the earnest poets of the world occupied in tragedy, if perchance any of these should come to us, and ask thus: ‘Oh, ye strangers, will you have us to go into your city and your land, or no?’<sup>1</sup> and shall we bring our

<sup>1</sup> In sentences like this the familiar euphony of ‘no’ for ‘not,’ is softer and fuller in meaning, as in sound, than the (commonly held) grammatical form;—and in true analysis, the grammar is better, because briefer, in the familiar form; it being just as accurate to complete the sentence by understanding ‘say’ before ‘no,’ as by repeating ‘have us’ after ‘not.’

with fortunate nature ; and so becomes the divinest and the gentlest of things alive ; but if not enough or not rightly trained, he becomes, of all things that earth brings forth, the savagest."

The "together with fortunate nature" in this passage, refers to the necessity of fine race in men themselves ; and limits the future question of education to such, Plato not concerning himself about such as are ill born. Compare the Vulgate of the birth of Moses, "*videns eum elegantem.*"

The essential part of the education of these, then,—that properly belonging to the Muse,—is all to be given by the time they are sixteen ; the ten years of childhood being exclusively devoted to forming the disposition ;

poetry to you and act it to you, or how is it determined by you of the doing<sup>1</sup> such things?' What then should we answer, answering rightly, to the divine men? For in my thoughts it is fixed that we should answer thus : 'Oh, noblest of strangers,' should we say, 'we ourselves also according to our power are poets of tragedy,—the most beautiful that we can and the best. For all our

<sup>1</sup> In every case, throughout this sentence, (and generally in translations from good Greek philosophical writing,) the reader must remember that 'drama' being our adopted Greek word for 'the thing done,' and 'poetry' our adopted Greek word for 'the thing made,' properly the meaning of the sentence would require us to read 'maker' for 'poet,' and 'doer' for 'actor.'



then come three years of grammar, with the collateral sciences, in the manner above explained, and then three years of practice in executive music: bodily exercises being carried on the whole time to the utmost degree possible at each age. After sixteen, the youth enters into public life, continuing the pursuit of virtue as the object of all, life being not long enough for it.

The three years of literary education, from ten to thirteen, are supposed enough to give a boy of good talent and disposition all the means of cultivating his mind that are needful. The term must not be exceeded. If the boy has not learned by that time to read and

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polity is but one great presentment of the best and most beautiful life, which we say to be indeed the best and truest tragedy: poets therefore are you, and we also alike poets of the same things, antartists, and antagonists to you as our hope is of that most beautiful drama, which the true law only can play to its end. Do not therefore think that we at all thus easily shall allow you to pitch your tents in our market-place; and yield to you that bringing in your clear-voiced actors, speaking greater things than we, you should speak to our people,—to our wives and to our children and to all our multitude, saying, concerning the same things that we speak of, not the same words, but for the most part, contrary words.’ ”

write accurately and elegantly,\* he is not to be troubled with such things more, but left illiterate. Then, literary study is to be foregone for three years even by those who are afterwards to take it up again, that they may learn music completely—this being considered a sedentary study, and superseding grammar, while the athletic exercises always occupy the same time of each day, and are never remitted.

Understanding this general scheme, we begin at the beginning; and the following passage, II. 501. 1 (653), defines for us Plato's thoughts, and explains to us his expressions relating to the discipline of childhood.

"Now, I mean by education † that first virtue which can be attained by children, when pleasure and liking, and pain and disliking, are properly implanted in their souls while yet they cannot understand why; but so that when they get the power of reasoning, its perfect

\* Every day, I perceive more and more the importance of accurate verbal training. If the Duke of Argyll, for instance, had but had once well taught him at school the relations of the words *lex*, *lego*, *loi*, and *loyal*; and of *rex*, *rego*, *roi*, and *royal*, (see 'Unto this Last,' p. 73,) he could neither have committed himself to the false title of his treatise on natural history, 'reign of law,' nor to the hollow foundation of his treatise on the tenure of land in the assumption that the long establishment of a human law, whether criminal or not, must make it divinely indisputable. See p. 6 of "A Crack with His Grace the Duke of Argyll." Seton and Mackenzie, Edinburgh; Whittaker, London.

† Jowett thus translates; but the word here in Plato means, properly, the result of education, spoken of as the habit fixed in the child; 'good breeding' would be the nearest English, but involves the idea of race, which is not here touched by the Greek.

symphony may assure them that they have been rightly moralled into their existing morals. This perfect symphony of the complete soul is properly called virtue ; but the part of its tempering which, with respect to pleasure and pain, has been so brought up, from first to last, as to hate what it should hate, and love what it should love, we shall be right in calling its education.

“Now these well-nourished habits of being rightly pained and pleased are, for the most part, loosened and lost by men in the rough course of life ; and the Gods, pitying the race born to labour, gave them, for reward of their toil and rest from it, the times of festival to the Gods. And the Gods gave, for companions to them in their festivals, the Muses, and Apollo, the leader of Muses, and Dionysus, that the pure instincts they first had learned might be restored to them while they kept festival with these Gods.

“Now, therefore, we must think whether what is hymned \* among us be truly said, and according to nature or not.

“And this is what is said : that every young thing that lives is alike in not being able to keep quiet, but must in some way move and utter itself,—for mere movement's sake, leaping and skipping, as if dancing and at play for pleasure,—and for noise sake,

\* A hymn is properly a song embodying sacred tradition ; hence, familiarly the thing commonly said of the Gods.

uttering every sort of sound. And that, indeed, other living creatures have no sense of the laws of order and disorder in movements which we call rhythm and harmony; but to us, those Gods whom we named as fellows with us in our choirs,\* these are they who gave us the delightful sense of rhythm and harmony in which we move; and they lead our choirs, binding us together in songs and dances, naming them choruses from the choral joy.

“Shall we, then, receive for truth thus much of their tradition, that the first education must be by the Muses and Apollo?”

“*K.* So let it be accepted.†

“*A.* Then the uneducated person will be one who has received no choral discipline; and the educated, one who has been formed to a sufficient degree under the choral laws.

“Also the choir, considered in its wholeness, consists of dance and song; therefore a well-educated person must be one who can sing and dance well.

“*K.* It would seem so.”

And here, that we may not confuse ourselves, or weaken ourselves, with any considerations of the recent disputes whether we have souls or not,—be it simply

\* Compare II. 539. 5 (665).

† Henceforward, I omit what seem to me needless of the mere expressions of varied assent which break the clauses of the Athenian's course of thought.

understood that Plato always means by the soul the aggregate of mental powers obtained by scientific culture of the imagination and the passions; and by the body the aggregate of material powers obtained by scientific promotion of exercise and digestion. It is possible for the soul to be strong with a weak body, and the body strong with a weak soul; and in this sense only the two are separately considered, but not necessarily, therefore, considered as finally separable.

And understanding thus much, we can now clearly understand, whether we receive it or not, Plato's distinct assertion that, as gymnastic exercise is necessary to keep the body healthy, musical exercise is necessary to keep the soul healthy; and that the proper nourishment of the intellect and passions can no more take place without music, than the proper functions of the stomach and the blood without exercise.

We may be little disposed, at first, to believe this, because we are unaware, in the first place, how much music, from the nurse's song to the military band and the lover's ballad, does really modify existing civilized life; and, in the second place, we are not aware how much higher range, if rightly practical, its influence would reach, of which right practice I must say, before going on with Plato's teaching, that the chief condition is companionship, or choral association, (not so much marked by Plato in words, because he could not conceive of music practised otherwise,) and that for persons incapable



of song to be content in amusement by a professional singer, is as much a sign of decay in the virtue and use of music, as crowded spectators in the amphitheatre sitting to be amused by gladiators are a sign of decline in the virtue and use of war.

And now, we take the grand statement of the evil of *change* in methods of childish play, following on the general discussion of the evil of change:—

“I say, then, that in all cities we have all failed to recognize that the kind of play customary with the children is the principal of the forces that maintain the established laws. For when the kind of play is determined, and so regulated that the children always play and use their fancies in the same way and with the same playthings, this quietness allows the laws which are established in earnest to remain quiet also; but if once the plays are moved and cast in new shapes, always introducing other changes, and none of the young people agreeing with each other in their likings, nor as to what is becoming and unbecoming either in the composure of their bodies or in their dress, but praise in a special way any one who brings in a new fashion whether of composure or colour—nothing, if we say rightly, can be a greater plague (destructive disease) in a city; for he who changes the habits of youth is, indeed, without being noticed, making what is ancient contemptible, and what is new, honourable,—and than this, I repeat, whether

in the belief of it, or the teaching, there cannot be a greater plague inflicted on a city.

“Can we do anything better to prevent this than the Egyptians did; namely, to consecrate every dance and every melody, ordering first the festivals of the year, and determining what days are to be devoted to the Gods, and to the children of the Gods, and to the Angels.\* And then to determine also what song at each offering is to be sung; and with what dances each sacrifice to be sanctified; and whatever rites and times are thus ordained, all the citizens in common, sacrificing to the Fates and to all the Gods, shall consecrate with libation.

“I say, then, there should be three choirs to fill, as with enchantment of singing, the souls of children while they are tender, teaching them many other things, of

\* I cannot but point out with surprise and regret the very mischievous error of Mr. Jowett's translation in this place of the word ‘*δαιμονες*’—‘heroes.’ Had Plato meant heroes, he would have said heroes, the word in this case being the same in English as in Greek. He means the Spiritual Powers which have lower office of ministration to men; in this sense the word *dæmon* was perfectly and constantly understood by the Greeks, and by the Christian Church adopting Greek terms; and on the theory that the Pagan religion was entirely false, but that its spiritual powers had real existence, the word *dæmon* necessarily came among Christians to mean an evil angel,—just as much an angel as Raphael or Gabriel—but of contrary powers. I cannot therefore use the literal word *dæmon*, because it has this wholly false and misleading association infixed in it; but in translating it ‘angel,’ I give to the English reader its full power and meaning in the Greek mind; being exactly what the term *ἄγγελος*, or messenger, was adopted by the Christians to signify, of their own *good* spirits. There are then, the reader

which we have told and shall tell, but this chiefly and for the head and sum of all, that the life which is noblest is also deemed by the Gods the happiest. Saying this to them, we shall at once say the truest of things, and that of which we shall most easily persuade those whom we ought to persuade." With which we may at once read also this,—II. 540. 2 (665): "That every grown-up person and every child, slave and free, male and female,—and, in a word, the entire city singing to itself—should never pause in repeating such good lessons as we have explained; yet somehow changing, and so inlaying and varying them, that the singers may always be longing to sing, and delighting in it."

must observe generally, four orders of *higher* spiritual powers, honoured by the Greeks:

I. The Gods,—of various ranks, from the highest Twelve to the minor elemental powers, such as Tritons, or Harpies.

II. The Sons of the Gods,—children of the Gods by mortal mothers, as Heracles, or Castor. Rightly sometimes called Demi-Gods.

III. Angels,—spiritual powers in constant attendance on man.

IV. Heroes,—men of consummate virtue, to whose souls religious rites are performed in thankfulness by the peoples whom they saved or exalted, and whose immortal power remains for their protection. I have often elsewhere spoken of the beautiful custom of the Locrians always to leave a vacant place in their charging ranks for the spirit of Ajax Oileus. Of these four orders, however, the first two naturally blend, because the sons of the Gods became Gods after death. Hence the real orders of spiritual powers *above* humanity, are three—Gods, Angels, Heroes, (as we shall find presently, in the passage concerning prayer and praise,) associated with the spirits on the ordinary level of humanity, of Home, and of Ancestors. Compare Fors, Letter LXX., p. 320.

And this is to be ordered according to the ages of the people and the ranks of the deities. For the choir of the Muses is to be of children, up to the age of sixteen; after that, the choir of Apollo, formed of those who have learned perfectly the mastery of the lyre,—from sixteen to thirty; and then the choir of Dionysus, of the older men, from thirty to sixty; and after sixty, being no longer able to sing, they should become mythologists, relating in divine tradition the moral truths they formerly had sung. II. 528. 12 (664).

At this point, if not long before, I imagine my reader stopping hopelessly, feeling the supreme uselessness of such a conception as this, in modern times, and its utter contrariness to everything taught as practical among us. ‘Belief in Gods! belief in divine tradition of Myths! Old men, as a class, to become mythologists, instead of misers! and music, throughout life, to be the safeguard of morality!—What futility is it to talk of such things *now*.

Yes, to a certain extent this impression is true. Plato’s scheme was impossible even in his own day,—as Bacon’s New Atlantis in *his* day—as Calvin’s reform in *his* day—as Goethe’s Academe in his. Out of the good there was in all these men, the world gathered what it could find of evil, made its useless Platonism out of Plato, its graceless Calvinism out of Calvin, determined Bacon to be the meanest of mankind, and of Goethe gathered only a luscious story of seduction,

and daintily singable devilry. Nothing in the dealings of Heaven with Earth is so wonderful to me as the way in which the evil angels are allowed to spot, pervert, and bring to nothing, or to worse, the powers of the greatest men: so that Greece must be ruined, for all that Plato can say,—Geneva for all that Calvin can say,—England for all that Sir Thomas More and Bacon can say;—and only Gounod's Faust to be the visible outcome to Europe of the school of Weimar.

What, underneath all that visible ruin, these men have done in ministry to the continuous soul of this race, may yet be known in the day when the wheat shall be gathered into the garner. But I can't go on with my work now; besides, I had a visit yesterday from the friend who wrote me that letter about speaking more gently of things and people, and he brought me a sermon of the Bishop of Manchester's to read,—which begins with the sweetly mild and prudent statement that St. Paul, while "wading in the perilous depths" of anticipations of immortality, and *satisfied* that there would be a victory over the grave, and that mortality would be swallowed up of life, *wisely* brought his readers' thoughts back from *dreamland* to reality, by bidding them simply be steadfast, unmovable—always abounding in the work of the Lord,—forasmuch as they knew that their labour would not be in vain in the Lord; and in which, farther on, the Bishop, feeling the knowledge in modern times not quite so positive on that



subject, supports his own delicately suggested opinions by quoting Mr. John Stuart Mill, who "in his posthumous essays admits that though the doctrine of the immortality of the soul is probably an illusion, it is morally so valuable that it had better be retained,"—a sentence, by the way, which I recommend to the study of those friends of mine who were so angry with me for taxing Mr. John Stuart Mill with dishonesty, on the subject of rent. ('Time and Tide,' pp. 168—170.)

Well, all this, the sermon, and the quotations in it, and the course of thought they have led me into, are entirely paralyzing to me in the horrible sense they give me of loathsome fallacy and fatuity pervading every syllable of our modern words, and every moment of our modern life ; and of the uselessness of asking such people to read any Plato, or Bacon, or Sir Thomas More, or to do anything of the true work of the Lord, forasmuch as they *don't* know, and seem to have no capacity for learning, that such labour shall not be in vain. But I will venture once more to warn the Bishop against wading, himself, in the "perilous depths" of anticipations of immortality, until he has answered my simple question to him, whether he considers usury a work of the Lord ? And he will find, if he has "time" to look at them, in last Fors, some farther examples of the Lord's work of that nature, done by England in India just now, in which his diocese of Manchester is somewhat practically concerned.

I cannot go on with my work, therefore, in this temper, and indeed perhaps this much of Plato is enough for one letter;—but I must say, at least, what it is all coming to.

If you will look back to the 67th page of 'Time and Tide,' you will find the work I am now upon, completely sketched out in it, saying finally that "the action of the devilish or deceiving person is in nothing shown quite so distinctly among us at this day, not even in our commercial dishonesties, or social cruelties, as in its having been able to take away music as an instrument of education altogether, and to enlist it almost wholly in the service of superstition on the one hand, and of sensuality on the other. And then follows the promise that, after explaining, as far as I know it, the significance of the parable of the Prodigal Son, (done in 'Time and Tide,' ss. 175—178,) I should "take the three means of human joy therein stated, fine dress, rich food, and music, and show you how these are meant all alike to be sources of life and means of moral discipline, to all men, and how they have all three been made by the devil the means of guilt, dissoluteness, and death."

This promise I have never fulfilled, and after seven years am only just coming to the point of it. Which is, in few words, that to distribute good food, beautiful dress, and the practical habit of delicate art, is the proper work of the fathers and mothers of every people for help of those who have been lost in guilt and misery:

and that only by *direct* doing of these three things can they now act beneficently or helpfully to any soul capable of reformation. Therefore, you who are eating luxurious dinners, call in the tramp from the highway and share them with him,—so gradually you will understand how your brother came to *be* a tramp; and practically make your own dinners plain till the poor man's dinner is rich,—or you are no Christians; and you who are dressing in fine dress, put on blouses and aprons, till you have got your poor dressed with grace and decency,—or you are no Christians; and you who can sing and play on instruments, hang your harps on the pollards above the rivers you have poisoned, or else go down among the mad and vile and deaf things whom you have made, and put melody into the souls of them,—else you are no Christians.

No Christians, you; no, nor have you even the making of a Christian in you. Alms and prayers, indeed, alone, won't make one, but they have the bones and substance of one in the womb; and you—poor modern Judasian—have lost not only the will to give, or to pray, but the very understanding of what gift and prayer mean. “Give, and it shall be given to you,”—not by God, forsooth, you think, in glorious answer of gift, but only by the Jew money-monger in twenty per cent., and let no benevolence be done that will not pay. “Knock, and it shall be

opened to you,"—nay, never by God, in miraculous answer, but perchance you may be allowed to amuse yourself, with the street boys, in rat-tat-tatting on the knocker; or perchance you may be taken for a gentleman, if you elegantly ring the visitors' bell,—till the policeman Death comes down the street, and stops the noise of you.

Wretch that you are, if indeed, calling yourself a Christian, you *can* find any dim fear of God, or any languid love of Christ, mixed in the dregs of you,—then, for God's sake, learn at least what prayer means, from Hezekiah and Isaiah, and not from the last cockney curly-tailed puppy who yaps and snaps in the 'Nineteenth Century,'\*—and for Christ's sake, learn what alms mean, from the Lord who gave you His Life, and not from the lady patronesses of the last charity ball.

Learn what these mean, Judasian Dives, if it may be,—while Lazarus yet lies among the dogs,—while yet there is no gulf fixed between you and the heavens,—while yet the stars in their courses do not *forbid* you to think their Guide is mindful of you. For truly the day is coming of which Isaiah told—"The sinners in Zion are afraid; fearfulness hath sur-

\* Nevertheless, I perceive at last a change coming over the spirit of our practical literature, and commend all the recent papers by Lord Blackford, Mr. Oxenham, Mr. Mallock, and Mr. Hewlett, very earnestly to my own readers' attention.

prised the hypocrites. Who among us shall dwell with the devouring fire? who among us shall dwell with everlasting burnings?" And the day of which he told is coming, also, when the granaries of the plains of heaven, and the meres of its everlasting hills, shall be opened, and poured forth for its children; and the bread shall be given, and the water shall be sure, for him "that walketh righteously, and speaketh uprightly—that despiseth the gain of oppressions—that shaketh his hands from holding of bribes—that stoppeth his ears from hearing of blood, and shutteth his eyes from seeing evil. He shall dwell on high—his place of defence shall be the munitions of rocks." Yea, blessing, beyond all blessing in the love of mortal friend, or the light of native land,—“Thine eyes shall see the King in His beauty; they shall behold the Land that is far away.”



## NOTES AND CORRESPONDENCE.

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### I. Affairs of the Company.

Prospering. The Companions must take this brief statement, for once, with as much faith as if it were the chairman's of an insolvent railway, for I have no space to tell them more.

### II. Affairs of the Master.

Too many for him: and it is quite certain he can't continue to ride so many horses at once, or keep so many balls in the air. All that he thinks it needful, in this Fors, to say, is that, whatever he may cease hope of doing, he will not fail from St. George's work, as long as he has strength for any work at all.

III. I give a general answer to the following letter, asking my correspondent's pardon for anything which may seem severe, or inapplicable, in his own special case. There are also, I fear, one or two words misprinted or misplaced in the letter—but I have carelessly lost the MS., and cannot correct.

"Dear Sir,—I venture to address you upon a matter that concerns me very much—viz., the leisure time of my existence. Nine hours of each day are taken up as employer (sedentary business); three hours of which, perhaps, working myself. One hour and a half, each, devoted to the study of music and drawing

or painting. Five hours yet remaining walking to or from business, meals, physical exercise,—this last of the usual gymnastic useless pattern.

“I cannot but think that there must be many others like situated—perhaps *compelled* to plunge with the stream of the questionable morality of modern commerce, or in other various ways making it utterly impossible, during that portion of the day, to follow out the life you teach us to live,—yet who feel and desire that that portion of day they can really call their own, should be spent in a true rounded manly development, and as far as may be in harmony with that which is eternally right. I do not know of any prescribed detail you have made with special reference to this compromised class, and this is the only excuse I can offer for writing to you—you that are the source of all that I feel deepest in religion and morality: fathom it I cannot, yet feel deeper and stronger each succeeding year, all that I love in nature and art I owe to you; and this debt of gratitude has made me bold to try and make it greater.

“ Ever gratefully yours.”

If we know there is a God, and mean to please Him, or if even (which is the utmost we can generally say, for the best of our faith, if we think there is so much hope, or danger, of there being a God as to make it prudent in us to try to discover whether there be or not, in the only way He has allowed us to ascertain the fact, namely, doing as we have heard that He has bidden us,) we may be sure He can never be pleased by the form of compromise with circumstances, that all the business of our day shall be wrong, on the principle of sacrificial atonement, that the play of it shall be right;—or perhaps not even that *quite* right, but in my correspondent's cautious phrase, only “ as far as may be, in harmony with what is right.”

Now the business ‘ necessities ’ of the present day are the

precise form of idolatry which is, at the present day, *crucially* forbidden by Christ; precisely as falling down to worship graven images, or eating meat offered to idols, was *crucially* forbidden in earlier times. And it is by enduring the persecution, or death, which may be implied in abandoning 'business necessities' that the Faith of the Believer, whether in the God of the Jew or Christian, must be *now* tried and proved.

But in order to make such endurance possible, of course our side must be openly taken, and our companions in the cause known; this being also needful, that our act may have the essential virtue of Witness-dom, or as we idly translate it, Martyr-dom.

This is the practical reason for joining a guild, and signing at least the Creed of St. George, which is so worded as to be acceptable by all who are resolved to serve God, and withdraw from idolatry.\*

But for the immediate question in my correspondent's case—

First. Keep a working man's dress at the office, and always walk home and return in it; so as to be able to put your hand to anything that is useful. Instead of the fashionable vanities of competitive gymnastics, learn common forge work, and to plane and saw well;—then, if you find in the city you live in, that everything which human hands and arms are able, and human mind willing, to do, of pulling, pushing, carrying, making, or cleaning—(see in last Fors the vulgar schoolmistress's notion of the civilization implied in a mechanical broom)—is done by machinery,—you will come clearly to understand, what I have never been able yet to beat, with any quantity of *verbal*

\* The magnificent cheat which the Devil played on the Protestant sect, from Knox downwards, in making them imagine that Papists were disbelieving idolaters, and thus entirely effacing all spiritual meaning from the word 'idolatry,' was the consummation of his great victory over the Christian Church, in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries.

hammering, into my readers' heads,—that, as long as living breath-engines, and their glorious souls and muscles, stand idle in the streets, to dig coal out of pits to drive dead steam-engines, is an absurdity, waste, and wickedness, for which—I am bankrupt in terms of contempt,—and politely finish my paragraph—"My brethren, these things ought not so to be."

Secondly. Of simple exercises, learn to walk and run at the utmost speed consistent with health: do this by always going at the quickest pace you can in the streets, and by steadily, though minutely, increasing your pace over a trial piece of ground; every day. Learn also dancing, with extreme precision; and wrestling, if you have any likely strength; in summer, also rowing in sea-boats; or barge-work, on calm water; and, in winter, (with skating of course,) quarterstaff and sword-exercise.

IV. The following extract from the report of the Howard Association is of great value and importance :—

"INDUSTRIAL EDUCATION *versus* CRIME.—Several years ago the Secretary of the Howard Association, having to visit the chief prisons of Holland and Belgium, took occasion to notice other social institutions of those countries, and on his return to England invited attention (in many newspapers) to the very useful tendency of the cheap technical schools of Holland, for the industrial training of poor children. Many circumstances indicate that public and legislative attention is more than ever needed to this question. For the extension of intellectual teaching through the 'Board Schools,' valuable as it is, has not, as yet, been accompanied by an adequate popular conviction that mere head knowledge, apart from *handicraft* skill, is a very one-sided aspect of education, and if separated from the latter, may in general be compared to rowing a boat with one oar. (Far worse than that, to loading it with rubbish till it sinks.—J. R.) Indeed, popular intellectual education, if

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separated from its two essential complements—*religious* and *industrial* training—is an engine fraught with terrible mischief.

“An instructive leading article in the ‘Hull Packet’ (of May 11th, 1877) complains of a great increase of juvenile crime in that large town, where, at times, the spectacle has been witnessed of ‘gangs of young thieves lining the front of the dock, several of them so small that they had to be placed upon a box or stool to enable the magistrates to see them.’ *And the crimes of those children are not only more numerous but more serious than formerly.* The Editor adds, ‘*It is singular that the rapid increase should date from the time that the Education Act came into force.*’ Here again is indicated the necessity for manual training in addition to head knowledge.\*

“In connection with *industrial* education, it may also be mentioned that during the year a veteran member of this Association, ex-Sheriff Watson (of Ratho, N.B.) has published a pamphlet, ‘Pauperism and Industrial Education in Aberdeenshire’ (Blackwood), in which he shows that a very remarkable diminution of crime and pauperism has taken place in that particular county as compared with the rest of Scotland, owing mainly to *industrial* day schools. The children came from their own homes at seven or eight o’clock a.m.; had breakfast, dinner, and supper; were employed three hours daily in learning, and religious instruction, and five hours in *manual industry*, and returned to their own homes at night. It is stated, ‘When all these elements are combined and skilfully applied, success is certain. *When any one of them is left out, failure is equally sure.*’

(I do not quite know what the writer means by ‘learning’ in this passage. But I can assure him, whatever he means by it, *that* element may be left out harmlessly, if only the child be taught good manners, religious faith, and manual skill.—J. R.)

\* Italics mine.



V. I have not time, alas, to comment on the following two letters; except only to say that the introductory one is from a Companion of the Guild; and that the introduced one is the most extraordinary testimony to the practical powers of children, rightly educated, which I have ever seen or heard of. Here is little Hercules, again visible to us in his cradle, and no more in myth, but a living symbol! If any practical reader should be too much pained by the sentimental names of the children, let him read, to refresh himself, the unsentimental oration of the 'Scotsman' in the last article of our Correspondence.

*"24th July, 1877.*

"Dear Mr. Ruskin,—When Mr. Ward was here the other evening, we were reading a letter from a cousin of ours who has been several years in California; and he said he thought you would like it for Fors; so I send some extracts—more perhaps than are suitable for Fors,—but I thought you might like to see them. The gentleman was an English doctor, and practised for many years in Ceylon, and has been almost all over the world. He married a gentle, well-educated English lady, and they have seven children. 'Neenee's' name is 'Irene Dolores'; the boy they call 'Buddha' is 'Everest,' after the highest mountain in Hindostan. 'Nannie' is 'Ianthe.' Every word of the letter is true, for 'Gus' couldn't exaggerate or prevaricate in the slightest possible degree.

"Ever yours sincerely."

*"15th May, 1877.*

"I am running two farms, about four miles apart—one with goats (Angora), and the other grain, sheep, and pigs. My time is at present entirely occupied, and all of us are busy all the time. Percy and Nannie herd the goats just now, and will have to, for another month, as they are kidding, and we are

milking them. We have about 222 goats, all the Angoras which produce mohair. They are the most beautiful creatures you ever saw. Percy is only five, yet he killed a rattlesnake a few days ago, about four feet long, and as big as my arm; it was as much as he could carry with both hands, when he brought it home in triumph. Nannie nearly trod on it, and he killed it for her. I can't afford to get the children boots, so they are obliged to look out sharp for snakes. Buddha trod on an enormous rattlesnake the other day, but his naked foot did not hurt it, so it did not bite him.

"On the other farm I have about 400 merino sheep and 70 hogs. The children all have their work to do. Percy, Nannie, and Buddha herd goats. Zoe and Neenee look after the baby and the younger children, and dress and wash them, lay the table, help cook, and wash dishes; and the mother makes all our clothes. We live roughly, but we have plenty to eat and drink. All our plans as to coming home are knocked on the head, and I have determined not to entertain the idea again, but to settle down here for good. Farming is slow work, but we shall get on in time; and if we don't, the boys will. We will educate them the best we can, and I don't think much of education or civilization anyhow. Zoe is learning the violin, and I shall buy a zithern for Neenee. All the children have an excellent ear for music, and Zoe bids fair to have a very fine voice. The boys will have been brought up to this sort of farming, and will have a good chance to get on, I think. For a man with a lot of children, Cala is the best place. I don't wish to have anything more to do with medicine,—it's all a big humbug. For the most part farming is honest;—anyhow, at least it's possible to be an honest farmer.

"I am just about to enlarge the house. The climate is the best in the world. We live very roughly, and perhaps a little

slovenly; but we have lots to eat and drink,—three good square meals every day; and after this year shall have fruit.

“I believe we are fixtures here now: indeed I mean to dig me a grave on the top of our hill, so as to get as near to heaven as possible.

“I think, on the whole, the kids will have a better chance here than at home.\* Besides, the times will be bad at home now. You are drifting into a terrible war, in the course of which England will lose India, I think,—not altogether directly by Russia, but by revolt of the natives.”

VI. A letter of deep import from my old friend and correspondent in ‘Time and Tide,’ Mr. Dixon. It shall be commented on at length in next Fors: meantime, I commend with sternest ratification, to all my readers, Mr. George Mitchell’s letter in the ‘Builder’ for August 25th of this year..

“15, SUNDERLAND STREET, SUNDERLAND, 15th Sept., 1877.

“Dear Sir,—I omitted in my last to inform you that the new Labour League of America is a revival of the old ideas that were promulgated by the Anabaptists in the time of Luther, in Germany, in the Peasants’ War, and then again by the French Revolutionists, 1789. The leader Schawb is one of the leaders of the ‘Internationalists’ who figured in the Paris Commune days. A very good summary of their ideas and plans was given in a series of articles in ‘Fraser’s Magazine’ a few years ago. I possess several of their programmes, though of late I have heard very little of them. I enclose a cutting respecting their Congress this year on the Continent.

“I will try to procure something of more detail, for I am

\* Very certainly, my friend;—but what is the chance of home, if all the kids good for anything are in California?

very deeply interested in this organization, though I do not agree with all the principles they advocate. I see in it a great principle for the good of the working classes if it was rightly and justly conducted. It aims to unite the working classes of every country in one bond of universal brotherhood. It is opposed to war, strikes, and all such like combinations having *force* as the principal means of attaining the amelioration of the evils they suffer from. The original ideas were of a simple, gradual, progressive character, but ultimated in the fierce rabid actions that stained the Commune in Paris, the result of being led by fierce wild men. In a novel entitled 'The Universalist,' is a very good account of their aims, only it is coloured with a novelist's romantic way of depicting such matters.

"If you care for more respecting them, I can, I think, send you some particulars. I enclose you Bright's speech at Manchester, which seems not so jubilant as he used to be of the progress of our people: his allusion to Venice seemed akin to some thoughts of yours, so thought would interest you; also his allusion to the Indian Famine, and our neglect of our duty to these people.

"Was the leisure of the Greeks not due to the hard work of the helots and slaves they had? Is *our* leisure, or rather the leisure of our rich people, not due to the work done by our workpeople? Just think of the leisure of our people,—think of the idle lives of the daughters of our tradespeople: it seems to me there is more leisure enjoyed now by our people than ever was enjoyed by any people—I mean the rich and trading classes.

"When I visit the houses of our trading classes I feel amazed to see the gradual change in their circumstances within these few years,—the style of life they live, the servants they keep, the almost idle lives of their sons and daughters. Then see the way in which we live,—how different to the simple style

of our forefathers! If our lives were simpler, if we all had to labour somewhat like our old people, then how different it would be!

“Yours respectfully,

“THOMAS DIXON.”

Well said, my old friend: but you must not confuse fevered idleness with leisure.

All questions raised either by my Manchester or Newcastle correspondent, respecting our want or possession of leisure, are answered by the following short extract from Plato:—

“*The Athenian*. Do we then all recognize the reason why, in our cities, such noble choirs and exercise have all but passed away;—or shall we only say that it is because of the ignorance of the people and their legislators?

“*The Cretan*. Perhaps so.

“*A*. Ah no, you too simple Cleinias! there are two other causes; and causes enough they are, too.

“*C*. Which mean you?

“*A*. The first, the love of riches, leaving no moment of leisure” (making all Time leisureless) “to care about anything but one’s own possessions, upon which the soul of every citizen being suspended, cannot contain any other thought but of his daily gain. And whatever knowledge or skill may conduce to such gain,—*that*, he is most ready in private to learn and practise; but mocks at every other. Here then is one of the causes we look for, that no one cares any more to be earnest in any good or honourable thing; but every man, in insatiable thirst for gold and silver, will submit himself to any art or trick if only he can grow rich by it, and do any deed,—be it holy, be it profane, or be it utterly vile,—reluctant at nothing, if only he may get the power, like a beast, to eat and drink his fill of every kind, and fulfil to the uttermost all his lusts.”  
—*Laws*, VIII. 351. 20 (831).



VII. The following public voice of the New Town of Edinburgh, on the 'inevitable' in Scotland, may perhaps enable some of my readers to understand at last when I said, seven years ago, that I should like to destroy the New Town of Edinburgh;—namely, because I loved the Old one,—and the better Burg that shall be for ever.

I have yet one other modern oration to set beside this; and then I will say my say of both.

"A letter which we print elsewhere, written by an able practical farmer, appeals strongly to the Highland and Agricultural Society to do something 'to stay the plague of depopulation of men and valuable live-stock, and to dislodge the wild beasts and birds which have been the cause of so much injury to Scottish agriculture.' The request will seem, on the face of it, to be strange, if not unintelligible, seeing that there are more people in Scotland now than ever there were before, and that Scottish agriculture, judged by what it brings to market, produces more than ever it did. A perusal of the whole of the letter, however, will show what it is that the writer means. He has been looking at a farm, or what used to be a sheep farm, somewhere in the north, and he finds that it is now given up to game. The land was, he says, thirty or forty years ago divided into four or five average-sized farms, each having tenants, and carefully cultivated in the lower-lying parts, while on the hills cattle and sheep fed. Altogether these farms afforded a 'livelihood to quiet and industrious tenants and peasants, giving the owners fair rentals, with certainty or advance by judicious outlay in permanent improvements.' Now all this is changed. There are no men, horses, cattle, or sheep, only game. The sheep-drains are choked, and the lands are boggy. This, then, is what the writer means by depopulation, and by injury to Scottish agriculture. Of course he sees in it great national injury in the shape of limitation of the area of land fitted for agriculture, and in the lessening of the meat

supply, and, as we have said. he calls upon the Highland and Agricultural Society to do something to bring back the people and the farms.

“The question will naturally be asked, What can the Highland and Agricultural Society do? Perhaps, too, most people will ask, Ought it to do anything? The writer of the letter is laudably anxious for the extension and improvement of the business in which he is engaged, and he regards the afforesting of sheep land as a great offence. But can it be so regarded by the Highland and Agricultural Society, or by the country generally? It may be that many of us would think the land better used as a sheep farm than as a game forest; but that is not the question. *What the landlord has had to decide* has been how to make the most *profitable* use of his property, and he has apparently found that he could make more of it for sporting purposes than he could for farming. ‘There’s a greater interest at stake than the sheep farmer,’ said the gamekeeper to our correspondent, who adds that ‘you discover that some wealthy Cockney pays more for six weeks blowing off powder and shot than the sheep farmer can pay for a whole year. Well, that is the whole question in a nutshell—the land lets for more to the sportsman than to the farmer. *What would be thought of the landlord* as a man of business if he did not let his land in the best market? Our correspondent would think it hard if anybody sought to place restrictions upon the sale of his produce. The people who denounce all intoxicating liquors are in the habit of showing that the consumption of barley in breweries and distilleries is an enormous abstraction from the food of the people for purposes which have no value—nay, which they assert are positively injurious. What would our correspondent think if it was proposed to compel him to grow less barley or to sell his barley for other purposes than brewing or distillation? He would say, and rightly, that

it was a grossly improper interference with his right to make the most of his business; yet it would really be no worse in principle than what he virtually proposes in the case of landlords. To say that they must not let their land for sporting purposes, and that they must let it for agriculture, would be a limitation of their market exactly the same in principle, and proportionately the same in effect, as a law preventing farmers from selling their barley to brewers, and compelling them to use it or sell it only for the feeding of cattle. The mistake of supposing that landlords ought to have some peculiar economic principles applied to them in the sense of restricting the use to which they shall put their land is common enough, but the reasons given are, as a rule, *sentimental* rather than practical. It may be said that the complaint of our correspondent as to the abstraction of land from agriculture, and the consequent lessening of the supply of food, is practical. In the same sense so is the complaint of the total abstiners as to barley, and so would be an objection to the sale or feuing of land for building purposes; but they are not convincing. In the neighbourhood of every great town many acres of land that would have produced food have been covered with buildings; ought the extension of towns, therefore, to be prohibited by law?

“The depopulation of the country districts is a favourite theme with *sentimental* people, who will persist in fighting against the inevitable, and speaking of that as a crime which is in fact the operation of a *natural law*. (!) Like our correspondent, they draw loving pictures of small farms and numerous tenants, giving the impression that when these could be seen, the times were blissful and the nation strong. According to these theorists, not only were the farmers and peasantry numerous, but they were happy, contented, and prosperous; and now they are all gone, to the injury of the country. If the picture were in all respects faithful, it would not show that any action to prevent the change would

have been possible or successful. It is as certain as anything can be that so long as better wages and better living are to be got in towns, working people will not stay in the country. Census returns show that while the population of the rural districts is steadily decreasing, that of the towns is as steadily and rapidly increasing; the reason being that people can earn more in towns than they can in the country. Nor is that all. It cannot be doubted that the tendency to throw several small farms into a single large one, while it has helped the decrease of the population, has largely increased the quantity of food produced. The crofter's life alternated between barely enough and starvation. It was rare that he could get before the world. His means being small, he could not cultivate his land to advantage, and what he did cost him heavily. He had to do wearily and wastefully what the large farmer can do with ease and economically. No doubt many of the crofters clung to their mode of life—they knew no other. But with the spread of railways, the increase of steamboats, the opening of roads, and the accessibility of newspapers, they learned to change their opinions, as they discovered that they could shake off their misery and live comparatively well without half the anxiety or actual labour that accompanied their life of semi-starvation. It would probably be found that, in the cases where changes were made by compulsion and by wholesale, the people who were sent away are now highly grateful for what was done. Whether that be the case or not, however, it is certain that what is called the depopulation of the country districts will go on as long as the towns offer greater inducements to the people. It seems to be thought not only that landlords ought to be compelled to let their land in small farms, but that some people should be compelled to occupy them. That is the logical inference from the complaints that are made, and it is enough to state it to show its absurdity. Nothing of the kind is or ought to be possible. Land and its cultivation must be on a perfectly

business footing if there is to be real progress and if no injustice is to be done. The people who complain of depopulation are not, as a rule, those whose lot in having to leave their patches of land is thought to be so hard, but theorists and sentimentalists who, if they could have their way, would inflict terrible evils upon the country. It is not meant that our correspondent is one of these. He probably talks of depopulation rather as a fashion of speaking than as advancing a theory, or because he is actuated by a sentiment. He is a farmer, and does not like to see a farm become a forest: that is why he complains. Yet he would no doubt admit that every man is entitled to do the best he can for himself provided he does no injury to others. That is a rule which he would insist upon in his own case, and properly; and he will find it very difficult to show cause why it should not also be applied to crofters and landlords."—*Scotsman*, 20th June, 1877.



## FOR S CLAVIGERA.

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### LETTER LXXXIII.

“WAS the leisure of the Greeks not owing to the hard work of the helots and slaves they had?” asked my old friend, Thomas Dixon, in his letter given last month.

Yes, truly, good labourer; nor the Greeks' leisure only, but also—if we are to call it leisure—that of the rich and powerful of this world, since this world began. And more and more I perceive, as my old age opens to me the deeper secrets of human life, that the true story and strength of that world are the story and strength of these helots and slaves; and only its fiction and feebleness in the idleness of those who feed on them:—which fiction and feebleness, with all their cruelty and sensuality, filling the cup of the fornication of the kings of the earth now to the lip, must be, in no long time now, poured out upon the earth; and the cause of the poor judged by the King who shall reign in righteousness. For all these

petty struggles of the past, of which you write to me, are but the scudding clouds and first wailing winds, of the storm which must be as the sheet lightning—from one part of heaven to the other,—“So also shall the coming of the Son of Man be.”

Only the first scudding clouds, I say,—these hitherto seditions ; for, as yet, they have only been of the ambitious, or the ignorant ; and only against tyrannous men : so that they ended, if successful, in mere ruinous license ; and if they failed, were trampled out in blood : but *now*, the ranks are gathering, on the one side, of men rightly informed, and meaning to seek redress by lawful and honourable means only ; and, on the other, of men capable of compassion, and open to reason, but with personal interests at stake so vast, and with all the gear and mechanism of their acts so involved in the web of past iniquity, that the best of them are helpless, and the wisest blind.

No debate, on such terms, and on such scale, has yet divided the nations ; nor can any wisdom foresee the sorrow, or the glory, of its decision. One thing only we know, that in this contest, assuredly, the victory cannot be by violence ; that every conquest under the Prince of War retards the standards of the Prince of Peace ; and that every good servant must abide his Master's coming in the patience, not the refusal, of his daily labour.

Patiently, and humbly, I resume my own, not know-

ing whether shall prosper—either this or that ; caring only that, in so far as it reaches and remains, it may be faithful and true.

Following the best order I can in my notes,—interrupted by the Bishop's sermon in last letter,—I take, next, Plato's description of the duties of the third choir, namely that of men between the ages of thirty and sixty ; VII. 316, 9. (812).

“We said, then, that the sixty-years-old singers in the service of Dionysus should be, beyond other men, gifted with fine sense of rhythm, and of the meetings together of harmonies ; so that, being able to choose, out of imitative melody, what is well and ill represented of the soul in its passion, and well discerning the picture of the evil spirit from the picture of the good, they may cast away that which has in it the likeness of evil, and bring forward into the midst that which has the likeness of good ; and hymn and sing *that* into the souls of the young, calling them forth to pursue the possession of virtue, by means of such likenesses. And for this reason the sounds of the lyre ought to be used for the sake of clearness in the chords ;\* the master and pupil keeping both their voices in one note together with the chord : but the changes of the voice and variety of the lyre, the chords

\* ‘Chord,’ in the Greek use, means only one of the strings of the instrument, not a concord of notes. The lyre is used instead of the flute, that the music may be subordinate always to the words.

giving one tune, and the poet another melody, and the oppositions of many notes to few, and of slow to swift, sometimes in symphony, sometimes in antiphony, the rhythm of the song also in every sort of complication inlaying itself among the sounds of the lyre,—with all this, the pupils who have to learn what is useful of music in only three years, must have nothing to do: for things opposed, confusing each other, are difficult to learn: and youth, as far as possible, should be set at ease in learning.”\*

I think this passage alone may show the reader that the Greeks knew more of music than modern orchestral fiddlers fancy. For the essential work of Stradiuarius, in substituting the violin for the lyre and harp, was twofold. Thenceforward, (A) instrumental music became the captain instead of the servant of the voice; and (B) skill of instrumental music, as so developed, became impossible in the ordinary education of a gentleman. So that, since his time, old King Cole has called for his fiddlers three, and Squire Western sent Sophia to the harpsichord when he was drunk: but of souls won by Orpheus, or cities built by Amphion, we hear no more.

Now the reader must carefully learn the meanings of the—no fewer than seven—distinct musical terms used by Plato in the passages just given. The word I have

\* Not by having smooth or level roads made for it, but by being plainly shown, and steadily cheered in; the rough and steep.

translated 'changes of the voice' is, in the Greek, technical,—'heterophony'; and we have besides, rhythm, harmony, tune, melody, symphony, and antiphony.

Of these terms 'rhythm' means essentially the time and metre; 'harmony' the fixed relation of any high note to any low one;\* 'tune' the air given by the instrument; 'melody' the air given by the voice; 'symphony' the concord of the voice with the instrument, or with companion voices; 'diaphony' their discord; 'antiphony' their opposition; and 'heterophony' their change.

And it will do more for us than merely fasten the sense of the terms, if we now re-read in last Fors the passage (page 315) respecting the symphony of acquired reason with rightly compelled affection; and then those following pieces respecting their diaphony, from an earlier part of the Laws, III. 39, 8. (688), where the concordant verdict of thought and heart is first spoken of as the ruling virtue of the four cardinal; namely, "Prudence, with true conception and true

\* The apparently vague use of the word 'harmony' by the Greeks is founded on their perception that there is just as fixed a relation of influence on each other between high and low notes following in a well-composed melody as when they are sounded together in a single chord. That is to say, the notes in their assigned sequence relatively increase the pleasure with which each is heard, and in that manner act 'harmoniously,' though not heard at the same instant. But the definition of the mingled chord is perfect in II. 539, 3. (665). "And to the order" (time) "of motion the name 'rhythm' is given, and to the mingling of high and low in sound, the name of 'harmony,' and the unison of both these we call 'choreia.'"



opinion, and the loves and desires that follow on these. For indeed, the Word\* returns to the same point, and what I said before, (if you will have it so, half in play,) now I say again in true earnest, that prayer itself is deadly on the lips of a fool, unless he would pray that God would give him the contrary of his desires. And truly you will discern, if you follow out the Word in its fulness, that the ruin of the Doric cities never came on them because of cowardice, nor because their kings knew not how to make war; but because they knew not nobler human things, and were indeed ignorant with the greatest and fatallest of ignorances. And the greatest of ignorances, if you will have me tell it you, is this: when a man, judging truly of what is honourable and good, yet loves it not, but hates it, and loves and caresses with his soul what he perceives to be base and unjust,—this diaphony of his pain and pleasure with the rational verdict of his intellect, I call the last of ignorances; and the greatest, because it is in the multitude of the soul's thoughts." †

Presently afterwards—though I do not, because of the introduction of other subjects in the sentence, go

\* I write, Word' (Logos) with the capital initial when it stands in the original for the 'entire course of reasoning,' since to substitute this long phrase would weaken the sentences fatally. But no mystic or divine sense is attached to the term 'Logos' in these places.

† Note David, of the contrary state—

"In the *multitude* of 'my thoughts within me, Thy comforts *delight* my soul."

on translating—this same ignorance is called the ‘out-of-tune-est’ of all ; there being scarcely a word in Greek social philosophy which has not reference to musical law ; and scarcely a word in Greek musical science which has not understood reference to social law.

So that in final definition—(II. 562, 17. (673)—“The whole Choreia is whole child-education for us, consisting, as we have seen, in the rhythms and harmonies which belong to sound, (for as there is a rhythm in the movement of the body, so there is a rhythm in the movement of sound, and the movement of sound we call tune). And *the movement of sound, so as to reach the soul for the education of it in virtue*, (we know not how,) we call MUSIC.”

You see from this most important passage that the Greeks only called ‘Music’ the kind of sound which induced right moral feeling, (“they knew not *how*,” but they knew it *did*), and any other kind of sound than that, however beautiful to the ear or scientific in composition, they did not call ‘Music’ (exercise under the Muses), but ‘Amusia,’—the denial, or desolation for want, of the Muses. Word now become of wide use in modern society ; most accurately, as the Fates have ordained, yet by an equivocation in language ; for the old French verb ‘muser,’ ‘to think in a dreamy manner,’ came from the Latin ‘musso,’ ‘to speak low,’ or whisper, and not from the Greek word ‘muse.’

But it once having taken the meaning of meditation, 'a-muser,' 'to dispel musing,' became a verb very dear to generations of men whom any manner of thoughtfulness tormented; and,—such their way of life—could not but torment: whence the modern 'amusement' has practically established itself as equivalent to the Greek 'amusia.'

The Greek himself, however, did not express his idea fully in language, but only in myth. His 'amusia' does not mean properly the opposing delightfulness, but only the interruption, and violation, of musical art. The proper word for the opposed delightful art would have been 'sirenic;' but he was content in the visionary symbol, and did not need the word, for the disciples of the Sirens of course asserted their songs to be Music as much as the disciples of the Muses. First, therefore, take this following passage respecting the violation of music, and then we will go on to consider its opposition.

III. 47, 10. (690). "For now, indeed, we have traced such a fountain of seditions as well needs healing; and first consider, in this matter, how, and against what, the kings of Argos and Messene sinned, when they destroyed at once themselves and the power of the Greeks, marvellous great as it was in their time. Was not their sin that they refused to acknowledge the utter rightness of Hesiod in his saying that 'the half is often more than the whole?' For, when to take the whole

is mischievous, but the half, a measured and moderated good, then the measured good is more than the unmeasured, as better is more than worse.

“*The Cretan.* It is a most right and wise saying.

“*The Athenian.* Whether, then, are we to think, of the kings, that it was this error in *their* hearts that in each several case destroyed them, or that the mischief entered first into the heart of the people?

“*The Cretan.* In all likelihood, for the most part, the disease was in the kings, living proudly because of luxury.

“*The Athenian.* Is it not evident, as well as likely, that the kings first fell into this guilt of grasping at more than the established laws gave them: and with what by speech and oath they had approved, they kept no symphony in act; and their diaphony, as we said, being indeed the uttermost ignorance, yet seeming wisdom, through breaking of tune and sharp amusia, destroyed all those noble things?”

Now in applying this great sentence of Plato's to the parallel time in England, when her kings “kept no symphony in act with what by word and oath they had approved,” and so destroyed at once themselves and the English power, “marvellous great as it was in their time”—the ‘sharp amusia’ of Charles I. and his Cavaliers was indeed in grasping at more than the established laws gave them; but an entirely contrary—or, one might technically call it, ‘flat amusia’—met it on the other



side, and ruined Cromwell and his Roundheads. Of which flat or dead amusia Plato had seen no instance, and could not imagine it; and for the laying bare its root, we must seek to the truest philosopher of our own days, from whose good company I have too long kept the reader,—Walter Scott.

When he was sitting to Northcote, (who told the story to my father, not once nor twice, but I think it is in Hazlitt's conversations of Northcote also,) the old painter, speaking with a painter's wonder of the intricate design of the Waverley Novels, said that one chief source of his delight in them was that "he never knew what was coming."

"Nor I neither," answered Sir Walter.

Now this reply, though of course partly playful, and made for the sake of its momentary point, was deeply true, in a sense which Sir Walter himself was not conscious of. He was conscious of it only as a weakness,—not as a strength. His beautiful confession of it as a weakness is here in my bookcase behind me, written in his own hand, in the introduction to the 'Fortunes of Nigel.' I take it reverently down, and copy it from the dear old manuscript, written as it is at temperate speed, the letters all perfectly formed, but with no loss of time in dotting *i*s, crossing *t*s, writing mute *e*s in past participles, or in punctuation; the current dash and full period alone being used. I copy with scrupulous care, adding no stop where stop is not.



"*Captain*" (Clutterbuck) "Respect for yourself then ought to teach caution—

*Author.* Aye if caution could augment my title to success—But to confess to you the truth the books and passages in which I have succeeded have uniformly been written with the greatest rapidity and when I have seen some of these placed in opposition with others and commended as more highly finishd I could appeal to pen and standish that those in which I have come feebly off were by much the more labourd. I have not been fool enough to neglect ordinary precautions. I have laid down my work to scale divided it into volumes and chapters and endeavourd to construct a story which should evolve itself gradually and strikingly maintain suspense and stimulate curiosity and finally terminate in a striking catastrophe—But I think there is a dæmon which seats himself upon the feather of my pen when I begin to write and ~~guides~~<sup>guides</sup>\* leads it astray from the purpose Characters expand under my hand incidents are multiplied the story lingers while the materials increase—my regular mansion turns out a Gothic anomaly and the work is done long before I have attained the end I proposed

*Captain.* Resolution and determined forbearance might remedy that evil.

*Author.* Alas my dear Sir you do not know the fever of paternal affection—When I light on such a character

\* The only word altered in the whole passage, and that on the instant.

as Baillie Jarvie or Dalgety my imagination brightens and my conception becomes clearer at every step which I make in his company although it leads me many a weary mile away from the regular road and forces me to leap hedge and ditch to get back into the route again—\*

If I resist the temptation as you advise me my thoughts become prosy flat and dull I write painfully to myself and under a consciousness of flagging which makes me flag—the sunshine with which fancy had invested the incidents departs from them and leaves everything flat and gloomy—I am no more the same author than the dog in a wheel condemn'd to go round and round for hours is like the same dog merrily chasing his own tail and gamboling in all the frolic of freedom—In short I think I am bewitch'd—

*Captain* Nay Sir if you plead sorcery there is no more to be said”

Alas, he did but half know how truly he had right to plead sorcery, feeling the witchcraft, yet not believing in it, nor knowing that it was indeed an angel that guided, not a dæmon, (I am forced for once to use with him the Greek word in its Presbyterian sense) that misled, his hand, as it wrote in gladness the fast-coming fancies. For truly in that involuntary vision was the true ‘design,’ and Scott’s work

\* The closing passage of the author’s paragraph, down to ‘bewitch’d,’ is an addition on the lateral leaf.

differs from all other modern fiction by its exquisiteness of art, precisely *because* he did not 'know what was coming.' For, as I have a thousand times before asserted—though hitherto always in vain,—no great composition was ever produced by composing, nor by arranging chapters and dividing volumes ; but only with the same heavenly involuntariness in which a bird builds her nest. And among the other virtues of the great classic masters, this of enchanted Design is of all the least visible to the present apothecary mind : for although, when I first gave analysis of the inventive power in 'Modern Painters,' I was best able to illustrate its combining method by showing that "there was something like it in chemistry," it is precisely what *is* like it in chemistry, that the chemist of to-day denies.

But one farther great, and greatest, sign of the Divinity in this enchanted work of the classic masters, I did not then assert,—for, indeed, I had not then myself discerned it,—namely, that this power of noble composition is never given but with accompanying instinct of moral law ; and that so severe, that the apparently too complete and ideal justice which it proclaims has received universally the name of 'poetical' justice—the justice conceived only by the men of consummate imaginative power. So that to say of any man that he has power of design, is at once to say of him that he is using it on God's side ; for it can only have been taught him by that Master, and cannot be

taught by the use of it against Him. And therefore every great composition in the world, every great piece of painting or literature—without any exception, from the birth of Man to this hour—is an assertion of moral law, as strict, when we examine it, as the *Eumenides* or the *Divina Commedia*; while the total collapse of all power of artistic design in Italy at this day has been signalized and sealed by the production of an epic poem in praise of the Devil, and in declaration that God is a malignant ‘*Larva*.’\*

And this so-called poetical justice, asserted by the great designers, consists not only in the gracing of virtue with her own proper rewards of mental peace and spiritual victory; but in the proportioning also of worldly prosperity to visible virtue; and the manifestation, therefore, of the presence of the Father in this world, no less than in that which is to come. So that, if the life-work of any man of unquestioned genius does not assert this visible justice, but, on the contrary, exhibits good and gentle persons in unredeemed distress or destruction,—that work will invariably be found to show no power of design; but to be merely the consecutive collection of interesting circumstances well described, as continually the best work of Balzac, George Sand, and other good novelists of the second order. In some

\* A highly laudatory review of this work, in two successive parts, will be found in the columns of the Venetian journal ‘*Il Tempo*,’ in the winter of 1876-77.

separate pieces, the great masters will indeed exhibit the darkest mystery of human fate, but never without showing, even then, that the catastrophe is owing in the root of it to the violation of some moral law: "*She hath deceived her father,—and may thee.*" The root of the entire tragedy is marked by the mighty master in that one line—the double sin, namely, of daughter and father; of the first in too lawlessly forgetting her own people, and her father's house; and of the second, in allowing his pride and selfishness to conquer his paternal love, and harden him, not only in abandonment of his paternal duty, but in calumnious insult to his child. Nor, even thus, is Shakspeare content without marking, in the name of the victim of Evil Fortune, his purpose in the tragedy, of showing that there *is* such a thing as Destiny, permitted to veil the otherwise clear Providence, and to leave it only to be found by noble Will, and proved by noble Faith.

Although always, in reading Scott, one thinks the story one has last finished, the best, there can be little question that the one which has right of pre-eminence is the 'Heart of Midlothian,' being devoted to the portraiture of the purest life, and most vital religion, of his native country.

It is also the most distinct in its assertion of the moral law; the assignment of earthly reward and punishment being, in this story, as accurately proportioned to the degrees of virtue and vice as the lights and shades of



a photograph to the force of the rays. The absolute truth and faith of Jeanie make the suffering through which she has to pass the ultimate cause of an entirely prosperous and peaceful life for herself, her father, and her lover: the falsehood and vanity of Effie prepare for her a life of falsehood and vanity: the pride of David Deans is made the chief instrument of his humiliation; and the self-confidence which separated him from true fellowship with his brother-Christians, becomes the cause of his eternal separation from his child.

Also, there is no other analysis of the good and evil of the pure Protestant faith which can be for a moment compared to that in the 'Heart of Midlothian,' showing that in an entirely simple, strong, and modest soul, it brings forth fruit of all good works and kindly thoughts; but that, when it meets with innate pride, and the unconquerable selfishness which comes from want of sympathy, it leads into ludicrous and fatal self-worship, mercilessness to the errors, whether in thought or conduct, of others; and blindness to the teaching of God Himself, where it is contrary to the devotee's own habits of thought. There is no other form of the Christian religion which so insolently ignores all Scripture that makes against it, or gathers with so passionate and irrational embrace all Scripture that makes for it.

And the entire course of the tragic story in the 'Heart of Midlothian' comes of the 'Museless' hard-

ness of nature, brought upon David Deans by the persecution in his early life, which changed healthy and innocent passion into religious pride,—“I bless God, (with that singular worthy, Peter Walker, the packman at Bristo port,) that ordered my lot in my dancing days, so that fear of my head and throat, dread of bloody rope and swift bullet, cauld and hunger, wetness and weariness, stopped the lightness of my head, and the wantonness of my feet. And now, if I hear ye, quean lassies, sae muckle as name dancing, or think there’s such a thing in the world as flinging to fiddlers’ sounds and pipers’ springs, as sure as my father’s spirit is with the just, ye shall be no more either charge or concern of mine.”

Over the bronze sculpture of this insolent pride, Scott instantly casts, in the following sentence, (“Gang in then, hinnies,” etc.) the redeeming glow of paternal love; but he makes it, nevertheless, the cause of all the misery that follows, to the end of the old man’s life :—

“The objurgation of David Deans, however well meant, was unhappily timed. It created a division of feeling in Effie’s bosom, and deterred her from her intended confidence in her sister. ‘She wad haud me nae better than the dirt below her feet,’ said Effie to herself, ‘were I to confess that I hae danced wi’ him four times on the green down by, and ance at Maggie Macqueen’s.’”

Such, and no more than such, the little sin that day concealed—sin only *in* concealment. And the fate of her life turns on the Fear and the Silence of a moment.

But for the effective and final cause of it, on that Deadly Muselessness of the Cameronian leaders, who indeed would read of the daughter of Herodias dancing before Herod, but never of the son of Jesse dancing before the Lord; and banished sackbut and psaltery, for signals in the service of Nebuchadnezzar, forgetting that the last law of Moses and last prayer of David were written in song.

And this gloomy forgetfulness, or worse,—presumptuous defiance, of the laws of the nature given by his Maker to man, left, since the Reformation, the best means of early education chiefly in the hands of the adversary of souls; and thus defiled the sanctuary of joy in the human heart, and left it desolate for the satyrs to dance there, and the wild beasts of the islands to cry.

Which satyric dance and siren song, accomplished, both, with all the finish of science, and used in mimicry of every noble emotion towards God and man, become the uttermost, and worst—because the most traitorous—of blasphemies against the Master who gave us motion and voice submissive to other laws than of the elements; and would have made us ‘as happy’—nay, how much happier!—than the wave that dances

on the sea ; and how much more glorious in praise than the forests, though they clap their hands, and the hills, that rejoice together before the Lord.

And this cry of the wild beasts of the islands, or sirenic blasphemy, has in modern days become two-fold ; consisting first in the mimicry of *devotion* for pleasure, in the oratorio, withering the life of religion into dead bones on the siren-sands ; and secondly, the mimicry of *compassion*, for pleasure, in the opera, wasting the pity and love which should overflow in active life, on the ghastliest visions of fictitious grief and horriblest decoration of simulated death. But these two blasphemies had become one, in the Greek religious service of Plato's time. "For, indeed,—VII. 289, 20. (800)—this has come to pass in nearly all our cities, that when any public sacrifice is made to the Gods, not one chorus only, but many choruses, and standing, not reverently far from the altars, but beside them," (yes, in the very cathedrals themselves,) "pour forth blasphemies of sacred things," (not mockeries, observe, but songs precisely corresponding to our oratorios—that is to say, turning dramatic prayer into a solemn sensual pleasure), "both with word and rhythm, and the most wailing harmonies, racking the souls of the hearers ; and whosoever can make the sacrificing people weep the most, to him is the victory. Such lamentations, if indeed the citizens have need to hear, let it be on accursed instead of festal days, and from hired

mourners as at funerals. But that we may get rid at once of the need of speaking of such things, shall we not accept, for the mould and seal of all song, Euphemy, the speaking the good of all things, and not Blasphemy, the speaking their sorrow.”

Which first law of noble song is taught us by the myth that Euphemy was the Nurse of the Muses—(her statue was still on Parnassus in Pausanias’ time)—together with that of Linus, who is the master of true dirge music, used in permitted lamentation.

And here, in good time, comes to me a note from one of my kindest and best teachers, in old time, in the Greek Vase room of the British Museum,\* which points out one fact respecting the physical origin of the music-myths, wholly new to me:—

“On reading your last Fors I was reminded of what used to seem to me an inconsistency of the Greeks in assigning so much of a harmonizing influence to music for the practical purposes of education, while in their myths they regularly associated it with competition, and cruel punishment of the loser. The Muses competed with the Sirens—won, and plucked their feathers to make crowns of. Apollo competed with Marsyas—won, and had him flayed alive. Apollo and Pan had a dispute about the merits of their favourite instruments; and

\* Mr. A. S. Murray, the first, I believe, of our Greek antiquaries who distinguished, in the British Museum, the vases executed in imitation of archaic forms by late Roman artists, from real Athenian archaic pottery.



Midas, because he decided for Pan, had his ears lengthened at the command of Apollo. The Muses competed with the daughters of Pieros, who failed, and lost their life. It looks as if there had been a Greek Eistedfodd ! But, seriously, it is not easy to be confident about an explanation of this mythical feature of Music. As regards Apollo and Marsyas, it is to be observed that Marsyas was a river god, who made the first flute from the reeds of his own river, and thus he would represent the music of flowing water, and of wind in the reeds. Apollo was the god of the music of animate nature ; the time of his supremacy was summer. The time when Marsyas had it all his own way was winter. In summer his stream was dried up, and, as the myth says, he was flayed alive. The competition was, then, in the first place, between the music of summer and the music of winter ; and, in the second place, between the music of animate nature and that of water and wind. This explanation would also apply to the competition of the Muses and Sirens, since the latter represented the music of the seashore, while the Muses were associated with Apollo, and would represent whatever principle he represented. The myth of the daughters of Pieros is probably only a variant of that of the Sirens. As regards the rivalry of Apollo and Pan, I do not see any satisfactory explanation of it. It was comparatively slight, and the consequences to Midas were not so dreadful after all."

The interpretation here of the punishment of Marsyas as the drying up of the river, whose 'stony channel in the sun' so often, in Greece and Italy, mocks us with memory of sweet waters in the drought of summer, is, as I said, wholly new to me, and, I doubt not, true. And the meaning of the other myths will surely be open enough to the reader who has followed Plato thus far: but one more must be added to complete the cycle of them—the contest of Dionysus with the Tyrrhenian pirates;—and then we have the three orders of the Deities of music throughout the ages of Man,—the Muses, Apollo, and Dionysus,—each with their definite adversaries. The Muses, whose office is the teaching of sacred pleasures to childhood, have for adversaries the Sirens, who teach sinful pleasure; Apollo, who teaches intellectual, or historic, therefore worded, music, to men of middle age, has for adversary Marsyas, who teaches the wordless music of the reeds and rivers; and, finally, Dionysus, who teaches the cheerful music which is to be the wine of old age, has for adversary the commercial pirate, who would sell the god for gain, and drink no wine but gold. And of these three contests, bearing as they do in their issue on all things festive and pantomimic, I reserve discussion for my seventh year's Christmas Fors; such discussion being, I hope, likely to prove serviceable to many of my honest friends, who are losing their strength in forbidding

men to drink, when they should be helping them to eat; and cannot for the life of them understand what, long since pointed out to them, they will find irrefragably true, that "the holiness of the parsonage and parson at one end of the village, can only be established in the holiness of the tavern and tapster at the other."



## NOTES AND CORRESPONDENCE.

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### I. Affairs of the Company.

My general assertion of our prosperity last month referred principally to the accession of new Companions, whose enrolment much encourages me, especially that of one much-regarded friend and Fellow of my college. On the other hand, I have been greatly concerned by the difficulties which naturally present themselves in the first organization of work at Abbey Dale,—the more that these are for the most part attributable to very little and very ridiculous things, which, with all my frankness, I see no good in publishing. The root of all mischief is of course that the Master is out of the way, and the men, in his absence, tried at first to get on by vote of the majority;—it is at any rate to be counted as no small success that they have entirely convinced themselves of the impossibility of getting on in that popular manner; and that they will be glad to see me when I can get there.

### II. Affairs of the Master.

I have nothing interesting to communicate under this head, except that I have been very busy clearing my wood, and chopping up its rotten sticks into faggots;—that I am highly satisfied with the material results of this amusement; and shall



be able to keep the smoke from my chimneys this winter of purer blue than usual, at less cost.

III. I think it well, in connection with what is said in the reply to Mr. Dixon at the opening of this letter, to print, below, part of the article in the 'Builder' to which I so gravely recommended my readers' attention last month. If the writer of that article can conceive of any means by which his sentence, here italicized, could be carried out, short of revolution, other than the means I propose in the action of the St. George's Company,—the steady and irrevocable purchase of the land for the nation by national subscription,—I should be very thankful to hear of them. The organization of a Parliament strong enough even to modify the existing methods of land tenure, would *be* revolution.

"Five men own one-fourth of Scotland. One duke owns 96,000 acres in Derbyshire, besides vast estates in other parts of England and in Ireland. Another, with estates all over the United Kingdom, has 40,000 acres in Sussex and 300,000 acres in Scotland. This nobleman's park is fifteen miles in circumference! Another duke has estates which the highroad divides for twenty-three miles! A marquis there is who can ride a hundred miles in a straight line upon his own land! There is a duke who owns almost an entire county stretching from sea to sea. An earl draws £200,000 every year from his estates in Lancashire. A duke regularly invests £80,000 a year in buying up lands adjoining his already enormous estates. A marquis enjoys £1,000,000 a year from land. An earl lately died leaving to his heirs £1,000,000 sterling and £160,000 a year income from land. The income from land derived by one ducal family of England is £1,600,000, which is increasing every year by the falling in of leases. One hundred and fifty persons own half England, seventy-five persons own half Scotland, thirty-five persons own

half Ireland; and all the lands of England, Scotland, Wales, and Ireland are owned by less than 60,000 persons, and they say to the remaining 32,000,000 of people, 'All this land of Great Britain and Ireland was given to the children of men, and behold we are the Lord's children in possession, and you millions, you go to work!'

"Now, sir, these noblemen and gentlemen might keep their lands for all I cared, provided they would adopt and act upon the old adage, that 'property has its duties as well as its rights;' but, sir, they will never act upon that motto until they are compelled by the loud, long, and united voice of the people. *We must get this land system readjusted*, or revolution is bound to come, within the lifetime of grave and reverend seniors like you and me. The fact is, sir, that a majority of the inhabitants of this country are in a state of squalid poverty,—living in miserable fever dens, without any of the decencies of life,—scarcely ever getting a good meal, and yet they are becoming educated! Cannot others see what this means? Are the dukes, and lords, and baronets, and squires, so blinded by their wealth, the result in too many cases of sacrilege, that they cannot see what is coming? Education and starvation! What will they produce? Why, sir, as sure as two and two make four, they will bring revolution. You have well and truly said, 'Such a question allowed to remain unanswered in another part of Europe has induced revolution, followed by destruction,' and you said this with regard to the London monopolies of property; but, sir, the land monopoly of the provinces must lead to revolution in this part of Europe before very long, and I will attempt to show you why. The land monopoly is at the bottom of all the pauperism, both that which is recognized and that which is unrecognized; for that is the dangerous poverty which does not stoop to parish relief, but bears and resolves in silence."—*Builder*, Aug. 25, 1877.

IV. I meant to have given in this *Fors* the entire speech of the Angel of the Church of Manchester, at the banquet whose deliciousness inspired that superb moral peroration of Mr. Bright, which I hope entered profoundly into the pleased stomachs of the Corporation. But—it has been the will of *Fors* that I should mislay the Manchester Angel's speech—and find, instead, among a heap of stored papers, this extract respecting Episcopal Revenues, from No. 1 of “Humanitarian Tracts” on “Past and Passing Events, the Church, Modern Jesuitism, Church Lands, and the Rights of Property, published by John Hopper, Bishopwearmouth.” Not feeling complete confidence in the Humanitarian and Hopperian account of these things, I sent the subjoined extract to a reverend friend, requesting him to ascertain and let me know the truth. His reply follows the accusation; but it will be seen that the matter requires further probing; and I would fain advise my antiquarian friends that it would be better service to history, at this moment, if any faithful investigator,—Mr. Froude, for instance,—would lay the whole subject clearly before the public, than any labours among the chronicles, or ruins, of St. Albans or any other abbey, are likely to render, unless they were undertaken in a spirit which could read the silence, as well as the utterance, of the great Ages. Thus then, the Humanitarian:—

“On the 1st of August, 1848, Mr. Horsman, in the House of Commons, speaking on Temporalities and Church-leases, said: ‘I believe few people have any idea of the value of the episcopal and capitular estates. No return of them has ever been made. . . . It is known, however, that these estates are immense. . . . When the Committee on Church Leases was sitting in 1838, it attempted to get returns of the actual value of these leased estates. From some of the prelates and dignitaries they did receive them; others indignantly refused.’

	Per annum.
The present Archbishop of Canterbury (then Bishop of Chester) returned his income at . . . . .	£3,951
But the rental of his leased estate was . . . . .	16,236
Making a difference of . . . . .	<u>£12,285</u>
The Archbishop of York returned his income at . . . . .	£13,798
Actual rental . . . . .	41,030
Making a difference of . . . . .	<u>£27,232</u>
The then Archbishop of Canterbury returned his income at . . . . .	£22,216
Actual rental . . . . .	52,000
Making a difference of . . . . .	<u>£29,784"</u>

Next, my clerical friend's letter :—

" April 4, 1876.

"Dear Mr. Ruskin,—It is with great disappointment that I return your pamphlet and paper, without being able to give a satisfactory answer to the charge against the Bishops of 1839. I have tried and waited patiently, and tried again, but people now know little, and care less, for what then happened, and my name is; not influential enough to get the information from officials who alone can supply it.

"You must forgive my obstinacy if I still doubt whether the difference went into the Bishops' pockets! My doubts are the more confirmed by examining other assertions made in the pamphlet at random. I venture to send you such statistics as I have been able to gather in reply to the main argument of the tract, should you think it worth your while to read them."

Having no interest in the 'general argument' of the pamphlet, but only in its very definite and stern charges against the Bishops, I did not trouble myself with their statistics; but wrote to another friend, my most helpful and kind Mr. F. S. Ellis, of New Bond Street, who presently procured for me the following valuable letter and essential documents; but, as it always happens, somehow,—we have not got at the main point, the difference, if any,

between the actual and alleged incomes. For decision of which I again refer myself, humbly, to the historians of this super-eminently glorious, pious, and well-informed century.

“THE GROVE, 21st September, 1875.

“Dear Sir,—I find, on referring to Hansard, that the report of Mr. Horsman’s speech on pp. 22, 23 of the pamphlet, is substantially, but *not verbally*, accurate. Some only of the figures are quoted by him, but not in the way in which they are placed in the pamphlet. With this I hand you extracts from printed returns covering the range of the figures on p. 23 of the pamphlet, and also giving the incomes finally assigned to the various sees.

“I am, dear Sir, faithfully yours,

“FRED. W. FOSTER.

“F. S. Ellis, Esq.,

“New Bond Street, London.”

*Parliamentary Reports from Committees*, 1839, vol. viii., pp. 237—376.

Report from the Select Committee on Church Leases, etc. Ordered to be printed 6th May, 1839. No. 247.

Page 40. The total annual value of the property let on leases by the Archbishop of Canterbury—£52,086 1s.

Return dated 23rd February, 1839.

*Parliamentary Reports from Committees*, 1837-38, vol. ix.

Report from the Select Committee on Church Leases, etc. Ordered to be printed 7th Aug., 1838. No. 692.

Page 560. The aggregate net annual value of lands and tithes in Yorkshire and Nottinghamshire, held by lease, under the See of York :—

Three leases . . . . .	£2,546
	6,350
	33,134
	<u>£42,030</u>

Return dated 28th July, 1838.

*Parliamentary Reports from Committees*, 1837-38, vol. ix.

Report from the Select Committee on Church Leases, etc. Ordered to be printed 7th Aug., 1838. No. 692.

Page 566. The annual value of the property belonging to the See of Chester, and which is let on lives, is £15,526; on years, £710. Total, £16,236.

Return dated 25th July, 1838.



Sees.	Total Amount of the average gross Yearly Income of the See, and of the Ecclesiastical Preferments (if any) permanently or accustomably annexed thereto.	Permanent Yearly Payments made out of the Revenues of the See.	Net Yearly Income, subject to temporary charges (if any) stated below.
Canterbury . . .	£22,216	£3,034	£19,182*
York . . .	13,798	1,169	12,629
Chester . . .	3,951	690	3,261
Total of the 27 Sees	181,631	—	160,292
Average . . .	6,727	—	5,936

By an Order in Council passed 25th August, 1871, and gazetted 19th Sept., 1851, the annual incomes assigned to the various Sees was as follows :—

Canterbury . . . . .	£15,000
York, London . . . . .	10,000
Durham . . . . .	8,000
Winchester . . . . .	7,000
Ely . . . . .	5,500
Bath and Wells, Exeter, Gloucester and Bristol, Lincoln, Oxford, Rochester, Salisbury, Worcester . . . . .	5,000
Carlisle, Chester, St. David's, Lichfield, Norwich, Peterborough, Ripon . . . . .	4,500
St. Asaph, Bangor, Chichester, Hereford, Llandaff, Manchester . . . . .	4,200
Total . . . . .	<u>£152,200</u>
Average . . . . .	<u>£5,637</u>

*Parliamentary Accounts and Papers*, 1837, vol. xli., pp. 223—320.—A return of the clear annual revenue of every Archbishopric, Bishopric, etc., according to the Report of the Commissioners appointed by the King to inquire into the Ecclesiastical Revenues of England and Wales, on an average of three years, ending 31st Dec., 1831, etc. Ordered by the House of Commons to be printed, 25th April, 1837. No. 240. (1s.)

\* Temporary charge; repayment of mortgage, the principal by instalments, and interest; making a yearly payment of about £3,780. The interest decreases at the rate of £60 every year. Final payment to be made in 1873.

V. I can no more vouch for any of the statements in the following newspaper article than I can for those of the pamphleteer of Bishopwearmouth. But that such statements should have been publicly made, and, so far as I know, without contradiction, is a fact to be noted in Fors. I have omitted much useless newspaper adornment, and substituted one or two clearer words in the following article, which may be seen in its entirety in 'Christian Life' for 1st September, 1877.

"DIZZINESS IN HIGH PLACES.—Kells is in Ireland; and his Grace the Lord Archbishop of Canterbury, who is at present recreating himself in that country, has been at Kells. In Kells there is a branch of the Protestant Orphan Society, and this branch has held a meeting, presided over by a prelate of Unitarian ancestry, Bishop Plunket, of Meath. The meeting was further dignified by the presence of his Grace.

"However, it seems there was something to get over before Kells could enter with proper rapture into the unwonted delight of welcoming a Primate of All England. A whisper had run abroad that the Archbishop had not been the best of friends to the Episcopalianism of the Green Isle. It was muttered that he had gone for disestablishment—at least, when disestablishment was kept at a safe distance from the State Church of England. It was even alleged by some unscrupulous spirits, that Canterbury's voice had been heard to second Earl Granville's motion for the second reading of the Bill. The right reverend chairman set this calumny at rest. Dr. Plunket assured the Episcopalianism of Kells that his Grace had always been a warm lover of their Church, and had never seconded the dreadful Bill. Technically, no doubt, this was perfectly true; Dr. Tait was not Earl Granville's seconder. If the Archbishop had been content to let the disclaimer rest where his disestablished brother had placed it, the occasion would have excited no comment

from the critics of the Irish press; but his Grace, still feeling uneasy under the cruel aspersions of rumour, must needs go further, and in a short speech of his own he boldly declared that if he had been accused of murder he could not have been more astonished than to hear it reported that 'he had individually helped to pull down the old Established Church of Ireland.' Of all the public measures carried in his time none did he more deeply deplore than that which removed it from the position it had so long occupied; and he was happy to say that he had endeavoured to do what he could to mitigate the blow when it fell.

"The 'Northern Whig' has been at the pains to look up 'Hansard' on the point at issue, and reports the result as follows: 'It is certain that when Lord Granville moved the second reading of the Bill in the House of Lords, on 14th June, 1869, the Archbishop of Canterbury spoke in favour of the Bill, and against an amendment proposed by Lord Harrowby and seconded by the Duke of Rutland. He wanted amendments, all of them with a pecuniary effect introduced into it, and said it could be made a good Bill, for which the people would bless God that they had a House of Lords. He likewise supported Lord Cairns' compromise, which the Lord Derby stigmatized as "an unconditional surrender," and a concession of the very principle of the Bill; and he did not sign Lord Derby's protest against it. While thirteen English bishops voted against the Irish Church Bill, his Grace, together with the late Bishop Wilberforce, did not vote at all. This is the true state of the case.'

"We call attention to this discrepancy between the Archiepiscopal acts and the Archiepiscopal account of them with unfeigned sorrow and concern. Nothing presents itself to us as a more melancholy feature of the public *morale* of our time than the indulgence accorded of late years to a scandalously

immoral species of public distortion of well-known or well-ascertainable facts. Of this the worst example has long been notorious in the most conspicuous place. Mr. Chamberlain once outraged all etiquette in his denunciation of it, but his indignation, however uncouth in form, was universally felt to be neither undeserved nor ill-timed. A pernicious example is sure sooner or later to tell. Our public men are now being educated in a school which easily condones on the ground of personal convenience the most flagrant breaches of the law of truth. The chief minister of the Church follows in the tortuous path which has long been a favourite resort of the chief Minister of the State. It was not always so. English public men were once pre-eminently distinguished for the lofty, open honour of their public speech. The moral scorn and loathing with which, for example, a quarter of a century ago men regarded Louis Napoleon's worthless word, bids fair to become an extinct sentiment. Straightforwardness is a foolish old-fashioned habit, a custom we have outgrown. 'We have made lies our refuge, and under falsehood have we hid ourselves.' We repeat, this is the most serious symptom of our times. The newspapers, which have been speculating as to the disasters which are to flow, after a thousand years, from England's future want of coal, would do better to inquire into the far greater disasters which threaten at our door through England's present lack of supreme reverence for truth."

VI. Part of a letter from a Companion, connected with our present subject in its illustration of other modes of clerical revenue :—

"Some four or five years ago, I made acquaintance with a girl whom I used to see often at church, and whom I watched and admired, and pitied. She was about eighteen years of age,—always pale,—always very poorly dressed indeed,—always came

to church in a hurry. But her voice was delicious in the psalms; and she was delicate and pretty, with such evident enthusiastic devotion to church-services, and such an air of modest self-sufficiency, that I could not let her alone, for curiosity. I tried to catch her going out of church, but she walked too fast. I tried to waylay her coming in, but her self-possessed air of reserve kept me off. Until at last, one evening, a lingering of people in the porch about some testimonial matter for a young curate who was going away, kept her a minute or two near me. I was not at all interested in the testimonial, but I said to her,—the little crowd and general air of sympathy giving me courage,—‘I do not think of subscribing, do you?’ ‘Yes; certainly she did,’—with quite a glow of emphatic fervour. I pretended to need persuasion and conviction about my intention; and we walked along together. And I learnt,—besides the wonderful perfections of the curate in Sunday-school teaching, etc.—that she was a machinist in a large draper’s and clothier’s shop; that she earned very few shillings a week; that she had a mother dependent on her earnings; that she worked in an upper room with many more—I think about twenty—women; that just then they suffered very much from cold, and more from bad air, as they had to keep the windows shut; and that she worked from seven in the morning till seven at night. (Imagine it, amid the noise of twenty sewing machines—the dust and disagreeableness of material in the course of being made—the dismal surroundings—the outside prospect of chimney-pots. What a life!) The proprietor of this paradise—the shopkeeper—was a churchwarden, or something official, at the same church.

“The remedy in this case might have been found in two ways. The curate—so gratefully remembered, but who could not, by reason of the veil of poverty and care she wore, or who dared not, by reason of his goodishness, have rendered her any help as to a sister—might have, in proper parish service, exposed



the state of things at the shop, and asked for subscriptions for the master of it to enable his servants to have warmth and fresh air at least. Or the man himself, properly preached to, made to give his work-girls three times as much for half their work, and to provide them a workroom, healthy and pretty. I am sure that clergymen—very ordinary ones—might, with honesty, do little miracles like these.”

VII. The next two articles I leave without comment. They are illustrations, needing none, of false and true methods of education.

“August 9, 1877.

“Dear Master,—You asked to know more about the ‘bondage’ in which Government teachers worked—referring to Miss —— in particular. The enclosed (written independently, and more fully than usual, on that point) gives just the illustration I could have wished.” (Illustration lost, but the commentary is the essential matter.)

“Now you will let me comment upon the sentence in this letter.—‘I cannot teach as if I were a machine; I must put life into my work, or let it alone.’ This comes at once to the special grievance, felt by all those of us (I do not at all know how many this includes) who *care* for their children. *They* are ‘lively,’ if they are anything; and we discover, sooner or later, that our one duty as teachers is to crush life in every form and whenever showing itself. I do not mean to say that the ‘Education Department’ *aims* at this result; but it follows inevitably from the ‘pressure’ put upon teachers who, crammed, *not* ‘trained,’ themselves, (I speak from painful experience as to the so-called ‘Training Colleges,’) almost necessarily perpetuate the evil: the better sort groaning under it, and trying to free themselves and their children; the rest, groaning too, but accepting their fate, and tightening the chains of those under

them. I believe Miss —— would agree to this as too generally true."

VIII. "I paid a visit last week to aged neighbours—known here as the 'Old Shepherd,' and the 'Old Shepherd's Wife.' I only found the old lady at home, and she was exceedingly pleased with a poor little gift I took her, and began at once to tell me how well both she and he were at present. They look *very* old, but that may be their hard life, in this trying climate. But she told me she had been more than fifty years married, and had been so happy with her kind, good man; and then she added, so earnestly, 'And I'm happy yet—just as happy as happy can be.' They have never had any children themselves; 'but I've had bairns as much on my knee as if I'd had o' my ain,' she added. For she first brought up a motherless niece of her own; and then, when *she* had married and died, leaving one baby girl, she went to Edinburgh and took baby, and has reared her, though 'she put on ten years to my age, she was that fractious and ill to bring thro'!' The child is now ten years old, and goes to a Board school near. They are well off for their position,—have a cottage, which they let in summer, and a garden, well cared for. Both have been industrious and economical all their lives. And yet, could many of the idler class declare honestly they are so happy and contented?"

IX. In justice to the Manchester Corporation, Rhadamanthus commands me to print what they have got to say for themselves anent their proposed speculation in Thirlmere, adding a delightful little note of Mr. Anderson's.

"Those who wish to further the scheme answer this charge by the declaration that they are but using prudent foresight with a view to future needs. They admit the commercial value

of fine scenery as a means of bringing tourists to a district, but assert that when once this enormous reservoir is made, many more persons will go to see it than would ever travel in search of any beauty of lake or mountain, and that it will, in point of fact, greatly enhance the charm of the scenery. They kindly, if not judiciously, promise to take the greatest care to 'add to the beautification of the surroundings.' If the little church of Wythburn should be submerged, they will build another, of a prettier pattern, a little higher up the hill, and carry the grave-stones up to a fresh bit of ground. 'The old road,' they think, 'may be relegated to the deeps without a murmur, especially as it is the intention of the Waterworks Committee to substitute [*sic*] the present tortuous up-and-down track by a straight road, cut on a level line around the slopes of Helvellyn. Below it, the lake, enlarged to more than twice its present dimensions, will assume a grandeur of appearance in more striking accordance with its majestic surroundings.' These lovers of the picturesque regret feelingly that 'the embankment at the north end will not be seen from the highway, in consequence of the intervention of a wooded hill. This,' they say, 'is a circumstance which may be regretted by tourists in search of the beautiful in nature and the wonderful in art, as the embankment will be of stupendous height and strength, and by scattering a few large boulders over its front, and planting a few trees in the midst of them, it will be made to have an exact resemblance to its surroundings, if indeed it does not approach in grandeur to its proud neighbour the Raven Crag,' etc."—*Spectator*.

"I have a translation for 'oestrus' in the connexion you use it in Fors. Mad dogs do not *shun* water, but rush to, and wallow in it, though they cannot drink. It is a mortal 'hydrophobia' begotten among the uncleansed iniquities of Manchester."—(J. Rennie Anderson.)

X. Farther most precious notes on the real causes of the Indian Famine :—

“EXPORTS AND FAMINE.—Some of the former famines of India were famines of money rather than of corn, as we have pointed out on several previous occasions. Now there is a veritable famine of corn—of money there is always more or less a famine there, so far as the great bulk of the population is concerned. But in the midst of this famine of corn—under the dreadful pressure of which the helpless people die by hundreds of thousands—there goes on a considerable exportation of corn, and it becomes imperatively necessary to send back a corresponding quantity, at largely enhanced prices for the profits of the merchants, and at the cost of British philanthropy and the national funds. The force of folly can no further go ! This blemish on our statesmanship will be recorded to the bewilderment of the historians of posterity, who will be amazed at our stupidity, and at the weakness of the Government that, in the face of a famine so dreadful, has neither heart nor power to enforce a better ‘political economy,’ or to restrain the cupidity which, like the unclean vulture, fattens on death and decay.

“During the year 1876 India exported to the ports of the United Kingdom 3,087,236 cwt. of wheat. The significance of this quantity will be apparent when we consider that importations from Germany were only 2,324,148 cwt., from Egypt 2,223,238 cwt., and British North America 2,423,183 cwt. Russia, which was at one time our principal granary, exported 8,880,628 cwt., which shows our imports of Indian wheat were considerably more than one-third of those from Russia, while the United States sent us 19,323,052 cwt., the supply from India being about one-sixth ; a remarkable result for a trade in the very earliest stages of its development.

“With regard to the growth of wheat, it is important to observe that it has been confined to the last few years, and has been remarkably rapid. It has in fact been during the period in which the modern famines have been rife. Not that we would argue that the export of wheat and other grain is the cause of famine. We have already indicated the wretched finance of the country, which keeps the agricultural classes in hopeless bondage to the village usurers, as the fruitful cause. *But this export of corn from a famishing land is a phenomenon of political rule and of paternal government, which it has been reserved for this Mammon-stricken age to illustrate. No ancient statesmanship would have been guilty of such cruel maladministration or such weakness.* The Great Moguls would have settled the business in a sterner and a better fashion. They would not have been content with administering a few blows with a stick to the unlucky wight who brought tidings of disaster, but would have peremptorily laid an embargo on the export of corn as a first necessity in times of famine, and would have hung up side by side the merchants who dared to sin against a law so just and necessary, with the usurers whose exactions paralysed agricultural industry, and denuded the fields of the crops. We neither take the preventative measures which the government of our predecessors devised, nor do we, when the famines actually come, take the measures of ordinary prudence to alleviate their horrors. This is, indeed, the age of Mammon, and its licentious cupidity must not be restrained. Buy in the cheapest market, and sell in the dearest, is its invariable maxim, and with fiendish pertinacity it claims its privilege among the dying and the dead. Thus it sweeps off from the famishing crowds the meagre crop which has escaped the ravages of drought and usury, and it brings it home to English ports to compete with American importations in our markets, or to send it back to India at prices which yield enormous profits to the adventurers.



But this superior wisdom, and this hardened selfishness, is right, for it is sanctioned by Adam Smith.

“But it is not to England alone that this export is made; to Ceylon, the Mauritius, and the West India Islands, constant shipments are going on, and according to statistics that are before us, in the six months 1873-74, nearly 380,000 tons of wheat, grain, etc., were shipped from Bengal alone to the above-named places—enough to have filled with plenty, for two full months at least, the mouths of the wretched creatures who were perishing at that time. It is said that in 1873 Ceylon alone imported from the districts that are now famine-stricken 7,000,000 bushels of grain, and yet Ceylon is unsurpassed on this planet as a fruitful garden; it contains about 12 or 13 millions of acres, more or less, of fine arable land; it has a delicious climate, and abundant rainfall, and yet it has less than a million of acres under grain crop, and draws its chief supplies from India, while the landowners refuse to cultivate the land they hold, or to sell the land they will not cultivate.”—

*Monetary Gazette*, Sept. 1.

“What is it that reduces to insensibility in woman this Divine instinct of maternal tenderness? It is the hardening influences of Mammon, and the pressure which the accursed domination of the Demon of the Money power brings to bear on every order of society. If it be a fact that women, even in the ranks of respectability, murder their unborn infants, it is because the pressure of the time reduces them to despair, and this fearful strain has its origin in nothing else than the Mammon of unrighteousness, which is a grinding tyranny, and a standing menace to the noblest sentiments of our nature, and the dearest interests of society. It hardens every heart, extinguishes every hope, and impels to crime in every direction. Nor do the soft influences of womanhood, nor the sanctities of maternity, escape its blighting curse.”

"We quote—with our cordial acknowledgment of the diligence that has compiled the figures—from a paper read by Stephen Bourne, F.S.S., before the Manchester Statistical Society:—

"For the present purpose I commence with 1857, as being just twenty years back, and the first also of the peaceful era which followed on the termination of the Crimean War. In that year the total value of the foreign and colonial goods retained for consumption in this country amounted to £164,000,000, of which 64 was for articles of food, 82 for raw materials for manufacture, and 18 for manufactured articles. Last year, these amounts were a total of £319,000,000, of which 159 was for food, 119 raw materials, and 41 other, from which it will appear that 39 per cent. of the whole in the former year, and 50 per cent. in the latter, went for food. In making this separation of food from other articles, it is not possible to be absolutely correct, for so many substances admit of a twofold use; take, for instance, olive oil, which is actually used both as food and in manufactures, or the fat of animals, which may appear on our table at meal-times for food, or in the shape of candles to lighten its darkness. Again, it may be asked, What is food? Meat and tobacco are totally different in their use or abuse, but both enter the mouth and are there consumed; both, therefore, are classed under this head, together with wines, spirits, etc. . . . As it would be unsafe to take for comparison the amount of either in a single year, an average for the first and last three years has been worked out, showing that whilst the number of consumers had increased from  $28\frac{1}{3}$  to  $32\frac{3}{4}$  millions, the food furnished from abroad had advanced from 59 to 153, a growth of the one by 16, of the other by 160 per cent. This means that on an average each member of the community now consumes to the value of two and a half times as much foreign food as he did twenty years back, somewhere about £5 for £2.'"—*Monetary Gazette*, Aug. 25.

XI. The following account of 'Talbot Village' is sent me in a pamphlet without date. I am desirous of knowing the present condition and likelihood of matters there, and of answers to the questions asked in notes.

"Talbot Village, which is situate about two miles to the north of Bournemouth, stands on a high and breezy level in Dorset, and on the confines of Hampshire, commanding a magnificent view on all sides.

"The enclosure of the village comprehends about 465 acres, of which 150 acres lie open and uncultivated for the cattle of the farmers and recreation of the cottagers in the village. There are five farms, (*a*) with suitable houses and outhouses, and nineteen cottages, each of which has an acre of ground attached. In the village stands a handsome block of stone buildings, which embraces seven distinct and separate houses, (*b*) altogether known as 'Talbot Almshouses.' In addition, there is a school-house, in combination with an excellent house and garden for the use of the master. Further, the village contains a church, which stands in a churchyard of three acres; in the tower of the church is a clock with chimes.

"There is one house in the village devoted to the purposes of a general shop, but all beer-houses are strictly prohibited.

"So much by way of brief description of a village which attracts the observation of all visitors to Bournemouth.

"Previously to 1842, the whole of the country now comprising the village was a wild moor, the haunt of smugglers and poachers. About that time the late Miss Georgina Talbot, of Grosvenor

(*a*) What rent is paid for these farms, and to whom?

(*b*) The 'village,' as far as I can make it out, consists of nineteen cottages, seven poor-houses, a church, a school-house, and a shop. If this be meant for an ideal of the village of the future, is not the proportion of poor-house to dwelling-house somewhat large?

Square, paid a visit to Bournemouth, then in its infancy. Her attention was drawn to the wretched state of the labouring population of the district, and her first impulse was to encourage industry and afford them employment. She first rented some land, and set men (who were for the most part leading vagrant lives) (*c*) to work to improve it. Many of the more influential people in the neighbourhood of that day thought her views Utopian, and were disposed to ridicule them; Miss Talbot, however, had deeply considered the subject, and was not to be discouraged; and, observing how wretchedly the poor (*d*) were housed, determined to build suitable cottages, to each of which should be attached an acre of land. Steadily progressing, Miss Talbot continued to acquire land, and eventually (in addition to other land in Hampshire) became the possessor of the district which is now known as 'Talbot Village.' The almshouses before referred to were then built for the benefit of the aged (*e*) of the district, who had ceased to be able to work, and the school-house for the benefit of the young of the village. Having succeeded in laying out the whole village to her satisfaction, Miss Talbot's mind began to consider how these benefits should be permanently secured to the objects of her bounty; and, accordingly, the almshouses were endowed by an investment in the Funds, and the village, with the almshouses, vested in Lord Portman, the late Lord Wolverton, and three other gentlemen, and their successors, upon trusts in furtherance of the settlor's views. When this had been accomplished, it became necessary to provide a church and place of sepulture, and three

(*c*) These were not afterwards taken for settlers, I suppose?

(*d*) What poor? and what wages are now paid by the farmers to the cottagers?

(*e*) If for the benefit of the *destitute*, it had been well; but the aged are, in right human life, the chief treasure of the household.

acres of land were set apart for the purpose ; but before the church could be completed and fit for consecration, Miss Talbot's sudden death occurred ; and it is a remarkable circumstance, that this lady was the first to be interred in the ground she had appropriated for burials. Those who have visited the spot cannot have failed to see the tomb erected by her sister, the present Miss Talbot.

“This lady completed the church and its various appliances, and supplied all that her sister could have desired. The church itself has been supplied with a heating apparatus, an organ, and musical service ; a clock with chimes, (*f*) arranged for every day in the week ; a pulpit of graceful proportions, and an ancient font brought from Rome. On the interior walls of the church have been placed texts of Scripture, revised and approved by Wilberforce, Bishop of Winchester, and Stanley, Dean of Westminster.

“Before concluding a brief account of ‘Talbot Village,’ we must add that the whole is managed by trustees, under the judicious and far-seeing views of the founder. The rent of each cottage and garden is limited to £6 per annum, free of rates and taxes, and no lodger is allowed, so that there may be no possible overcrowding. The objects of the almshouses are strictly defined, and rules regulating the inmates are to be found on the walls. To sum up the whole, everything has been devised by Miss Georgina Talbot, seconded by the present Miss Talbot, to ensure a contented, virtuous, and happy community.

(*f*) The triumphant mention of this possession of the village twice over, induces me to hope the chimes are in tune. I see it asserted in a book which seems of good authority that chimes in England are not usually required to possess this merit. But better things are surely in store for us !—see last article of Correspondence.



"It is an instance of success attending the self-denying efforts of a most estimable lady, and, it is to be hoped, may prove an incentive to others to 'go and do likewise.'

"M. KEMP-WELCH,

*"One of the Trustees."*

I beg that it may be understood that in asking for farther information on these matters, I have no intention whatever of decrying Miss Talbot's design; and I shall be sincerely glad to know of its ultimate success. But it is of extreme importance that a lady's plaything, if it should turn out to be nothing more, should not be mistaken for a piece of St. George's work, nor cast any discredit on that work by its possible failure.

XII. Fors is evidently in great good-humour with me, just now; see what a lovely bit of illustration of Sirenic Threnodia, brought to final perfection, she sends me to fill the gap in this page with:—

"Here's a good thing for 'Fors.' A *tolling*-machine has been erected at the Ealing cemetery at the cost of £80, and seems to give universal satisfaction. It was calculated that this method of doing things would, (at 300 funerals a year,) be in the long run cheaper than paying a man threepence an hour to ring the bell. Thus we mourn for the departed!—L. J. H."

# FORS CLAVIGERA.

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## LETTER LXXXIV.

“THEY HAVE NO WINE.”

“WHATSOEVER HE SAITH UNTO YOU, DO IT.”

BRANTWOOD, 29th Oct., 1877.

THESE, the last recorded words of the Mother of Christ, and the only ones recorded during the period of His ministry, (the “desiring to see thee” being told him by a stranger’s lips,) I will take, with due pardon asked of faithful Protestant readers, for the motto, since they are the sum, of all that I have been permitted to speak, in God’s name, now these seven years.

The first sentence of these two, contains the appeal of the workman’s wife, to her son, for the help of the poor of all the earth.

The second, the command of the Lord’s mother, to the people of all the earth, that they should serve the Lord.

This day last year, I was walking with a dear friend, and resting long, laid on the dry leaves, in the sun-

set, under the vineyard-trellises of the little range of hills which, five miles west of Verona, look down on the Lago di Garda at about the distance from its shore that Cana is from the Lake of Galilee ;—(the Madonna had walked to the bridal some four miles and a half). It was a Sunday evening, golden and calm ; all the vine leaves quiet ; and the soft clouds held at pause in the west, round the mountains that Virgil knew so well, blue above the level reeds of Mincio. But we had to get under the crest of the hill, and lie down under cover, as if avoiding an enemy's fire, to get out of hearing of the discordant practice, in fanfaronade, of the military recruits of the village,—modern Italy, under the teaching of the Marsyas of Mincio, delighting herself on the Lord's day in that, doubtless, much civilized, but far from mellifluous, manner ; triumphing that her monasteries were now for the most part turned into barracks, and her chapels into stables. We, for our own part, in no wise exultant nor exhilarated, but shrinking down under the shelter of the hill, and shadows of its fruitful roofs, talked, as the sun went down.

We talked of the aspect of the village which had sent out its active life, marching to these new melodies ; and whose declining life we had seen as we drove through it, half an hour before. An old, far-straggling village, its main street following the brow of the hill, with gardens at the backs of the houses, looking to-

wards the sacred mountains and the uncounted towers of purple Verona.

If ever peace, and joy, and sweet life on earth might be possible for men, it is so here, and in such places,—few, on the wide earth, but many in the bosom of infinitely blessed, infinitely desolate Italy. Its people were sitting at their doors, quietly working—the women at least,—the old men at rest behind them. A worthy and gentle race; but utterly poor, utterly untaught the things that in *this* world make for their peace. Taught anciently, other things, by the steel of Ezzelin; taught anew the same lesson, by the victor of Arcola, and the vanquished of Solferino,—and the supreme evil risen on the ruin of both.

There they sate—the true race of Northern Italy, mere prey for the vulture,—patient, silent, hopeless, careless: infinitude of accustomed and bewildered sorrow written in every line of their faces, unnerving every motion of their hands, slackening the spring in all their limbs. And their blood has been poured out like water, age after age, and risen round the wine-press, even to the horse-bridles. And of the peace on earth, and the goodwill towards men, which He who trod the wine-press alone, and of the people there was none with Him—died to bring them, they have heard by the hearing of the ear,—their eyes have not seen.

“They have no wine.”

But He Himself has been always with them, though they saw Him not, and they have had the deepest of His blessings. "Blessed are they that have not seen, and yet have believed." And in the faith of these, and such as these,—in the voiceless religion and uncomplaining duty of the peasant races, throughout Europe,—is now that Church on earth, against which the gates of Hell shall not prevail. And on the part taken in ministry to them, or in oppressing them, depends now the judgment between the righteous and the wicked servant, which the Lord, who has so long delayed His coming, will assuredly now at no far-off time, require.

"But and if that servant shall say in his heart, 'My Lord delayeth His coming'—

\*       \*       \*       \*       \*       \*

Shall I go on writing? We have all read the passage so often that it falls on our thoughts unfelt, as if its words were dead leaves. We will write and read it more slowly to-day—so please you.

"Who then is a faithful and wise servant whom his Lord hath made ruler over His household, to give them their meat in due season."

Over *His* household,—He probably having His eyes upon it, then, whether *you* have or not. But He has made you ruler over it, that you may give it meat, in due season. Meat—literally, first of all. And that seasonably, according to laws of duty, and not of chance.



You are not to leave such giving to chance, still less to take advantage of chance, and buy the meat when meat is cheap, that you may 'in due season' sell it when meat is dear. You don't see that in the parable? No, you cannot find it. 'Tis not in the bond. You will find something else is not in the bond too, presently.

But at least this is plain enough, that you are to give meat—when it is due. "Yes, spiritual meat—but not mutton"? Well, then—dine first on spiritual meat yourself. Whatever is on your own table, be it spiritual or fleshly, of *that* you are to distribute; and are made a ruler that you may distribute, and not live only to consume. You say I don't speak plain English, and you don't understand what I mean. It doesn't matter what I mean,—but if Christ hasn't put that plain enough for you—you had better go learn to read.

"Blessed is that servant whom his Lord, when He cometh, shall find so doing. Verily I say unto you, that He shall make him ruler over all His goods."

A vague hope, you think, to act upon? Well, if you only act on such hope, you will never either know, or get, what it means. No one but Christ can tell what *all* His goods are; and you have no business to mind, yet; for it is not the getting of these, but the doing His work, that you must care for yet awhile. Nevertheless, at spare times, it is no

harm that you wonder a little where He has gone to, and what He is doing; and He has given you at least some hint of that, in another place.

“Let your loins be girded about, and your lights burning, and ye yourselves like unto men that wait for their Lord, *when He shall return from the wedding.*” Nor a hint of it merely, but you may even hear, at quiet times, some murmur and syllabling of its music in the distance—“The Spirit, and the Bride, say, Come.”

“But and if that evil servant shall say in his heart, ‘My Lord delayeth His coming,’ and shall begin to smite his fellow-servants, and to eat and drink with the drunken——”

To ‘smite’—too fine a word: it is, quite simply, to ‘strike’—that same verb which every Eton boy used to have, (and mercifully) smitten into him.—You smite nobody now—boy or man—for their good, and spare the rod of *correction*. But you smite *unto death* with a will. What is the ram of an ironclad for?

“To eat and drink *with* the drunken.” Not drunk himself—the upper servant; too well bred, he; but countenancing the drink that does not overcome him,—a goodly public tapster; charging also the poor twenty-two shillings for half a crown’s worth of the drink he draws for them; boasting also of the prosperity of the house under his management. So many bottles, at least, his chief butlerhood can show emptied out

of his Lord's cellar,—‘and shall be exalted to honour, and for ever give the cup into Pharaoh's hand,’ he thinks. Not lascivious, he, but frank in fellowship with all lasciviousness—a goodly speaker after Manchester Banquet,\* and cautious not to add, personally, drunkenness to Thirlmere thirst.

“The Lord of that servant shall come in a day when he looketh not for Him, and in an hour that he is not aware of. And shall cut him asunder, and shall appoint him his portion with the hypocrites; there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth.”

*“Cut him asunder.”*

Read now this—mighty among the foundational words of Human Law, showing forth the Divine Law.

“Tum Tullus, . . . Meti Suffeti, inquit, si ipse discere posses fidem ac foedera servare, vivo tibi ea disciplina a me adhibita esset; nunc, quoniam tuum insanabile ingenium est, tu tuo supplicio doce humanum genus ea sancta credere quae a te violata sunt. Ut igitur paulo ante, animum inter Fidenatem Romanamque rem ancipitem gessisti, ita jam corpus passim distrahendum dabis.”

And after, this :

“But there brake off; for one had caught mine eye,  
Fix'd to a cross with three stakes on the ground :

\* Compare description in *Fors*, October, 1871, of the ‘Entire Clerkly or Learned Company,’ and the passage in ‘*Munera Pulveris*’ there referred to.

He, when He saw me, writhed himself throughout  
Distorted, ruffling with deep sighs His beard.  
And Catalano, who thereof was 'ware,  
Thus spake : ' That pierced spirit, whom intent  
Thou view'st, was He who gave the Pharisees  
Counsel, that it were fitting for one man  
To suffer for the people. He doth lie  
Transverse ; nor any passes, but Him first  
Behoves make feeling trial how each weighs.  
In straits like this along the foss are placed  
The father of His consort, and the rest  
Partakers in that counsel, seed of ill  
And sorrow to the Jews.' I noted, then,  
How Virgil gazed with wonder upon Him,  
Thus abjectly extended on the cross  
In banishment eternal."

And after, this :

" Who, e'en in words unfetter'd, might at full  
Tell of the wounds and blood that now I saw,  
Though he repeated oft the tale ? No tongue  
So vast a theme could equal, speech and thought  
Both impotent alike. If, in one band,  
Collected, stood the people all, whoc'er  
Pour'd on Apulia's fateful soil their blood,  
Slain by the Trojans ; and in that long war  
When of the rings the measured booty made  
A pile so high, as Rome's historian writes

Who errs not ; with the multitude, that felt  
The girding force of Guiscard's Norman steel,  
And those, the rest, whose bones are gathered yet  
At Ceperano, there where treachery  
Branded th' Apulian name, or where beyond  
Thy walls, O Tagliacozzo, without arms  
The old Alardo conquer'd :—and his limbs  
One were to show transpierced, another his  
Clean lopt away,—a spectacle like this  
Were but a thing of nought, to the hideous sight  
Of the ninth chasm.

\* \* \* \* \*

Without doubt,  
I saw, and yet it seems to pass before me,  
A headless trunk, that even as the rest  
Of the sad flock paced onward. By the hair  
It bore the sever'd member, lantern-wise  
Pendent in hand, which look'd at us, and said,  
' Woe's me ! ' The spirit lighted thus himself ;  
And two there were in one, and one in two :  
How that may be, he knows who ordereth so."

I have no time to translate " him who errs not," \*  
nor to comment on the Dante,—whoso readeth, let him  
understand,—only this much, that the hypocrisy of the  
priest who counselled that the King of the Jews should

\* " Che non erra." I never till now, in reading this passage for my  
present purpose, noticed these wonderful words of Dante's, spoken of Livy.  
True, in the grandest sense.



die for the people, and the division of heart in the evil statesman who raised up son against father in the earthly kingship of England,\* are for ever types of the hypocrisy of the Pharisee and Scribe,—penetrating, through the Church of the nation, and the Scripture or Press of it, into the whole body politic of it; cutting it verily in sunder, as a house divided against itself; and appointing for it, with its rulers, its portion—where there is weeping and gnashing of teeth.

Now, therefore, if there be any God, and if there be any virtue, and if there be any truth, choose ye this day, rulers of men, whom you will serve. Your hypocrisy is not in pretending to be what you are not; but in *being* in the uttermost nature of you—Nothing—but dead bodies in coffins suspended between Heaven and Earth, God and Mammon.

If the Lord be God, follow Him; but if Baal, then follow him. You would fain be respectful to Baal, keep smooth with Belial, dine with Moloch, sup, with golden spoon of sufficient length, with Beelzebub;—and kiss the Master to bid Him good-night: Nay, even my kind and honest friends make, all of them, answer to my message: ‘I have bought a piece of ground, and I must go and see it.—Suffer me first to bury my father.—I have married a wife—have not I to keep her and my children first of all? Behold, I cannot come.’

\* Read the story of Henry II. in *Fors*, March, 1871.

So after this seventh year, I am going out into the highways and hedges: but now no more with expostulation. I have wearied myself in the fire enough; and now, under the wild roses and traveller's joy of the lane hedges, will take what rest may be, in my pilgrimage.

I thought to have finished my blameful work before now, but Fors would not have it so;—now, I am well convinced she will let me follow the peaceful way towards the pleasant hills. Henceforth, the main work of Fors will be constructive only; and I shall allow in the text of it no syllable of complaint or scorn. When notable public abuses or sins are brought to my knowledge, I will bear witness against them simply, laying the evidence of them open in my Correspondence, but sifted before it is printed; following up myself, the while, in plain directions, or happy studies, St. George's separate work, and lessoning.

Separate, I say once more, it must be; and cannot become work at all until it is so. It is the work of a world-wide monastery; protesting, by patient, not violent, deed, and fearless, yet henceforward unpassionate, word, against the evil of this our day, till in its heart and force it be ended.

Of which evil I here resume the entire assertion made in Fors, up to this time, in few words.

All social evils and religious errors arise out of the

pillage of the labourer by the idler : the idler leaving him only enough to live on (and even that miserably,\*) and taking all the rest of the produce of his work to spend in his own luxury, or in the toys with which he beguiles his idleness.

And this is done, and has from time immemorial been done, in all so-called civilized, but in reality corrupted, countries,—first by the landlords ; then, under their direction, by the three chief so-called gentlemanly ‘professions,’ of soldier, lawyer, and priest ; and, lastly, by the merchant and usurer. The landlord pillages by direct force, seizing the land, and saying to the labourer, You shall not live on this earth, but shall here die, unless you give me all the fruit of your labour but your bare living :—the soldier pillages by persuading the peasantry to fight, and then getting himself paid for skill in leading them to death :—the lawyer pillages by prolonging their personal quarrels with marketable ingenuity ; and the priest by selling the Gospel, and getting paid for theatrical displays of it.† All this has to cease, inevitably and totally : Peace, Justice, and the Word of God must be *given* to the people, not sold. And these *can* only be given by a true Hierarchy and Royalty, beginning at the throne

\* “Maintain him—yes—but how ?”—question asked of me by a working girl, long ago.

† Compare ‘Unto this Last,’ p. 31. The three professions said there to be ‘necessary’ are the pastor’s, physician’s, and merchant’s. The ‘pastor’ is the Giver of Meat, whose office I now explain in its fulness.

of God, and descending, by sacred stair let down from heaven, to bless and keep all the Holy creatures of God, man and beast, and to condemn and destroy the unholy. And in this Hierarchy and Royalty all the servants of God have part, being made priests and kings to Him, that they may feed His people with food of angels and food of men; teaching the word of God with power, and breaking and pouring the Sacrament of Bread and Wine from house to house, in remembrance of Christ, and in gladness and singleness of heart; the priest's function at the altar and in the tabernacle, at one end of the village, being only holy in the fulfilment of the deacon's function at the table and in the taberna, at the other.

And so, out of the true earthly kingdom, in fulness of time, shall come the heavenly kingdom, when the tabernacle of God shall be with men; no priest needed more for ministry, because all the earth will be Temple; nor bread nor wine needed more for mortal food, or fading memory, but the water of life given to him that is athirst, and the fruits of the trees of healing.

Into which kingdom that we may enter, let us read now the last words of the King when He left us for His Bridal, in which is the direct and practical warning of which the parable of the Servant was the shadow.

It was given, as you know, to Seven Churches, that live no more,—they having refused the word of His

lips, and been consumed by the sword of His lips. Yet to all men the command remains—He that hath an ear, let him hear what the Spirit saith unto the Churches.

They lie along the hills, and across the plain, of Lydia, sweeping in one wide curve like a flight of birds or a swirl of cloud—(if you draw them by themselves on the map you will see)—all of them either in Lydia itself, or on the frontier of it: in nature, Lydian all—richest in gold, delicatest in luxury, softest in music, tenderest in art, of the then world. They unite the capacities and felicities of the Asiatic and the Greek: had the last message of Christ been given to the Churches in Greece, it would have been to Europe in imperfect age; if to the Churches in Syria, to Asia in imperfect age:—written to Lydia, it is written to the world, and for ever.

It is written 'to the Angels of the Seven Churches.' I have told you what 'angels' meant to the Heathen. What do you, a Christian, mean by them? What is meant by them here?

Commonly, the word is interpreted of the Bishops of these Churches; and since, in every living Church, its Bishop, if it have any, must speak with the spirit and in the authority of its angel, there is indeed a lower and literal sense in which the interpretation is true; (thus I have called the Archbishop of Canterbury an angel in *Fors* of October, 1876, p. 323;) but, in the



higher and absolutely true sense, each several charge is here given to the Guardian Spirit of each several Church, the one appointed of Heaven to guide it. Compare 'Bibliotheca Pastorum,' vol. i., Preface, pp. xii to xv, closing with the words of Plato which I repeat here: "For such cities as no angel, but only a mortal, governs, there is no possible avoidance of evil and pain."

Modern Christians, in the beautiful simplicity of their selfishness, think—every mother of them—that it is quite natural and likely that their own baby should have an angel to take care of it, all to itself: but they cannot fancy such a thing as that an angel should take the liberty of interfering with the actions of a grown-up person,—how much less that one should meddle or make with a society of grown-up persons, or be present, and make any tacit suggestions, in a parliamentary debate. But the address here to the angel of the capital city, Sardis, marks the sense clearly: "These things saith He which hath the Seven Stars in His right hand, *and*" (that is to say) "the Seven Spirits of God."

And the charge is from the Spirit of God to each of these seven angels, reigning over and in the hearts of the whole body of the believers in every Church; followed always by the dateless adjuration, "He that hath an ear, let him hear what the *Spirit* saith unto the Churches."

The address to each consists of four parts :—

First. The assertion of some special attribute of the Lord of the Churches, in virtue of which, and respect to which, He specially addresses that particular body of believers.

Second. The laying bare of the Church's heart, as known to its Lord.

Third. The judgment on that state of the heart, and promise or threat of a future reward or punishment, assigned accordingly, in virtue of the Lord's special attribute, before alleged.

Fourth. The promise, also in virtue of such special attribute, to all Christians who overcome, as their Lord overcame, in the temptation with which the Church under judgment is contending.

That we may better understand this scheme, and its sequence, let us take first the four divisions of charge to the Churches in succession, and then read the charges in their detail.

#### I. EPHESUS.

*The Attribute.*—That holdeth the seven stars, and walketh in the midst of the seven golden candlesticks.

*The Declaration.*—Thou hast left thy first love.

*The Judgment.*—I will move thy candlestick out of his place, except thou repent.

*The Promise.*—(Always, 'to him that overcometh.')  
I will give to eat of the tree of life.

II. SMYRNA.

*The Attribute.*—The First and the Last, which was dead, and is alive.

*The Declaration.*—I know thy sorrow,—and thy patience.

*The Judgment.*—Be thou faithful to death, and I will give thee a crown of life.

*The Promise.*—He shall not be hurt of the second death.

III. PERGAMOS.

*The Attribute.*—He which hath the sharp sword with two edges.

*The Declaration.*—Thou hast there them that hold the doctrine of Balaam.

*The Judgment.*—I will fight against thee with the sword of my mouth.

*The Promise.*—I will give him to eat of the hidden manna.

IV. THYATIRA.

*The Attribute.*—That hath His eyes like a flame of fire.

*The Declaration.*—Thou sufferest that woman Jezebel.

*The Judgment.*—I will kill her children with death.

*The Promise.*—I will give him the morning star.

## V. SARDIS.

*The Attribute.*—That hath the seven Spirits of God.

*The Declaration.*—Thou hast a few names, even in Sardis.

*The Judgment.*—They shall walk with me in white, for they are worthy.

*The Promise.*—I will confess his name before my Father and His angels.

## VI. PHILADELPHIA.

*The Attribute.*—He that hath the key of David.

*The Declaration.*—I have set before thee an open door.

*The Judgment.*—I will keep thee from the hour of temptation.

*The Promise.*—He shall go out of my temple no more.

## VII. LAODICEA.

*The Attribute.*—The Beginning of the Creation of God.

*The Declaration.*—Thou art poor and miserable.

*The Judgment.*—Behold, I stand at the door and knock.

*The Promise.*—I will grant him to sit with Me in My throne.

Let us now read the charges in their detail, that we may understand them as they are given to ourselves.

Observe, first, they all begin with the same words, "I know thy *works*."

Not even the maddest and blindest of Antinomian teachers could have eluded the weight of this fact, but that, in the following address to each Church, its 'work' is spoken of as the state of its heart.

Of which the interpretation is nevertheless quite simple; namely, that the thing looked at by God first, in every Christian man, is his work;—without that, there is no more talk or thought of him. "Cut him down—why cumbereth he the ground?" But, the work being shown, has next to be tested. In what spirit was this done,—in faith and charity, or in disobedient pride? "You have fed the poor? yes; but did you do it to get a commission on the dishes, or because you loved the poor? You lent to the poor,—was it in true faith that you lent to *me*, or to get money out of my poor by usury in defiance of me? You thought it a good work—did you? Had you never heard then—"This is the work of God, that ye believe on Him whom He hath sent"?

And now we take the separate charges, one by one, in their fulness:—

I. Ephesus.—The attribute is essentially the spiritual power of Christ, in His people,—the 'lamp' of the virgins, the 'light of the world' of the Sermon on the Mount.

The Declaration praises the intensity of this in the



Church, and—which is the notablest thing for *us* in the whole series of the charges—it asserts the burning of the Spirit of Christ in the Church to be especially shown because it “cannot bear them which are evil.” This fierceness against sin, which we are so proud of being well quit of, is the very life of a Church;—the toleration of sin is the dying of its lamp. How indeed should it shine before men, if it mixed itself in the soot and fog of sin?

So again, although the Spirit is beginning to burn dim, and thou hast left thy first love, yet, *this* ‘thou hast, that thou hatest the deeds of the Nicolaitanes.’ (See note below on Pergamos.)

The promise is of fullest life in the midst of the Paradise and garden of God. Compare all the prophetic descriptions of living persons, or states, as the trees in the garden of God; and the blessing of the first Psalm.

II. Smyrna.—The attribute is that of Christ’s endurance of death. The declaration, that the faithful Church is now dying, with Him, the noble death of the righteous, and shall live for evermore. The promise, that over those who so endure the slow pain of death in grief, for Christ’s sake, the second death hath no power.

III. Pergamos.—The attribute is of Christ the Judge, visiting for sin; the declaration, that the Church has in it the sin of the Nicolaitanes, or of Balaam,—using

its grace and inspiration to forward its worldly interest, and grieved at heart because it *has* the Holy Ghost ; —the darkest of blasphemies. Against this, ‘Behold, I come quickly, and will fight against thee with the sword of my mouth.’

The promise, that he who has kept his lips from blasphemy shall eat of the hidden manna : the word, not the sword, of the lips of Christ. “How sweet is Thy word unto my lips.”

The metaphor of the stone, and the new name, I do not yet securely understand.

IV. Thyatira.—The attribute : “That hath his eyes like a flame of fire,” (searching the heart,) “his feet like fine brass,” (treading the earth, yet in purity, the type of all Christian practical life, unsoiled, whatever it treads on) ; but remember, lest you should think this in any wise opposed to the sense of the charge to Ephesus, that you may *tread* on foulness, yet remain undefiled ; but not lie down in it and remain so.

The praise is for charity and active labour,—and the labour more than the charity.

The woman Jezebel, who calls herself a prophetess, is, I believe, the teacher of labour for lascivious purpose, beginning by the adornment of sacred things, not verily for the honour of God, but for our own delight, (as more or less in all modern Ritualism). It is of all manner of sins the most difficult to search out, and detect the absolute root or secret danger

of. It is the 'depth of Satan'—the most secret of his temptations, and the punishment of it, death in torture. For if our *charity* and *labour* are poisoned, what is there more to save us?

The reward of resistance is, to rule the nations with a rod of iron—(true work, against painted clay); and I will give him the morning star, (light of heaven, and morning-time for labour).

V. Sardis.—The attribute.—That hath the seven Spirits of God, and the seven stars.

Again, the Lord of Life itself—the Giver of the Holy Ghost. (Having said thus, he breathed on them.) He questions, not of the poison or misuse of life, but of its *existence*. Strengthen the things that are left—that are ready to *die*. The white raiment is the transfiguration of the earthly frame by the inner life, even to the robe of it, so as no fuller on earth can white them.

The judgment.—I will come unto thee as a thief, (in thy darkness, to take away even that thou hast).

The promise.—I will not blot his name out of the Book of Life.

VI. Philadelphia.—The attribute.—He that is holy (separate from sin)—He that is true (separate from falsehood)—that hath the key of David, (of the city of David which is Zion, renewed and pure; conf. verse 12); that openeth, and no man shutteth (by *me* if any man enter in); and shutteth, and no man

openeth,—(for without, are fornicators, and whosoever loveth and maketh a lie).

The praise, for faithfulness with a little strength, as of a soldier holding a little fortress in the midst of assaulting armies. Therefore the blessing, after that captivity of the strait siege—the lifting up of the heads of the gates, and setting wide of the everlasting doors by the Lord, mighty in battle.

The promise: Him that overcometh will I make, not merely safe within my fortress temple, but a pillar of it—built on its rock, and bearing its vaults for ever.

VII. Laodicea. The attribute: the Faithful witness—the Word—the Beginning of Creation.

The sin, chaos of heart,—useless disorder of half-shaped life. Darkness on the face of the deep, and rejoicing in darkness,—as in these days of ours to the uttermost. Chaos in all things—dross for gold—slime for mortar—nakedness for glory—pathless morass for path—and the proud blind for guides.

The command, to try the gold, and purge the raiment, and anoint the eyes,—this order given as to the almost helpless—as men waked in the night, not girding their loins for journey, but in vague wonder at uncertain noise, who may turn again to their slumber, or, in wistful listening, hear the voice calling—‘Behold, I stand at the door!’

It is the last of the temptations, bringing back the

throne of Annihilation ; and the victory over it is the final victory, giving rule, with the Son of God, over the recreate and never to be dissolved order of the perfect earth.

In which there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, "for the former things are passed away."

"Now, unto Him that is able to keep you from falling, and to present you, faultless, before the Presence of His glory with exceeding joy ;

"To the only wise God our Saviour, be glory and majesty, dominion and power, both now and ever. Amen."

*The first seven years' Letters of Fors Clavigera were ended in Corpus Christi College, Oxford, 21st Nov., 1877.*





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